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THE WORLD'S HEROES

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A COMBAT WITH POLAR BEARS

THE WORLD'S HEROES

A STOREHOUSE OF HEROIC ACTIONS, GOLDEN DEEDS, AND STIRRING CHRONICLES

EDITED BY

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THE WORLD'S HEROES:

A STOREHOUSE OF

HEROIC ACTIONS, GOLDEN DEEDS, AND STIRRING CHRONICLES.

AN AWKWARD TWENTY MINUTES.

THE STORY OF A BUFFALO.

THE haunts of the buffalo are in the hottest parts of Ceylon In the neighborhood of lakes, swamps, and extensive plains, the buffalo exists in large herds ; wallowing in the soft mire, and passing two-thirds of his time in the water itself, he may be almost termed amphibious. He is about the size of a large ox, of immense bone and strength, very active, and his hide is almost free from hair, giving a disgusting appearance to his india-rubber-like skin. He carries his head in a peculiar manner, the horns thrown back, and his nose projecting on a level with his forehead, thus securing himself from a front shot in a fatal part. This renders him a dangerous enemy, as he will receive any number of balls from a small gun in the throat and chest without evincing the least symptom of distress. The shoulder is the acknowledged point to aim at, but, from his disposition to face the guns, this is a difficult shot to obtain. Should he succeed in catching his antagonist his fury knows no bounds, and he gores his victim to death, trampling and kneeling upon him till he is satisfied life is extinct.

This sport would not be very dangerous in the forests, where the buffalo could be easily stalked, and where escape would also be rendered less difficult in case of accident ; but as he is generally met with upon the open plains, free from a single tree, he must be killed when once brought to bay, or he will soon exhibit his qualifications for mischief There is a degree of uncertainty in his character which much increases the danger of the pursuit. A buffalo may retreat at first sight with every symptom of cowardice, and thus induce a too

eager pursuit, when he will suddenly become the assailant. I cannot explain his character better than by describing the first wild buffaloes that I ever saw.

I had not been long in Ceylon ; but having arrived in the island for the sake of its wild sports, I had not been idle, and had already made a considerable bag of large game. Like most novices, however, I was guilty of one great fault. I despised the game, and gave no heed to the many tales of danger and hair-breadth escapes which attended the pursuit of wild animals. This carelessness on my part arose from my first *debut* having been extremely lucky ; most shots had told well, and the animals had been killed with such apparent ease that I had learnt to place an implicit reliance in the rifle. The real fact was that I was like many others : I had slaughtered a number of animals without understanding their habits, and was perfectly ignorant of the sport. This is now many years ago, and it was then my first visit to the island. Some places that were good spots for shooting in those days have since that time been much disturbed, and are now no longer attractive to my eyes. One of these places is Minneria Lake.

I was on a shooting trip, accompanied by my brother, whom I will designate as B——. We had passed a toilsome day in pushing and dragging our ponies for twenty miles along a narrow path through thick jungle, which half a dozen natives in advance were opening before us with bill-hooks This had at one time been a good path, but was then overgrown. It is now an acknowledged bridle-road. At 4 p m , and eighty miles from Kandy, we emerged from the jungle, and the view of Minneria Lake burst upon us.

It was a lovely afternoon. The waters of the lake, which is twenty miles in circumference, were burnished by the setting sun. The surrounding plains were as green as an English meadow, and beautiful forest-trees bordered the extreme boundaries of the plains, like giant warders of the adjoining jungle. Long promontaries, densely wooded, stretched far into the waters of the lake, forming sheltered nooks and bays teeming with wild-fowl. The deer browsed in herds on the wide extent of plain, or lay beneath the shade of spreading branches. In some spots, groves of trees grew to the very water's edge ; in others, the wide plains, free from a single stem or bush, stretched for miles on the edge of the lake ; thickly-wooded hills bordered the extreme end of its waters, and distant blue mountains mingled their dim summits with the clouds.

The village of Minneria was about three miles further on, and our coolies, servants, and baggage were all far behind us. We had therefore no rifles or guns at hand, except a couple of short guns, which were carried by our horse-keepers ; for these we had a few balls. For about half an hour we waited in the impatient expectation of the arrival of our servants with the rifles. The afternoon was wearing away, and they did not appear. We could wait no longer, but determined to take a stroll and examine the country. We therefore left our horses and proceeded.

The grass was most verdant. about the height of a field fit for the scythe

in England, but not so thick. From this the snipe rose at every twenty or thirty paces, although the ground was dry. Crossing a large meadow, and skirting the banks of the lake, from which the ducks and teal rose in large flocks, we entered a long neck of jungle, which stretched far into the lake.

The principal tenants of the plain were wild buffaloes. A herd of about a hundred was lying in a swampy hollow, about a quarter of a mile from us. Several bulls were dotted about the green surface of the level plain, and on the opposite shores of the lake were many dark patches, indistinguishable in the distance; these were in reality herds of buffaloes. There was not a sound in the wide expanse before us, except the harsh cry of the water-fowl that our presence had already disturbed; not a breath of air moved the leaves of the trees which shadowed us; and the whole scene was that of undisturbed nature. The sun had now sunk upon the horizon, and the air was comparatively cool. The multitude of buffaloes enchanted us, and with our two light double-barrels we advanced to the attack of the herd before us.

We had not left the security of the forest many seconds before we were observed. The herd started up from their muddy bed, and gazed at us with astonishment. It was a fair, open plain of some thousand acres bounded by the forest that we had just quitted on the one side, and by the lake on the other; thus there was no cover for our advance, and all we could do was to push on.

As we approached the herd, they ranged up in a compact body, presenting a very regular line in front. From this line seven large bulls stepped forth, and from their vicious appearance seemed inclined to show fight. In the meantime we were running up and were soon within thirty paces of them. At this distance the main body of the herd suddenly wheeled round and thundered across the plain in full retreat. One of the bulls at the same moment charged straight at us; but when within twenty paces of the guns he turned to one side, and instantly received two balls in the shoulder, B——and I having fired at the same moment. As luck would have it, his blade-bone was broken, and he fell on his knees; but recovering himself in an instant, he retreated on three legs to the water.

We now received assistance from a most unexpected quarter. One of the large bulls, his companions, charged after him with great fury, and soon overtaking the wounded beast, struck him full in the side, throwing him over with a great shock on the muddy border of the lake. Here the wounded animal lay, unable to rise, and his conqueror commenced a slow retreat across the plain.

Leaving B—— to extinguish the wounded buffalo, I gave chase to the retreating bully. At an easy canter he would gain a hundred paces, and then, turning, he would face me; throwing his nose up, and turning his head on one side with a short grunt, he would advance quickly for a few paces, and then again retreat as I continued to approach. In this manner he led me a chase of about a mile along the banks of the lake; but he appeared determined not to bring the fight to an issue at close quarters. Cursing his cowardice, I fired

a long shot at him, and reloading with my last spare ball, I continued the chase.

The lake in one part stretched in a narrow creek into the plain, and the bull now directed his course into the angle formed by this turn. I thought that I had him in a corner, and redoubling my exertions, I gained upon him considerably. He retreated slowly to the very edge of the creek, and I had gained so fast upon him that I was not thirty paces distant when he plunged into the water, and commenced swimming across the creek. This was not more than sixty yards in breadth, and I knew that I could now bring him to action.

Running round the borders of the creek as fast as I could, I arrived at the opposite side, on his intended landing-place, just as his black form reared from the deep water and gained the shallows, into which I had waded knee-deep to meet him. I now experienced that pleasure as he stood sullenly eyeing me within fifteen paces. Poor, stupid fellow! I would willingly, in my ignorance, have betted ten to one upon the shot, so certain was I of his death in another instant.

I took a quick but steady aim at his chest, at the point of connection with the throat. The smoke of the barrel passed to one side. There he stood; he had not flinched; he literally had not moved a muscle. The only change that had taken place was in his eye; this, which had hitherto been merely sullen, was now beaming with fury; but his form was as motionless as a statue. A stream of blood poured from a wound within an inch of the spot at which I had aimed; had it not been for this fact, I should not have believed him struck.

Annoyed at the failure of the shot, I tried him with the left-hand barrel at the same hole. The report of the gun echoed over the lake, but there he stood as if he bore a charmed life; an increased flow of blood from the wound and additional lustre in his eye were the only signs of his being struck.

I was now unloaded, and had not a single ball remaining. It was his turn. I dared not turn to retreat, as I knew he would immediately charge, and we stared each other out of countenance. With a short grunt he suddenly sprang forward, but fortunately, as I did not move, he halted; he had, however, decreased his distance, and we now gazed at each other within ten paces.

I began to think buffalo-shooting somewhat dangerous, and I would have given something to have been a mile away, but ten times as much to have had my four-ounce rifle in my hand. Oh, how I longed for that rifle in this moment of suspense! Unloaded, without the power of defence, with the absolute certainty of a charge from an overpowering brute, my hand instinctively found the handle of my hunting-knife, a useless weapon against such a foe.

Knowing that B—— was not aware of my situation, at the distance which separated us—about a mile—without taking my eyes from the figure before me, I raised my hand to my mouth, and gave a long and loud whistle. This was a signal that I knew would soon be answered, if heard. With a stealthy

step and another short grunt, the bull again advanced a couple of paces towards me. He seemed aware of my helplessness, and he was the picture of rage and fury, pawing the water, and stamping violently with his fore-foot. This was very pleasant ! I gave myself up for lost : but, putting as fierce an expression into my features as I could possibly assume, I stared helplessly at my maddened antagonist.

Suddenly a bright thought flashed through my mind. Without taking my eyes off the animal before me, I put a double charge of powder down the right-hand barrel, and tearing off a piece of my shirt, took all the money from my pouch—some small coin which I luckily had with me for paying coolies. Quickly making them into a rouleau with the piece of rag, I rammed them down the barrel, and they were hardly well home before the bull again sprang forward

So quick was it, that I had no time to replace the ramrod, and I threw it into the water. bringing my gun on full cock in the same instant. However, he again halted, being now within about seven paces from me, and we again gazed fixedly at each other, but with altered feelings on my part. I had faced him hopelessly with an empty gun for more than a quarter of an hour, which seemed a century. I now had a charge in my gun, which I knew, if reserved till he was within a foot of the muzzle, would certainly floor him ; and I waited his onset with comparative carelessness.

At this moment I heard a splashing in the water behind me, accompanied by the hard breathing of some one evidently distressed. The next moment I heard B——'s voice. He could hardly speak for want of breath, having run the whole way to my rescue ; but I could understand that he had only one barrel loaded, and no bullets left.

I dared not turn my face from the buffalo ; but I cautioned B——to reserve his fire till the bull should be close into me, and then to aim at the head The words were hardly uttered when, with the concentrated rage of the last twenty minutes, he rushed straight at me.

It was the work of an instant. B—— fired without effect. The horns were lowered, their points were on either side of me, and the muzzle of the gun barely touched his forehead, when I pulled the trigger, and three shillings' worth of small change rattled into his small head.

Down he went, and rolled over with the suddenly-checked momentum of his charge. Away went B—— and I, as fast as our heels would carry us, through the water and over the plain, knowing that he was not dead, but only stunned. There was a fallen tree about half a mile from us, whose whitened branches, rising high above the ground, offered a tempting asylum, To this we directed, our flying steps, and after a run of a hundred yards we turned and looked behind us. He had regained his feet and was following us slowly. We now experienced the difference of feeling between hunting and being hunted ; and fine sport we must have afforded him.

FACING THE BUFFALO.

On he came, but fortunately so stunned by the collision with Her Majesty's features upon the coin which he had dared to oppose, that he could only reel forward at a slow canter. By degrees even this pace slackened, and he fell. We were only too glad to be able to reduce our speed likewise ; but we had no sooner stopped to breathe than he was up again and after us. At length, however, we gained the tree, and beheld him with satisfaction stretched powerless on the ground, but not dead, within two hundred yards of us. We retreated under cover of the forest to the spot at which we had left the horses, fortunately meeting no opposition from wild animals, and we shortly arrived at the village, at which we took up our quarters, vowing vengeance on the following morning for the defeat we had sustained.

The next morning we were up at daybreak, and returned to the battle-field of the previous evening, in the full expectation of seeing our wounded antagonist lying dead where we had left him. In this we were disappointed : he was gone, and we never saw him again.

I had now my long two-ounce and my four-ounce rifles with me, and I was fully prepared for a deep revenge for the disgrace of yesterday. The morning was clear but cloudy, a heavy thunder-storm during the night had cooled the air, and the whole plain was glistening with bright drops ; the peacocks were shrieking from the tree-tops, and spreading their gaudy plumage to the cool breeze, and the whole face of nature seemed refreshed. We felt the same invigorating spirit, as we took a long survey of the many herds of buffaloes upon the plain, before we could determine which we should first attack.

A large single bull, which had been lying in a swampy hollow, unobserved by us, suddenly sprang up at about three hundred yards' distance, and slowly cantered off I tried the long two-ounce rifle at him, but taking too great an elevation, I fired over him. The report, however, had the effect of turning him, and instead of retreating he wheeled round, and attempted to pass between the guns and the banks of the lakes.

We were about three hundred yards from the water's edge, and he was soon passing us at full gallop, at right angles, about midway, or a hundred and fifty yards distant. I had twelve drachms of powder in the four-ounce rifle, and I took a flying shot at his shoulder.

No visible effect was produced, and the ball ricocheted completely across the broad surface of the lake (which was no more than a mile wide at this part) in continuous splashes. The gun-bearers said I had fired behind him, but I had distinctly heard the peculiar *fut* which a ball makes upon striking an animal ; and although the passage of the ball across the lake appeared remarkable, nevertheless I felt positive that it had first passed through some portion of the animal.

Away the bull sped over the plain at unabated speed for about two hundred paces, when he suddenly turned and charged towards the guns. On he came for about a hundred yards, but evidently slackening his speed at every stride.

At length he stopped altogether. His mouth was wide open, and I could now distinguish a mass of bloody foam upon his lips and nostrils. The ball had in reality passed through his lungs, and making its exit from the opposite shoulder, had even then flown across the lake.

Having reloaded, I now advanced towards him, and soon arrived within fifty paces. He was the fascimile of the bull that had chased us on the previous day—the same picture of fury and determination ; and, crouching low, he advanced a few paces, keeping his eyes fixed upon us, as though we were already his own. A short cough, accompanied by a rush of blood from his mouth, seemed to cause him great uneasiness, and he halted. Again we advanced till within twenty paces of him. I would not fire, as I saw that he already had enough, and I wished to see how long he could support a wound through the lungs, as my safety in buffalo-shooting might in future depend upon this knowledge. The fury of his spirit seemed to war with death ; and, although reeling with weakness and suffocation, he again attempted to come on. It was his last effort : his eyes rolled convulsively, he gave a short grunt of impotent rage, and the next moment he fell upon his back, with his heels in the air He was stone-dead, and game to the last moment.

But upon turning from the carcase before us, we observed to our surprise that a large herd of buffaloes, that were at a great distance when we had commenced the attack upon the bull, had now approached to within a few hundred yards, and were standing in a dense mass attentively watching us.

Without any delay we advanced towards them ; and upon arriving within about a hundred paces, we observed that the herd was headed by two large bulls, one of which was the largest I had ever seen. The whole herd was bellowing and pawing the ground. They had winded the blood of the dead bull, and appeared perfectly maddened.

We continued to advance, and were within about ninety paces of them, when suddenly the whole herd of about two hundred buffaloes, headed by the two large bulls before mentioned, dashed straight for us at full gallop.

So simultaneous was the onset that it resembled a sudden charge of cavalry, and the ground vibrated beneath their heavy hoofs. Their tails were thrown high above their backs, and the mad and overpowering phalanx of heads and horns came rushing forward as though to sweep us at once from the face of the earth.

There was not an instant to be lost ; already but a short space intervened between us and apparently certain destruction. Our gun-bearers were almost in the act of flight ; but catching hold of the man who carried the long two-ounce rifle, and keeping him by my side, I awaited the irrestisible onset with the four-ounce

The largest of the bulls was some yards in advance, closely followed by his companion, and the herd in a compact mass came thundering down at their heels. Only fifty yards separated us ; we literally felt among them, and already

experienced a sense of being overrun. I did not look at the herd, but kept my eye upon the big bull leader. On they flew, and were within thirty paces of us, when I took a steady shot with the four-ounce, and the leading bull plunged head-foremost in the turf, turning a complete somersault

Snatching the two-ounce from the petrified gun-bearer, I had just time for a shot as the second bull was within fifteen paces, and at the flash of the rifle his horns ploughed up the turf, and he lay almost at our feet.

That lucky shot turned the whole herd When certain destruction threatened us, they suddenly wheeled to their left, when within twenty paces of the guns, and left us astonished victors of the field. We poured an ineffectual volley into the retreating herd from the light guns, as they galloped off in full retreat, and reloaded as quickly as possible, as the two bulls, though floored, were still alive. They were, however, completely powerless, and a double-barrelled gun gave each the *coup de grace* by a ball in the forehead. Both rifle-shots had struck at the point of junction of the throat and chest, and the four-ounce ball had passed out of the hind-quarters. Our friend of yesterday, although hit in precisely the same spot, had laughed at the light guns.

Having cut out the tongues from the two bulls, we turned home to breakfast.

THE CHARGE OF THE HERD.

FIGHTS WITH THE FLAMES.

ABOUT a hundred years ago, long before James Braidwood had arisen to organise the fire-brigades of Edinburgh and London and set the example which has since been followed by every town in the civilised world, late on a dark afternoon a young stableman, John Elliot by name, was sauntering carelessly homewards down Piccadilly, when a glare in the sky, the confused murmurs of a large crowd, and the hurrying footsteps of pedestrians who passed him, told of a not distant fire.

Following the footsteps of the passers-by, he found himself in one of the side streets leading off Piccadilly, and there at the end of the street, a large house was blazing furiously. He worked his way vigorously through the spectators, now so densely gathered as to form a living wedge in the narrow street and block it against all traffic, and at length found himself in a position to see clearly the ruin that had already been wrought on the burning pile.

As a matter of fact, all was pretty well over with the house. How far the upper storeys were intact he had little means of judging; but he saw that the ceilings of the first and second floors had given way, and also that the fire was running along the rafters of the floor above. Flames were pouring from half a dozen windows. He turned to a man who stood next him in the concourse,

"The house is nearly done for," he remarked.

"Quite," replied the man. "You see it is burned through, and it is only a question of minutes before the roof must tumble in. The firemen do not dare to make any further attempt. It is a dreadful business."

"What?"

"Why, don't you know? This is Lady Dover's house—poor old soul! and she is still there, in the top room. No one can save her now, but it is a hideous death all the same."

Elliot looked about him and now understood the pallor on the upturned faces of the crowd. He looked at the house again. The whole street was wrapped in a crimson mist; the falling streams of water which the firemen still continued to direct on the blaze were hissing impotently, and seemed only to feed the fire. In the crowd that watched there was hardly a sound, one could almost hear men's hearts beating as they waited for the conclusion of the tragedy which they knew to be inevitable. But further down the street, where it was not understood that human life was at stake in the midst of this spectacle, rose the sounds of girls laughing, men quarrelling and fighting, whistling, oaths, and merriment. Caps were flying about, and the mass was jostling and swaying to and fro, as before Newgate on a Monday morning.

"Do you mean to say," asked Elliot, after a moment, "that the poor old lady is up there and nobody is going to save her?"

"What's the use?" answered the man. "If you think it possible, better try for yourself." But this reply was not heard, for the young stableman had already begun to push his way forward to the group of firemen that stood watching the conflagration in despair.

He was a man of extraordinary strength, and now with a set purpose to inspire him still further, he scattered the crowd to right and left, elbowing, pushing, and thrusting, until he stood before the firemen and repeated his question.

He met with the same answer. "It was impossible," they said. Everything had been done that could be, and now there was nothing but to wait for the end.

"But it is a question of human life," he objected.

In reply they merely pointed to the flame-points now running along every yard of woodwork still left in the building

Elliot caught a ladder from their hands and, running forward with it, planted it firmly against the house. He had to choose his place carefully, as almost every one of the windows above was belching out an angry blaze.

"Which is the window where they were last seen?" he asked.

The fireman pointed. The crowd at length finding that a brave man was going to risk his life, raised a cheer as they caught sight of him, and standing on tiptoe, peered over each other's shoulders to get a better view of the work that was forward.

"Now then," said Elliot, "don't try to stop the flames, for that is useless, but keep the water playing on the ladder all the time"

He slipped off his shoes, and amid another cheer from the crowd, dashed up it as quick as thought. The window to which the fireman had pointed was clear of flames. On gaining it, Elliot sprang on to the sill and jumped down into the room.

It was lighted brilliantly enough by the glow from the street, and through the dense smoke that was already beginning to fill it he saw two figures.

Both were women, and for a moment the gallant man doubted that he had come in time; for so still and motionless were they that it seemed as if the smoke must have already stifled them, and left them in these startling attitudes One—a very old lady—was kneeling by the bedside, her head bent forward in despair, her hands flung out over the counterpane. The other—a tall, heavy-looking woman—was standing bolt upright by the window. Neither spoke or stirred, and the kneeling woman did not even raise her head at the noise of his entrance; the other, with eyes utterly expressionless and awful, supported herself with one hand against the wall, and gazed at him speechlessly. Awe-struck by this sight, Elliot had to pause a moment before he found his speech.

"Which is Lady Dover?" he cried at last.

The kneeling woman lifted her head, saw him, and with a cry, or rather a

smothered exclamation of hope, got upon her feet and ran forward to him He hurried her to the window. She obeyed him in silence, for it was clear that terror had robbed her tongue of all articulate speech. He clambered out,

"HE TURNED ON THE TOPMOST RUNG."

turned on the topmost rung, and flinging an arm round her waist, was lifting her out, when the other figure stepped forward and set a hand on his shoulder. The look on this woman's face was now terrible. Something seemed working in her throat and the muscles of her face: it was her despair struggling with her paralysed senses for speech.

"Me too," she at length managed to mutter hoarsely; but the sound when it came was, as Elliot afterwards declared, like nothing in heaven or earth.

"If life is left in me, I will come back for you," he cried.

But his heart failed him when he saw the distance he should have to go, and still more when he noted her size. For the ladder was slippery from the water which the firemen kept throwing upon it, and which alone saved it from catching on fire. Moreover, the clouds of smoke in the room had thickened considerably since his entrance, and it could not be many minutes now before the floor gave way, or the roof crushed in, or both. He had felt his feet scorched through his stockings, when he set foot on the boards.

Down in the street the crowd had increased enormously; gentlemen from the clubs, waiters and loungers from a distance had all gathered to look. As Elliot descended the ladder with his burden a frantic storm of cheering broke forth—for every soul present understood the splendid action that had just been performed; and the crush around the foot of the ladder of those who pressed forward to express their admiration was terrific.

But they knew, of course, nothing of the stout lady still left in the bedroom; and when Elliot, heedless of the cheers and hand-shakes that met him, flung Lady Dover into the arms of the nearest bystander, and turned again towards the ladder, they were utterly at a loss to understand what he could be about.

But he kept his word. A dead hush fell again upon the spectators, as once more the brave man dashed up the ladder, upon which the firemen had ceased now to play. Half-way up he turned

"Keep on at the pumps!" he called; and then again was up to the window and looked in. The lady had still preserved her former attitude, though leaning now further back against the wall and panting for breath in the stifling smoke. He put his hand out to her.

"Catch hold of my neck and hold tightly round it," he said.

But again she was speechless and helpless. Her eyes lit up as she saw him, but beyond this she hardly seemed to understand his words. Elliot groaned, and finding, after another trial, that she did not comprehend, boldly reached in and grasped her round the waist.

She was heavier even than he had imagined, and for one fearful moment, as he stood poised on the topmost rung, he thought that all was over. It seemed impossible that they should ever reach the ground except by tumbling off the ladder. By a superhuman effort, however, he managed to drag her out, and then clasping her waist with one arm, whilst with the other he held on like grim death, he hung breathless for a moment, and then began slowly to descend.

Up to this point there had been no sound in the street below. But now, as the watchers saw his feet moving down the ladder, their enthusiasm broke out in one deep sigh, followed by yells and shouts of admiration. As the young

stableman slowly desecended, and finally, by God's mercy, reached the ground with his burden, these feelings broke all bounds. Men rushed round him ; Guineas were poured by the handful into his pockets ; and when these and his hands were full, the gold was even stuffed into his mouth.

But, in the midst of this excitement, a sudden crash caused the spectators to look upwards again. It was the roof of the house that had fallen in, only a minute after Elliot had set his foot upon the ground.

The lady whom he had saved by this second brave ascent was a relative of Lady Dover, by name Mlle. von Hompesch. It is pleasant to hear that her preserver was rewarded by the family of Lady Dover, who bestowed a pension upon him. At a later period he was in the service of the first Lord Braybrooke, and this narrative was preserved by a member of the family who had often heard Elliot relate it. Like all brave men, he never spoke vaingloriously of his exploit ; but always professed great gratitude for his reward, which seemed to him considerably higher than his deserts.

Among the many heroes of the London Fire Brigade, few have left a brighter record than Conductor Sunshine, of whose exploits one shall next be related.

In November, 1844, the conductor was summoned to a fire which had broken out in Hatton Garden. On his arrival the following state of things met his eye. The second floor of the house-front contained four windows, and at one of these a man was seated, in his night-shirt, on the window–sill, with his legs hanging over. At the other extremity of the house-front, and on the third floor, another man was hanging to a window-ledge by his hands.

The conductor rescued the first-named man, and then turned his attention to the second. But to save him was no easy task. To raise the third-floor ladder was too great a risk. for more than likely it would hit the poor fellow's hands and disengage him from his hold Conductor Sunshine therefore was driven to try what might be done with the second-floor ladder. By placing it in a position as nearly vertical as was safe, and by climbing to the top, he found that he could just touch, by reaching upwards with his arms, the dangling feet of the unhappy man And in this position, too, he had himself the scantiest of holds, and only prevented himself from falling backwards by firmly grasping the frame of a second-floor window, his only footing being on the topmost rung of the ladder.

Nothing was to be done therefore but to call on the man to let go his hold and drop. Twice he shouted, but at length discovered from his silence and the shouts of the spectators below that the man was deaf and dumb ! In despair now of effecting a rescue, the conductor tapped him gently on the foot. The man seemed to understand at once, and relinquished his hold on the ledge. It will hardly be believed that Mr. Sunshine, so situated, contrived to let him slip gradually down between himself and the wall, and catching him by the waist as soon as his feet touched the ladder, brought him down to the ground in safety.

Here are two anecdotes of another conductor, a Mr. Chapman :—

At a fire to which he was summoned, this intrepid man crossed the roofs of two out-buildings with his ladder, and managed to fix it upon the roof of a third and against the second back floor of the burning house Having rescued a lady from one of the windows, he had to find his way back over the roofs of the out-buildings before he could land her in safety on *terra firma*. But the roofs were now on fire ; that is to say, the rafters underneath had ignited, and the flames were now bursting up through the tiling. His only possible road to safety was by planting his ladder across the blazing gulf and creeping across it with his burden. This he did, and hardly had he touched the solid earth before the whole of the roof which he had thus traversed fell in with a resounding crash.

On another occasion, the fire this time being in a house in the Tottenham Court Road, Conductor Chapman having planted his ladder against the building and effected an entrance by a second-floor window, was twice driven back by reason of his lamp going out in the dense smoke Having taken refuge on his ladder for a second time, and relit his lamp, he once more climbed in and explored the place. The issue shall be given in the concise and modest language of his own report ;—

"I called out loud, and was answered by a kind of stifled cry. I rushed across the landing to the back room, and encountered a man, who groaned out, 'Oh, save my wife!' I groped about, and laid hold of a female, who fell by me, clasping two children in her arms. I took them up and brought them to the escape, guiding the man to follow me, and placed them all safely in the canvas, from whence they reached the ground without any injury; and, finally, I came down myself, quite exhausted."

"We thought," said a bystander, 'when he jumped into the second-floor window that we should not see him alive again : and I cannot tell you how he was cheered when he appeared with the woman and her two children "

In the next case the hero is a Conductor Wood, who for the following service, performed on the 29th of April, 1854, received a testimonial on vellum in commemoration of his gallantry.

The fire took place in Colchester Street, Whitechapel. On the conductor's arrival, it was raging throughout the back of the house, and dense columns of smoke were issuing from every window. Upon entering the first-floor room, part of which was actually blazing at the time, he discovered five persons—a husband and wife, and three children—almost in a state of insensibility owing to the appalling heat. His first thought was for the woman He took her on his shoulders, and *holding a child by its night-clothes in his mouth*, descended the ladder. Returning up the ladder, he re-entered the room, and having directed the father to escape and pointed out the proper means, he had effected his second descent with the two remaining children, *one under each arm*, when the whole building became enveloped in flames from attic to basement.

After such an exploit as this, it would be thought that to add to the list would be but to court an anticlimax. Yet the annals of the London Fire Brigade are full of deeds, often as daring in design and astounding in execution. But the real hero of the history of this great institution is the

"HOLDING A CHILD BY ITS NIGHT-CLOTHES IN HIS MOUTH." (*p.* 19).

man who first put it on an efficient footing, and who spent all the energy of his life, and finally life itself, in the great task of saving his fellow-men from this most horrible of dangers.

James Braidwood was born in Edinburgh in the last year of the last century. His father, a builder and upholsterer of no mean report in that city, seems to have designed his son for the profession of a surveyor. But whatever,

the reason, James Braidwood from the first took unkindly to the surveyor's office, and soon began to turn his mind to what quickly became the absorbing object of his life. Indeed, in his case, it would seem that a fireman as well as a poet, *nascitur, non fit* One or two actions, displaying personal courage as well as resourcefulness of a high order, having recommended him to the notice of those in authority, he was, at the age of twenty-three, made Superintendant of the fire–engines of the city of Edinburgh, and soon began to show his power as a leader of men.

Almost as soon as he entered on his new office, he began to reform the system of management, as clumsy as it was antiquated, then in vogue. But scarcely had he set his hand to the work of reform when that series of fires broke out which even to the present day are talked about, and discussed in the reminiscences of the age, as the " Great Fires of Edinburgh."

The scene of the conflagration was the famous High Street, and many of the ancient and loftiest houses in that city of lofty houses came to their end in that one famous week. From four hundred to five hundred families were rendered homeless, ten persons were killed, either outright or by fatal injuries, and for some days ruin threatened the whole of the High Street, and, as some thought, the larger part of the Old Town.

The inefficiency then displayed by the Edinburgh Fire Brigade might have ruined a weaker man in the early days of his responsibility. But, luckily, Braidwood had already made his voice heard in protest against the old system of management, and the Scotch are a judicial race. Never, indeed, did a system stand more obviously in need of reorganisation than that of the Edinburgh Fire Brigade by the end of the week. All had gone wrong. No one could command, for there was no one to obey. Energies were wasted in efforts the most random, and once or twice, while the devastation spread before their eyes the firemen turned their attention to quarrelling and recrimination, and were with difficulty restrained from a free fight

This was more ,than enough. The city authorities and the insurance companies, beside themselves with panic, lent a ready ear to young Braidwood, who struck while the iron was hot. Together they consented, on his recomendation, to bear the expense of reorganising and maintaining an efficient brigade. Picked men were soon found, who, though daily plying their ordinary trade, found time to practice under the new regulations, and were regularly exercised and inspected once a week in the early morning. The benefits of the new system were soon appreciated, and the fame of the Edinburgh Fire Brigade became a household word throughout the kingdom. From this it passed into a model for every new organisation for suppressing fires, and gave the great start to the Volunteer Fire Brigade Movement which has for many years now been so healthy a feature in the life of our towns.

If Braidwood did much by his strength of purpose, he also did much by the charm of his personality. Never was a man more heartily worshipped by

his subordinates, in whom he inspired that confidence which has been the great secret of every successful general. He never exposed a man unnecessarily, and if some particularly dangerous feat called for performance, would cheerfully undertake it himself. Thus at a fire in Edinburgh he soon brought with his own hands out from the burning building a quantity of gunpowder, which was known to be stored there. He entered alone, and while thousands in the street below held their breath, coolly searched about, found and carried off first one cask and then another of the substance which, if ignited, would have enormously increased the disaster of the conflagration.

It was almost ten years after the reconstitution of the Edinburgh Fire Brigade that a similar work was undertaken in London. The different insurance companies had each its brigade, but the task of uniting them under a single management, though often attempted, remained incomplete until Braidwood himself had been invited to come and undertake it.

He accepted: and, as in Edinburgh, the Metropolitan Brigade under his superintendence became an entirely new force. There was some opposition, at first, to the rigorous discipline; but the old firemen were soon pensioned off, and their places supplied by men who would, and could, obey. For Braidwood had that other great quality of great generals—he knew how to choose his subordinates. As a rule—aad the rule is still rigorously followed under Captain Shaw—he chose sailors, not only because of their trained lightness of foot, readiness of eye, and general activity, but also because they were accustomed to obedience, to irregular duty, and hardy endurance. His own constitution, his incessant vigilance, and his sound judgment set the standard which it was the ambition of every member af his corps to emulate; and the almost paternal kindness of his rule did perhaps more than was generally acknowledged to cultivate that tradition of ready devotion and pride in their own body which are among the brightest ornaments of the London Fire Brigade.

As at Edinburgh, too, Braidwood had not long settled to his work before the outbreak of some memorable fires, by throwing the public into a panic, caused his demands for reform to be listened to with ready ears. In 1834, the second year of his superintendence, the old Houses of Parliament were burnt, and this disaster was presently followed by a devastating fire at Mile End.

The following is an extract from the Annual Report of the Institution of Civil Engineers for the year 1861:

"He took great interest in the passing of Acts of Parliament for regulating buildings in the metropolis. The wise provisions introduced through his instrumentality into these Acts of Parliament were continually being evaded, and clusters of warehouses quickly rose which he saw would, if on fire, defy all his means of extinction. In a letter to Sir W. Molesworth, First Commissioner of Public Works, dated 10th February, 1854, on the subject of a proposed warehouse in Tooley Street, he wrote: 'The whole building, if once fairly on fire in one floor, will become such a mass of fire that there is no power in London

capable of extinguishing it, or even of restraining its ravages on every side; and on three sides it will be surrounded by property of immense value.'"

Now, mark the event, which so unhappily confirmed these words. The great fire at Cotton's Wharf, Tooley Street, broke out on Saturday, June 22nd, 1861, and continued to rage for upwards of a fortnight, destroying warehouse after warehouse, to the extent of over two millions' worth of property. It was discovered in open daylight, and before the flames had made much headway. This good fortune was soon of no service from the fact that but little water was to be had; that the goods stored at the wharf itself and the immediate neighborhood were all highly combustible; and that the iron doors of communication had been left open, thus at the same time giving the flames a path and encouraging them by a thorough draught

DEATH OF BRAIDWOOD.

Mr. Braidwood was quickly on the spot, and discovering the gravity of the case, summoned almost the whole available strength of the fire-engine establishment. But he quickly foresaw that all hopes of saving the warehouse and property were idle; and that the very utmost that could be done was to prevent a wide extension of the fire. So fierce was the conflagration, that after two hour's work the men in charge of the branch pipes began to suffer considerably from the heat. Braidwood, always full of consideration for his men, went to give them a word of encouragment Before this, several explosions had been heard, in the burning warehouses, as of casks of oil or tallow; but no great alarm at these was felt, as it was understood that the saltpetre stored at the wharf was in buildings which had not yet been attacked by the flames.

But just as Braidwood was discharging this, which proved to be his last, act of kindness to his men, a terrific explosion burst on the air: the lofty wall at his back was rent, tottered, and came down with a crash, burying him in its ruins The men near him had barely time to dart back and save themselves

from a similar fate, and a spectator who was standing by Braidwood's side was buried with him. It is a question if a man can die better than at the moment when he is discharging the great work of his life; and there is no question but that James Braidwood had the most tremendous of funeral pyres. The fire, which had then fairly begun, was still raging fifteen days after: it would even seem as if Braidwood, in his letter to Sir William Molesworth, had been gifted with the power of prophesying his own death.

Our chapter shall conclude with the story of another, and in his way a very distinguished, member of the London Fire Brigade—the dog "Chance." It proves that the fascination of fires (and who that has witnessed a fire cannot own this fascination?) extends even to the brute creation. In old Egypt, Herodotus tells us, the cats used on the occasion of a conflagration to rush forth from their burning homes, and then madly attempt to return again; and the Egyptians, who worshipped the animals, had to form a ring round to prevent their dashing past and sacrificing themselves to the flames. This may, however, be due to the cat's notorious love for home. In the case of the dog "Chance" another hypothesis has to be searched for.

The animal formed his first acquaintance with the brigade by following a fireman from a conflagration in Shoreditch to the central station at Watling Street. Here, after he had been petted for some time by the men, his master came for him and took him home. But the dog quickly escaped and returned to the central station on the very first opportunity. He was carried back, returned, was carried back again, and again returned.

At this point his master—"like a mother whose son *will* go to sea"—abandoned the struggle and allowed him to follow his own course Henceforth for years he invariably went with the engine, sometimes upon the carriage itself, sometimes under the horses' legs; and always, when going uphill, running in advance, and announcing by his bark the welcome news that the fire-engine was at hand.

Arrived at the fire, he would amuse himself with pulling burning logs of wood out of the flames with his mouth, firmly impressed that he was rendering the greatest service, and clearly anxious to show the laymen that he understood all about the business. Although he had his legs broken half a dozen times, he remained faithful to the profession he had so obstinately chosen. At last, having taken a more serious hurt than usual, he was being nursed by the firemen beside the hearth, when a "call" came. At the well-known sound of the engine turning out, the poor old dog made a last effort to climb upon it, and fell back—dead.

He was stuffed, and preserved at the station for some time. But even in death he was destined to prove the friend of the brigade. For, one of the engineers having committed suicide, the firemen determined to raffle him for the benefit of the widow, and such was his fame that he realised £123 10s. 9d.!

TALES OF THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

I.—A CHANCE SHOT.

IT was in 1779, when America was struggling with England for her independence, and a division of the English redcoats were encamped on the banks of the Potomac. So admirably fortified was their position by river and steep woods, that no ordinary text-book of warfare would admit the possibility of surprising it But Washington and his men did not conduct their campaigns by the book. "If you fight with art," said that general once to his soldiery, "you are sure to be defeated. Acquire discipline enough for retreat and the uniformity of combined attack, and your country will prove the best of engineers."

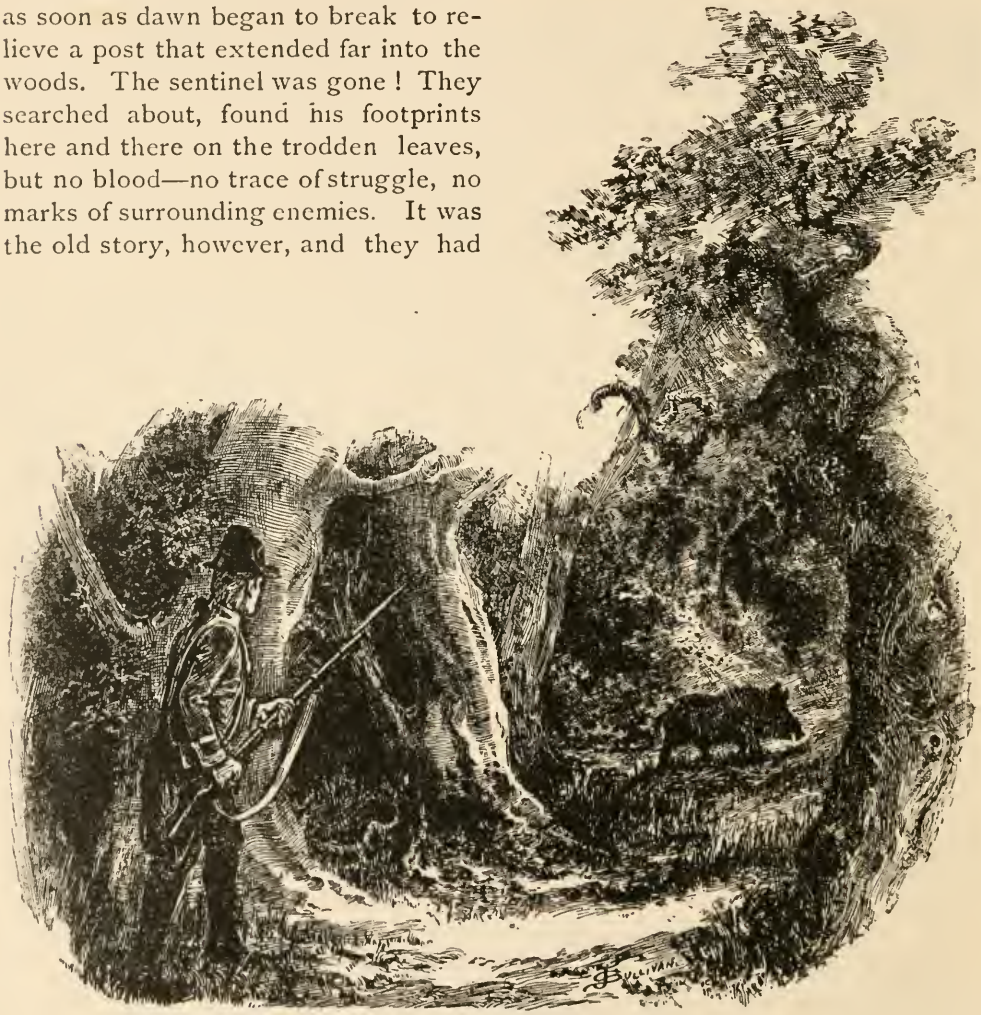
In fact, it was with a guerilla warfare, and little else, that the British had to contend. The Americans had enrolled whole tribes of Indians in their ranks and made full use of the Indian habits of warfare. The braves would steal like snakes about the pathless forests, and dashing unexpectedly on the outposted redcoats, kill a handful in one fierce charge, and then retreat pell-mell back into their shelter, whither to follow them was to court certain death. The injuries thus inflicted were not overwhelming, but they were teasing for all that. Day by day the waste went on—loss of sentinels, of stragglers, sometimes of whole detachments, and all this was more galling from the impossibility of revenge. In order to limit the depredations it was the custom of the British commanders to throw forward their outposts to a great distance from the main body, to station sentinels far into the woods, and cover the main body with a constant guard.

One regiment was suffering from little less than a panic. Perpetually and day after day sentinels had been missing. Worse than this, they had been surprised, apparently, and carried off without giving any alarm or having time to utter a sound. It would happen that a sentinel went forward to his post with finger upon his trigger, while his comrades searched the woods around and found them empty. When the relief came, the man would just be missing. That was all. There was never a trace left to show the manner in which he had been conveyed away : only, now and then, a few drops of blood splashed on the leaves where he had been standing.

The men grew more and more uneasy. Most suspected treachery. It was unreasonable, they argued, to believe that man after man could be surprised without having time even to fire his musket. Others talked of magic, and grew gloomy with strange suspicions of the Indian medicine-men. At any rate, here was a mystery. Time would clear it up, no doubt ; but meanwhile the sentry despatched to his post felt like a man marked out for death. It was worse. Many men who would have marched with firm step to death in any familiar

shape, would go with pale cheeks and bowed knees to this fate of which nothing was known except that nothing was left of the victim.

Matters at length grew intolerable. One morning, the sentinels having been set as usual over-night, the guard went as soon as dawn began to break to relieve a post that extended far into the woods. The sentinel was gone! They searched about, found his footprints here and there on the trodden leaves, but no blood—no trace of struggle, no marks of surrounding enemies. It was the old story, however, and they had



"'I SAW AN AMERICAN HOG COMING DOWN THE GLADE'" (*p* 28)

almost given up the problem by this time. They left another man at the post, and went their way back, wishing him better luck.

"No need to be afraid," he called after them, "I will not desert."

They looked back. He was standing with his musket ready to fly up to his shoulder at the slightest sound, his eyes searching the glades before him.

There was nothing faint about Tom, they determined, and returned to the guard-house.

The sentinels were replaced every four hours, and at the regular time the guard again marched to relieve the post. The man was gone!

They rubbed their eyes, and searched again. But this one had disappeared as mysteriously as his fellows. Again there was no single trace. But it was all the more necessary that the post should not remain unguarded They were forced to leave a third man and return, promising him that the colonel should be told of his danger as soon as they got back.

It was panic indeed that filled the regiment when they returned to the guard-house and told the news. The colonel was informed at once. He promised to go in person to the spot when the man was relieved, and search the woods round about. This gave them some confidence, but they went nevertheless with the gloomiest forebodings as to their comrade's fate. As they drew near the spot they advanced at a run. Their fears were justified. The post was vacant—the man gone without a sound.

In the blank astonishment that followed, the colonel hesitated. Should he station a whole company at the post? This would doubtless prevent further loss; but then it was little likely to explain the mystery; for the hands that had carried off three sentinels, would, it was reasonable to believe, make no attempt to spirit away a whole company of men. And for future action as well as to put an end to the superstitious terror of the soldiery, the vital necessity was to clear up the mystery. He had no belief in the theory that these men deserted. He knew them too well. He prided himself that he was thoroughly acquainted with his own regiment, and had well-grounded reasons for pride in his men For this reason he was the more chary of exposing a fourth brave man where three had already been lost. However, it had to be done. The poor fellow whose turn it was to take the post, though a soldier of proved courage and even recklessness in action, positively shook from head to foot.

"I must do my duty," he said to the colonel "I know that well enough; but for all that I should like to lose my life with a bit of credit"

There was no higher bravery than facing an indefinite terror such as this, as the colonel was at pains to point out, but he added—

"I will leave no man here against his will."

Immediately a soldier stepped out of the ranks.

"Give me the post," he said quietly.

The colonel looked at the volunteer admiringly, and spoke some words in praise of his courage.

"No," said the man; I have an idea, that is all What I promise you is that I will not be taken alive I shall give you a deal of trouble; because you will hear of me on the least alarm If I am given this post, I propose to fire my piece if I hear the slightest noise If a bird chatters or a leaf falls, my musket shall go off. Of course you may be alarmed

when nothing is the matter : but that's my condition, and you must take the chance."

"Take the chance!" said the colonel. "It's the very wisest thing you can do You're a fellow of courage, and what's more, you're a fellow with a head."

He shook hands with him, as did the rest of the soldiers, with faces full of foreboding. "Come," said the man, "don't look so glum ; cheer up, and I shall have a story to tell you when we meet again."

They left him and went back to the guard-room again. An hour passed away in suspense. It seemed as though every ear in the regiment were on the rack for the discharge of that musket. Hardly a man spoke, but as the minutes dragged along the conviction gained ground that already the brave man had followed the fate of the other three. The colonel paced up and down in the guard-room, as anxious as any of the men. Ae looked at his watch for the twentieth time. An hour and twenty minutes had gone.

Suddenly, down in the woods, the report of a musket rang out.

Colonel, officers, and men poured out of the guard-room, almost without a word, and advanced at a double through the woods. The mystery was going to be solved at last. Until quite close to the spot, they were forced, by the thickness of the forest, to remain in ignorance of what had happened, and whether their comrade was dead or alive. But they shouted, and an answering "Halloa!" at last came back. As they turned into the glade where the sentinel had been posted, they beheld him advancing towards them and dragging another man along the ground by the hair of the head.

He flung the body down. It was an Indian, stone-dead, with a musket-wound in his side

"How did it happen?" panted the colonel, beside himself with joy.

"Well," said the soldier, saluting, "I gave your honor notice that I should fire if I heard the least noise That's what I did, and it saved my life ; and it just happened in this way.

"I hadn't been long standing here, peering round till my eyes ached, when I heard a rustling about fifty yards away. I looked and saw an American hog, of the sort that are common enough in these parts, coming down the glade opposite, crawling along the ground and sniffing to right and left—just as if he'd no business in life but to sniff about for nuts under the fallen leaves and all about the roots of the trees Boars are common enough, so I gave him a glance and didn't take much notice for some minutes.

"But after a while, thinks I to myself—'No doubt the others kept their eyes about them sharp enough, and was only took in by neglecting something that seemed of no account;' so being on the alarm and having no idea what was to be feared and what was not, I woke up after some minutes and determined to keep my eyes on it and watch how it passed in and out among the

trees. For I thought, if it comes on an Indian skulking about yonder, I may be able to learn something from its movements. Indians are thick enough here and to spare ; but they're not so thick as nuts, for all that.

"So I kept glancing at the hog, and then looking round and glancing again. Not another creature was in sight ; not a leaf rustling. And then, all of a sudden—I can't tell why—it struck me as queer that the animal was snuffling around among the trees and making off to the right, seemingly for the thick coppice just behind my post. I didn't want anything behind me, you may be sure, not even a hog, and as it was now only a few yards from my coppice I kept my eye more constantly on it, and cast up in my mind whether I should fire or not

"It seemed foolish enough to rouse you all up by shooting a pig ! I fingered my trigger, and couldn't for the life of me make up my mind what to do. I looked and looked, and the more I looked the bigger fool I thought myself for being alarmed at it. It would be a rare jest against me that I mistook a pig for an Indian ; and this was a hog sure enough. You've all seen scores of them, and know how they move. Well, this one was for all the world like any other, and I was almost saying to myself that 'twas more like the average hog than any hog I'd ever seen, when just as it got close to the thicket I fancied it gave an unusual spring.

"At any rate, fancy or no, I didn't hesitate. I took cool aim, and directly I did so, felt sure I was right. The beast stopped in a hesitating sort of way, and by that I knew it saw what I was about, though up to the moment it had never seemed to be noticing me. 'An Indian's trick, for a sovereign,' thought I, and pulled the trigger.

"It dropped over like a stone ; and then, as I stood there, still doubting if it were a trap that I should fall into by running to look, I heard a groan—and the groan of a man, too. I loaded my musket and ran up to it. I had shot an Indian, sure enough, and that groan was his last.

He had wrapped himself in the hog's skin so completely, and his hands and feet were so neatly hid, and he imitated the animal's walk and noise so cleverly, that I swear, if you saw the trick played again, here before you, your honor would doubt your honor's eyes. And seeing him at a distance, in the shadow of the trees, no man who had not lost three comrades before him, as I had, would ever have guessed. Here's the knife and tomahawk the villain had about him. You see, once in the coppice he had only to watch his moment for throwing off the skin and jumping on me from behind ; a dig in the back before a man had time to fire his piece was easy work enough. After that it's easier still to drag the body off and hide it under a heap of leaves. The rebels pay these devils by the scalp, and no doubt if your honor looks about, you'll find the collection our friend here has already made to-day."

RUNNING THE GAUNTLET (*p.* 32)

II.— A RUN FROM A HORRIBLE DEATH.

JOHN GLOVER, whom we will leave to tell his story, was kidnapped from his home on the New River, Virginia, at the age of eight, by an Indian tribe called the Miamees, or Picts, and lived with them for six years. He was then sold to a Delaware, and again transferred to a trader, of whom he was purchased by the Shawanees With them he lived until his twentieth year, when on the treaty of Fort Pitt he made himself known to some friends and was induced with difficulty to give up his savage life. It was nine years after this that the following adventure, the most thrilling in his varied life, befel him.

"Having been a prisoner among the Indians many years, and so being well acquainted with the country west of the Ohio, I was employed as a guide in the expedition under Colonel William Crawford against the Indian towns on or near the river Sandusky, in the year 1782. On Tuesday, the 4th of June, we fought the enemy near Sandusky, and lay that night in our camp The next day we fired on each other at a distance of three hundred yards, doing little or no execution.

"In the evening of that day it was proposed by Colonel Crawford, as I have been since informed, to draw off with order ; but at the moment of our retreat, the Indians—who had probably perceived that we were about to retire—firing alarm-guns, our men broke and rode off in confusion, treading down those who were on foot, and leaving the wounded men, who supplicated to be taken with them. I was with some others in the rear of our troops, feeding our horses in the glade, when our men began to break. The main body of our people had

passed by me a considerable distance before I was ready to set out. I overtook them before I crossed the glade, and was advanced almost in front The company of five or six men with whom I had been immediately connected, and who were at some distance to the right of the main body, had separated from me, and endeavored to pass a morass. Coming up, I found their horses had stuck fast in it, and in endeavoring to pass, mine also, like theirs, became a captive.

"I tried a long time to disengage my horse, until I could hear the enemy just behind me and on each side, but in vain. Here, then, I was obliged to leave him. The morass was so unstable that I was up to the middle in it, and it was with the greatest difficulty I got across it. However, at length I came up with the six men, who had left their horses in the same manner as I. Two of them had lost their guns.

"We travelled that night, making our course towards Detroit, with a view to shun the enemy, whom we conceived to have taken the paths by which the main body of our people had retreated. Just before day we got into a second deep morass, and were under the necestity of stopping until it was light to see our way through it. The whole of this day we travelled towards the Shawanees' towns, with a view of throwing ourselves still farther out of the reach of the enemy.

"About ten o'clock we sat down to eat a little, having tasted nothing from Tuesday, the day of our engagement, until this time, which was on Thursday; and now the only thing we had to eat was a scrap of pork for each.

"We had sat down by a warrior's path, which we had not suspected, when eight or nine Indians appeared. Running off hastily, we left our luggage and provisions, but were not discovered by the party; for, after skulking some time in the grass and bushes, we returned to the place and recovered our baggage. The warriors had hallooed as they passed, and were answered by others on our flank.

"We set off at break of day. About nine o'clock on the third day, we fell in with a party of the enemy, about 138 miles from Fort Pitt. They had come upon our track, or had been on our flank and discovered us; and then, having got before, had waylaid us, and fired before we perceived them.

"At the first fire, one of my companions fell before me, and another just behind me. These two had guns. There were six men in company, and four guns: two of these had been rendered useless by the wet when coming through the swamp the first night; we had tried to discharge them, but could not.

"When the Indians fired, I ran to a tree: but an Indian presenting himself fifteen yards before me, desired me to deliver myself up, adding that I should not be hurt. My gun was in good order; but apprehending the enemy might discharge their pieces at me, I did not risk firing. This I had afterwards reason to regret, when I found what was to be my fate, and that the Indian who was before me was one of those who had just fired. Two of my companions

were taken with me in the same manner, the Indians assuring us we should not be hurt. One of these Indians knew me, and was of the party by whom I was taken in the last war. He came up and spoke to me, calling me by my Indian name—Mannucothee, and upbraiding me for coming to war against them.

"The party by whom we were made prisoners had taken some horses, but left them at the glades we had passed the day before. From these glades they had followed on our track. On our return, we found the horses, and each of us rode. We were carried to a town of the Mingoes and Shawanees.

"I think it was the third day that we reached the town As we approached t, the Indians, in whose custody we were, began to look sour, having been kind to us before, and having given us a little meat and flour to eat, which they had found or taken from some of our men on their retreat. The town was small and, we were told, stood about two miles distant from the main town, to which they meant to carry us. The inhabitants of this town came out with clubs and tomahawks, and struck, beat, and abused us greatly. One of my companions they seized, and having stripped him naked, blacked him with coal and water. This was a sign that he must be burnt. The man seemed to surmise it, and shed tears He asked me the meaning of being blacked, but I was forbid by the enemy, in their own language, to tell him what was intended. In English, which they spoke very easily, having been often at Fort Pitt, they assured him he was not to be hurt. I knew of no reason for making him the first object of their cruelty, unless it were that he was the oldest.

"A warrior must have gone on before to the larger town to acquaint them with our coming and prepare them for the frolic ; for, on our coming to it, the inhabitants came out with guns, clubs, and tomahawks. We were told we had to run to the council-house, about three hundred yards. The man that was black was about twenty yards before us in running the gauntlet. Him they made their principal object ; men, women, and children beating him, and those who had guns firing loads of powder on him, as he ran naked, putting the muzzles of the guns to his body, shooting, hallooing, and beating their drums in the meantime. The unhappy man had reached the door of the council-house, beaten and wounded in a manner shocking to the sight ; for having arrived before him, we had it in our power to view the spectacle. It was the most horrid that can be conceived. They had cut him with their tomahawks, shot his body black, burnt it into holes with loads of powder blown into him ; a large wadding had made a hole in his shoulder, from whence the blood gushed.

"Agreeably to the declaration of the enemy when he first set out, he had reason to think himself secure when he had reached the door of the council-house. This seemed to be his hope ; for coming up with great struggling and endeavor, he laid hold on the door, but was pulled back and drawn away by them Finding they intended no mercy but putting him to death, he attempted

several times to snatch or lay hold of some of their tomahawks ; but being very weak he could not effect it. We saw him borne off, and they were a long time beating, wounding, pursuing, and killing him. That same evening I saw the dead body of the man close by the council-house. It was mangled cruelly, and the blood mingled with the powder, was rendered black. Later, I saw the body cut to pieces, and his limbs and head, about two hundred yards on the outside of the town, put on poles.

"That evening also, I saw the bodies of three others, in the same black and mangled condition ; these, I was told, had been put to death the same day, and just before we reached the town. Their bodies as they lay were black, bloody, and burnt with powder. Two of these were Harrison and young Crawford. I knew the visage of Colonel Harrison, and I saw his clothing and that of young Crawford at the town. They brought horses to me, and asked me if I knew them. I said they were Harrison's and Crawford's. They said they were. The third of these men I did not know, but believe to have been Colonel M'Clelland, the third in command on the expedition.

"The next day, the bodies of these men were dragged to the outside of the town, and their carcases being given to the dogs, their limbs and heads were stuck on poles. My surviving companion, shortly after we had reached the council-house, was sent to another town, and I presume he was burnt and executed in the same manner.

"In the evening the men assembled in the council-house. This is a large building about fifty yards in length, and about twenty-five yards wide. Its height was about sixteen feet, the whole building being constructed of split poles covered with bark. Their first object was to examine me, which they could do in their own language, inasmuch as I could speak the Miamee, Shawanee, and Delaware tongues, which I had learned during my early captivity in the last war. I found I had not forgotten these tongues, especially the two former, being able to speak them as well as my native language.

"They began by interrogating me concerning the situation of our country ; what were our provisions ; our numbers ; the state of the war between us and Britain. I informed them that Cornwallis had been taken, which next day, when Matthew Elliot, with James Girty, came, he affirmed to be a lie, and the Indians seemed to give full credit to his declaration. Hitherto I had been treated with some appearance of kindness, but now the enemy began to alter their behavior towards me. However, I was not tied, and could have escaped ; but having nothing to put on my feet, I waited some time to provide for this. In the meantime, I was invited to the war-dances, which they usually continued till almost day ; but I could not comply with their desire, believing these things to be the service of the devil.

"The council lasted fifteen days, from fifty to one hundred warriors being usually in council, and sometimes more. Every warrior is admitted to these councils, but only the chiefs, or head warriors, have the privilege of speaking.

"I STEPPED OVER THE WARRIORS AS THEY LAY." (p. 36.)

The head warriors are accounted as such from the number of scalps they have taken. There was one council at which I was not present. The warriors had sent for me as usual, but the squaw with whom I lived would not suffer me to go, but hid me under a large quantity of skins. It may have been from an unwillingness that I should hear in council the determination respecting myself, that I should be burnt.

"About this time, twelve men were brought in from Kentucky, three of whom were burnt on this day, the remainder distributed to other towns, and all, as the Indians informed me, were burnt. On this day also I saw an Indian who had just come into town, and he said that the prisoner he was bringing to be burnt, and who was a doctor, had made his escape from him. I knew this must have been Dr. Knight, who went out as surgeon to the expedition. The Indian had a wound four inches long in his head that the doctor had given him. He was cut to the skull.

"At this time I was told that Colonel Crawford was burnt, and they greatly exulted over it. The day after the council I have mentioned, about forty warriors, accompanied by George Girty, came early in the morning round the house where I was. The squaw gave me up. I was sitting before the door of the house ; they put a rope round my neck, tied my arms behind, stripped me naked, and then blackened me in the usual manner. George Girty, as soon as I was tied, cursed me, saying that now I should get what I had deserved many years. I was led away to a town distant about five miles, to which a messenger had been despatched, to desire them to prepare to receive me. Arriving at this town I was beaten with clubs and the pipe ends of their tomahawks, and was kept some time tied to a tree before a house-door. In the meanwhile, the inhabitants set out to another town about two miles distant, where I was to be burnt, and where I arrived about three o'clock in the afternoon.

"Here was also a council-house, part of it covered, and part of it without roof. In the part of it where no cover was, but only sides built up, there stood a post about sixteen feet in height, and in the middle of the house, around the post, there were three piles of wood built about three feet from the post.

"Being brought to the post, I had my arms tied behind me anew, and the thong or cord with which they were bound was fastened to the post. A fresh rope was put about my neck and also tied to the post about four feet above my head. During the time they were tying me, the piles were kindled and began to flame. Death by burning, which now appeared to be my certain fate, I had resolved to sustain with patience. The grace of God had made it less alarming to me ; for on my way this day, I had been greatly exercised in regard to my latter end.

"I was tied to the post as I have already said, and the flame was now kindled. The day was clear, and not a cloud to be seen : if there were clouds low in the horizon, the sides of the house prevented me from seeing them,

but I heard no thunder, nor observed any sign of approaching rain. Just as the fire of one pile began to blaze, the wind rose. From the time when they began to kindle the fire and to tie me to the post, until the wind began to blow, about fifteen minutes had elapsed. The wind blew a hurricane, and the rain followed in less than three minutes. The rain fell violently, and the fire, though it began to blaze considerably, was instantly extinguished. The rain lasted about a quarter of an hour.

"When the storm was over, the savages stood amazed, and were a long time silent. At last one said, "We will let him alone till morning, and take a whole day's frolic in burning him." The sun at this time was about three hours high. The rope about my neck was now untied, and, making me sit down, they began to dance around me. They continued dancing in this manner until eleven o'clock at night, in the meantime beating, kicking, and wounding me with their tomahawks and clubs.

"At last one of the warriors asked me if I was sleepy; I answered 'Yes' The warrior then chose out three men to take care of me. I was taken to a block-house: my arms were tied, round my wrist, and above my elbows, so tightly that the cord was hid in the flesh. A rope was fastened about my neck and tied to the beam of the house, but permitting me to lie down on a board. The three warriors were constantly harassing and troubling me, saying, 'How will you like to eat fire to-morrow? You kill no more Indians now.'

"I was in expectation of their going to sleep. When, at length, an hour before daybreak, two of them lay down, the third smoked a pipe, talked to me, and asked the same painful questions. About half an hour after, he also lay down, and I heard him begin to snore.

"Instantly I went to work; and as my hands were perfectly dead with the cord, I laid myself down upon my right arm, and, keeping it fast with my fingers, I stripped the cord from my left arm over my elbow and wrist.

"One of the warriors now got up and stirred the fire. I was apprehensive that I should be examined, and thought it was over with me. But my hopes revived when he lay down again. I then attempted to unloose the rope about my neck, and tried to gnaw it, but in vain, as it was as thick as my thumb and as hard as iron, being made of buffalo-hide. I wrought with it a long time but finally gave it up, and could see no relief.

"At this time I saw daybreak. I made a second attempt, almost without hope, pulling the rope by putting my fingers between my neck and it, and to my great surprise it came easily untied. It was a noose with two or three knots tied over it.

"I stepped over the warriors as they lay, and having got out of the house, looked back to see if there was any disturbance. I then ran through the town into a cornfield. In my way I saw a squaw with four or five children lying asleep under a tree. Going a different way into a field I noticed my arm, which was greatly swelled and burnt black. Having observed a number of horses in

the glade as I ran through it, I went back to catch one, and on my way found a piece of an old rug or quilt hanging on a fence. This I took with me.

"Having caught the horse, the rope with which I had been tied serving for a halter, I rode off. The horse was strong and swift; and the woods being open and the country level, about ten o'clock that day I crossed the Sciota river at a place about fifty miles from the town. I had ridden about twenty miles on this side Sciota by three o'clock in the afternoon, when the horse began to fail and could no longer go on a trot. I instantly left him and ran on foot about twenty miles further that day, making in the whole the distance of near one hundred miles. In the evening I heard hallooing behind me, and for this reason did not halt till about ten o'clock at night, when I sat down, was extremely sick, and vomited. But when the moon rose, which might have been about two hours after, I then went on my way, and travelled till daylight.

"During the night I had a path, but in the morning I judged it prudent to forsake the path and to take a ridge for the distance of fifteen miles, in a line at right angles to my course, putting back with a stick as I went along the weeds which I had bent, lest I should be tracked by the enemy. I lay the next night on the waters of the Muskingum. The nettles had been troublesome to me after my crossing the Sciota, as I had nothing to defend myself but the piece of rug which I had found, and which while I rode I used under me by way of a saddle The briars and thorns were now painful too, and prevented me from travelling in the night until the moon appeared. In the meantime, I was hindered from sleeping by the mosquitoes: even in the day I was under the necessity of travelling with a handful of bushes to brush them from my body.

"The second night I reached Cushakim. Next day I came to Newcomer's Town, where I got about seven raspberries, which were the first thing I ate from the morning in which the Indians had taken me to burn until this time, which was now about three o'clock on the fourth day. I felt hunger very little, but was extremely weak. I swam Muskingum river at Old Cromer's Town, the river being about two miles wide. Having reached the bank I sat down, and, looking back, thought I had a good start of the Indians, should any pursue.

"That evening I travelled about five miles, and the next day came to Stillwater, a small river, in a branch of which I got two small cray-fish to eat. Next night I lay down within five miles of Wheeling, but had not a wink during the whole time, it being rendered impossible by the mosquitoes, which it was my constant employment to brush away. Next day I came to Wheeling, and saw a man on the island in the Ohio, opposite to that post, and, calling to him, inquired for particular persons who had been in the expedition, and told him I was Glover. At length, with great diffieulty, he was persuaded to come over and bring me across in his canoe. Then was I safe."

VENICE FROM THE RIVA DEGLI SCHIAVONI.

a, Ducal Palace; *b*, State Prison.

THE PRISON-BREAKER.

Venice, 1755

CASANOVA, or, as he preferred to style himself in full, John James Casanova de Seingalt, student of the University of Padua, citizen of Venice, wit, gambler, libertine, scholar, unbeliever, and fop, was sleeping soundly in the early morning of July 25th, 1755, when a hand was laid on his shoulder, and he awoke to find the chief of the Venetian police standing at his bedside.

"To what am I indebted for this honour?" he asked, sitting up and rubbing his eyes.

"To the fact," answered the officer, "that you are arrested by order of the Tribunal of State Inquisitors. You will therefore immediately dress and follow me, in the mean time handing over your keys and putting me in possession of your books and papers."

"Certainly," said Casanova "I regret that my dressing usually takes a considerable time, but if you do not mind waiting——"

The officer bowed. "My time is yours," he said, "if only you are reasonably quick."

Casanova called his valet, had his hair carefully dressed, and put on a silken

suit, as though bound for a ball rather than a prison. In the meanwhile, the officer rummaged about the room, collected books—including many volumes of the cabalistic writers—manuscripts, love-letters, and papers scribbled with verse, while his involuntary host from time to time regarded his assiduity with a gentle smile and inquired how he proceeded.

"I am quite ready now," said Casanova, at the end of an hour.

The police officer contemplated him grimly, and said, "I should have advised a more serviceable suit of clothes. But since you are ready, come."

They quitted the chamber together. Outside his door, Casanova was astonished to find no less than thirty policemen in waiting for him.

"You march at the head of an army," he observed.

The officer dismissed all but four of his attendants, who stepped with Casanova into a gondolo that lay waiting, and proceeded with their prisoner to the chief's house. Here Casanova was kept four hours under lock and key. At the end of this time the key turned, and the police officer again entered the room.

"Where next?

"To the Camerotti."

Casanova knew the Camerotti well enough by reputation. They were cells in the State Prison that faces the Ducal Palace and is connected with it by the Bridge of Sighs, that covered way over a narrow canal that has been more painted and sung and written about, probably, than any other building on earth. The cells in question were also known by the name of *I Plombi*, from their position immediately under leaden roof of the prison; and their suffocating heat in summer-time was a by-word.

Casanova was led across the Bridge of Sighs, and presented, at the prison door, to the Secretary of the Inquisition, who looked at him casually for a moment, and said—

"It is he. Secure him carefully."

Without more to-do, the prisoner was marched upstairs, and found himself at length in a squalid garret, about six yards long by two in breadth, and lighted only through a skylight. "Surely," thought Casanova to himself, "they do not intend to confine a man of my quality in such a den as this" They did not; he was not to get off so leniently. While he was looking about, the goaler applied a large key to a small door in the wall, massively bound with iron, and having a grating some eight inches square in its centre.

"What is that?" asked Casanova, as the man was fumbling with the lock. The fellow turned, and seeing Casanova's gaze fastened on the one piece of furniture in the garret, laughed as at an excellent joke and explained—

"That? Well, it's a machine. I advise you to be content and pray that you make no nearer acquaintance with it, signor."

"A machine of torture, then?"

"More strictly, of death. It garottes—strangles, you understand—those whose

souls, in their wisdom, the Inquisitors determine must be saved by harsher measures only. But come, here is your room."

The small door in the wall was flung open, and Casanova passed through. To do so he was forced to bend double, for the entrance was but three feet and a half in height. He was looking about when he heard the door slammed behind him. His gaoler had left him. A voice through the grating asked what he would have to eat. Casanova was beginning to lose his appetite, and had lost his temper some time ago, so he answered sullenly that he had not yet thought about what he would have. The question was not repeated. He was left to himself, listening to the footsteps as they died away in the distance, and the sound of door after door as the gaoler locked them between him and liberty.

But the prisoner was not a man to be easily overwhelmed, and so in a few moments he recovered, and began to examine his cell. It was so low that he was forced to stoop as he groped about. There was neither bed, table, nor chair : nothing but a shelf, on which he laid his plumed hat and rich mantle. As for light, there was little or none, for the tiny aperture in the roof through which it should have come was crossed with bars of thick iron, and darkened by a heavy beam, to boot.

The heat was insupportable. It drove him to the grating for a breath of air He peered through, and saw in the garret beyond whole droves of rats "as large as rabbits," with twinkling eyes, running to and fro and even coming quite close to the door. He shuddered : rats were his special aversion, and apparently they were to be his only companions. Hour after hour dragged away, as he leant there panting for air, and no one came near him He grew hungry, and soon, as the full horror of his plight broke on him, burst into a frenzy. He howled, cursed, and flung himself against the door, beating it with his fists. He prayed and screamed to be taken before his accusers. It was no good. He only frightened the rats, and so, as night drew on, he bound a handkerchief round his head and flinging himself on the floor, dropped asleep.

He had slept for three hours when the tolling of the midnight bell awoke him. He stretched out for his handkerchief, and then sat upright with a shudder. His hand had encountered another, stiff, and cold as ice.

For a moment or two fear held him like palsy. He could not move, could hardly even think : then, with trembling, he put out his hand again Still the frozen fingers were there. Could they have put a corpse beside him while he slept ? A third time he felt, and this time, moving his left arm, he discovered that he had been touching his own hand, which had grown stiff and cold by his having lain on it in his sleep. But Casanova could not see the laughable side of his discovery. It rather seemed to him that his mind was giving way, that truth was becoming a dream to him, and these illusions were to torment the rest of his life until he should go raving mad.

Daylight, such as it was, brought more courage. He would certainly be

liberated presently, or at least brought to trial And the morning was not far spent when the goaler appeared and asked him if he had yet had time enough to decide upon what to eat. Casanova ordered a liberal supply of food. "You had better order a bed and some furniture," said the man, "while you are about it. For if you fancy you will be here only one night, you are vastly mistaken"

He handed a pencil and paper to the prisoner who gave him a list of what he wanted "Read it over to me," said the goaler. Casanova did so. "Books, ink, paper, razors, and looking-glass! You'll have none of these. They are against orders. And as for the rest, you'll have to pay for them. Casanova found three sequins in his pocket and gave them over. The gaoler retired.

At noon the food and furniture came. He was then informed that the Secretary would send him books more fitting than those mentioned on the list. "Convey my thanks to the Secretary," said Casanova, "for this and also for having given me a room to myself: for I detest low company." The keeper laughed. "You'll be glad enough of the lowest company before long," he said, as he went away.

Casanova pulled his table over to the grating for the sake of the gleam of light that filtered in from the garret, and sat down to his meal. To eat it, he had but an ivory spoon. But he found he had a little appetite, and could not manage more than a mouthful of soup. He went back to his armchair and passed the time waiting feverishly for the promised books. They did not come. The day wore to night, and again he slept but little. Out in the garret the rats were scampering ceaselessly, and the huge clock in St. Mark's Tower, close by, kept him awake with its vibrating noise. In addition he was tortured with the fleas, which almost gave him convulsions. Again the gaoler appeared in the early morning with breakfast, ordered the cell to be swept out, and produced two large volumes which the Secretary had sent. Casanova examined them eagerly. One was entitled "The Mystic City of God: by Maria of Jesus, called Agreda;" the other was a work written by a Jesuit, and designed to teach a peculiar veneration for the heart of the Saviour. Casanova, whose taste for theology was of the faintest, tried for a whole week to read the former of these two volumes, and then abandoned it for fear that his mind would give way. It was the wild rhapsody of a young woman whose brain had evidently been turned by ascetism and the seeing of visions, and "such a work," says Casanova, "can upset a man's reason if, as I was, he be shut up in the Carmerotti and depressed by melancholy and bad food."

In nine days his store of money was exhausted; and when the gaoler, Lorenzo, asked to whom he should apply for more, he was answered "To nobody." Lorenzo, who made a small fortune out of the prisoners in his care, went away greatly depressed, but returned the next morning to announce that the Tribunal would allow fifteen shillings a week for Casanova's maintenance. This fifteen shillings he proposed to lay out to the best advantage for the prisoner,

keep an account, and return the balance, if any, at the end of a week. Casanova assented. The allowance was ample enough, for the unhappy man had lost all his appetite. The heat of the dog-days beating on the leaden roof above made his cell a fiery furnace. All day he sat naked with perspiration streaming from him ; next he caught the fever and kept to his bed. Lorenzo, afraid of losing a prisoner who paid him well, went at the end of three days for a doctor. "You will be amazed," he told Casanova, "at the generosity of the Tribunal. Why, you are to have a doctor and medicines without its costing you a penny!"

PRESENTED TO THE SECRETARY (*p* 39)

The doctor came, but Casanova stoutly swore that as long as Lorenzo remained in the cell he would not open his lips. "I will have no witnesses," he said. The gaoler, angry at first, was at length induced to retire. Said the physician, "If you wish to recover you must banish your melancholy." "Very well," was the reply. "Quick ; write a prescription, and take it to the only apothecary who can prepare the dose ! Signor Cavalli, Secretary to the Tribunal, is the fatal doctor, who brought me to this by prescribing 'The Heart of Jesus' and 'The Mystic City.'"

The doctor lent his patient "Boethius" to read, and made the Secretary promise some healthier books, and Casanova's health rapidly improved.

Another favour was granted him about this time—he was allowed to walk in the garret whilst his cell was being cleaned. It was for eight or ten minutes only, but he enjoyed it, and took care to reward the gaoler, in hopes of inducing him to confer more favours. When Lorenzo, on the day this permission was granted, came to settle the accounts, there remained a balance of some of five-and-twenty shillings. Casanova gave it to him, telling him to get some masses for it. "He thanked me as if he were the priest who was to say them. Every month I repeated the gift, but never saw the receipt from any priest."

The prisoner still cheated himself with hopes that the day of his liberation was at hand, but these hopes slowly resolved themselves into despair. For some time he calculated that October 1st would he his day of freedom, as on that day a new set of State Inquisitors came into office When it passed and brought no change to his wretched life, for a whole week he raved about his cell. A month after—on the 1st of November—he was gazing up at the heavy beam that crossed the skylight, when he suddenly saw the timber bend and shake. At the same time a tremor ran through the building, and he himself lost his balance and fell on the floor. He knew the shock—it was an earthquake. In a few moments it was repeated. Regardless of his own danger, he prayed aloud, "Another ! another, great God ! but stronger ! "

It was the same earthquake that shook Lisbon in ruins But it brought no relief to Casanova. He had made up his mind by this time that his imprisonment was to last for life, and now bent all his mind on devising some means of escape For some time the monotony of his life was varied by his having a companion in misery. The new-comer was a youth named Maggiorino, who had been servant in the household of a count, and was sent to prison because he had fallen in love with the count's daughter. Casanova lent him his mattress for the first night, and in the morning Lorenzo came and announced that a small sum had been granted for the new prisoner's support. Casanova told him to keep the money, adding that he himself would share provisions with Maggiorino. Overcome with with this generosity, Lorenzo granted the donor leave to walk for an hour every day in the corridor of the prison.

Maggiorino soon left Casanova alone again. The poor youth, who was madly in love, was transported to another part of the prison, to a windowless dungeon where an oil-lamp supplied all the light that was to be had. Here he remained five years, and was then banished for ten more.

In a few days, however, Casanova had another companion. This time it was a shabby, stooping, cadaverous creature, of about fifty, with a peculiarly malignant face. On the first day the stranger fed at Casanova's expense ; on the second, when Lorenzo asked him for money, he declared he had not a shilling. "Oh, very well," said the gaoler, "you shall have a pound and a half of ship's biscuit, then, and some very good water." After the gaoler had gone, Casanovo said, " It was imprudent of you to bring no money," " I have plenty of money, but there's no need to let these harpies know it." He was an usurer who had been entrusted with a large sum by a certain nobleman, and had attempted to deny the deposit. The matter had come to a trial, with the result that the usurer was cast, and was to be held in prison until he had made restitution and paid the costs. After spending four days in prison he was sent for by the Secretary, and in his haste slipped on Casanova's shoes instead of his own. In half an hour's time he returned, looking extremely downcast, took two heavy purses out of his own shoes, and returned. Casanova saw him no more ; apparently the Secretary had been too much for the usurer.

On the 1st of January, 1756, Casanova received from a former patron, one Bragadino, a New Year's gift of a beautiful dressing-gown lined with fox-fur, a silken coverlet quilted with wool, and a bearskin bag to put his feet in. For his cell in winter was as cold as in summer it was stifling. The patron added an allowance of six sequins a month to enable Casanova to purchase books and papers. So overcome was the unhappy prisoner with this news that, as he says, "in the fulness of my heart I pardoned my oppressors; indeed, I was very nearly led to abandon all thoughts of escaping, so pliant is man after suffering has bent and abased him."

It may easily be imagined, however, that with Casanova this feeling soon passed. He now bent his thoughts earnestly on escaping. By leading his gaoler to converse, he discovered some details in the construction of the prison that he afterwards turned to account. But his main hope lay in the daily walk of half an hour now allowed him in the corridor. In his walks he had discovered two old chests lying in a corner, together with a heap of lumber. One of these chests was locked. The other he found to contain feathers, paper and string, and a slab of what at first he thought to be black marble. It was a smooth piece of stone about six inches long, three inches wide, and an inch thick. Almost without considering what use might be made of this, he slipped it into his pocket, and, on returning to his cell, hid it beneath his shirts.

Some time after, when walking, he found his attention caught by an iron bolt, as thick as his thumb, lying amid the lumber. It struck him that this might be converted into a weapon of some kind. This also he concealed in his cell; and on discovering the supposed slab of marble, found to his joy that it was a whetstone.

Still without definite aim in what he did, and partly to beguile his dulness, Casanova now set to work to point the bolt. It was weary work, but he toiled for two weeks, moistening the whetstone with his spittle, and rubbing until his left hand became one large blister. At the end of this time, however, he had turned his bolt into an excellent stiletto, and felt that something was done, at any rate. He hid the weapon in the straw of his arm-chair, and set to work to think on his next step.

For five days he considered, and then decided that his one chance was to break through the floor of his cell. The State cells—one of which he occupied—were in the roof and covered with heavy leaden plates. Casanova's, with two others, was on the western side of the prison. The sole exit was through the prison gate, the Bridge of Sighs, and the Ducal Palace, and the key was kept by the Secretary, to whom it was handed by the gaoler when his daily attendance on the prisoners was over.

Casanova had found out from Lorenzo that the Secretary's room was underneath his cell, and also that it was open every morning. His plan, as far as he had formed one, was to dig a hole in the floor, descend into the Secretary's room by a rope made out of his bedclothes, hide under the table, and watch

his opportunity to break cover. But then, of course, he might meet with a sentinel before he could gain the prison gate with the Secretary's key ; if so, he would kill that sentinel with his dagger.

Thus far his plans were matured ; yet he could not even begin his work, for so bitter was the cold that directly he grasped the iron his hands froze to it. Moreover, for nineteen hours out of the twenty-four he was in utter darkness, for the fogs were so thick and the skylight so obscured that even by day-

"HE HEARD THE TRAMP OF FOOTSTEPS" (*p* 47)

light he could hardly see to the other end of his cell. But at length a thought struck him—he would contrive to manufacture a lamp to work by. He had neither the lamp itself nor the accessories—wick, oil, flint, or tinder—but by degrees he contrived to possess himself of all. He managed to conceal in his bedding an earthen pipkin that was brought one day with his meals, the oil he saved from his salad, the wick was manufactured from cotton which he took out of his bed, and a buckle in his belt he used as a steel. He still wanted a flint and tinder ; but these also he obtained by the following strategems. By pretending to have the tooth-ache he induced Lorenzo to give him a piece of flint to be steeped in vinegar and applied to his tooth. At the same time he obtained a small quantity of sulphur as liniment for an acute irritation of the skin which he feigned. Tinder only remained to seek. After racking his brains for three days, he at last bethought him that he had ordered his tailor to pad his silk waistcoat under the armpits with sponge, to prevent stains. His

heart beat as he looked at his clothes, for the tailor might have neglected his orders. He paused for minute after minute between hope and fear, and it was not without a prayer that he at last felt under the armholes of the vest: the sponge was there. He poured the oil into the pipkin, set the wick in, and the lamp was ready. Henceforward he no longer dreaded the approach of night.

He resolved to begin his labours on the first Monday in Lent But here another obstacle occurred. He had always been eagerly anxious to have his room swept, to keep within reasonable bounds the numbers of vermin that tortured him. But if his room was swept every day, how could he hope to remain undetected in his operations on the floor? He therefore desired that they would no longer sweep out his cell. For a week Lorenzo fell in with this wish; but at length, perhaps from a vague suspicion that something wrong was going forward, he had the room cleaned and the bed moved, and even brought in a light, on the pretence of seeing that the work had been thoroughly done.

But in Casanova he was overmatched. Next morning the prisoner was ill in bed, coughing as though his last hour were at hand, and declaring that the chill had caused him to break a blood vessel in the night. For proof he held out a handkerchief, which was indeed stained with blood—for Casanova had cut his thumb for that purpose. "See," he cried, "how I have bled! Please send for a doctor at once!"

The doctor was sent for, heard Casanova's complaint, and declared it just. Henceforward his room was left unscrubbed.

And now Casanova set to work. He pulled his bed out of its alçove, lit his lamp, and commenced upon the boards with his dagger. They were sixteen inches in breadth, and he began to bore at the seam where two of them joined. At first the chips he dug out were no bigger than grains of wheat, but as he got forward with his work they increased in size. He worked for six hours at a stretch, gathered all the splinters together in a handkerchief, and flung them behind the lumber in the corridor when he took his daily walk.

He bored through the plank and found another of equal thickness; and a third again below that. These three boards took him three weeks. But when he had worked through them a still more stubborn obstacle was to be overcome—a sort of mosaic pavement of marble, on which his stiletto could make no impression. He remembered, however, Livy's story of Hannibal, and how he had softened the rocks of the Alps by vinegar. He moistened, therefore, the mortar of the mosaic with the vinegar which had been given him, and at the end of four days was able, to his satisfaction, to work with comparative ease on this pavement. After this came another plank, and this was the worst of all to cut through, for by this time the hole was ten inches deep, and it was only with great difficulty that he could use his dagger.

It was June by this time, and almost a year since his incarceration, when one day as he lay flat on the ground, digging, with perspiration streaming

down his naked body, he was startled to hear the tramp of footsteps and the rattling of bolts in the distance. He had only just time to blow out his lamp, and push the bed back in its place, before Lorenzo entered. He brought a new prisoner, who said as he entered, "Where am I? Where am I to be shut up, and with whom? What a heat, and what a smell!" At the sound of his voice Casanova started. The new-comer was an old friend of his, a Count Fanarola, a pleasant and honorable gentleman who had been committed for some remarks he had uttered against the Tribunal. Delighted to have such a companion, Casanova for some days almost forgot his project of escape; but Fanarola was soon liberated, and the work began again.

He now found that the room underneath was indeed the Secretary's, but also discovered that his hole had been made just over an immense cross-beam, so that he was obliged to work away towards one side Meanwhile he stopped up with bread the puncture he had made in the Secretary's ceiling, that the light of his lamp might not be observed.

On August the 23rd, 1756, all was ready, but he resolved to postpone his attempt to break through until the 27th, on which day—St Augustine's Day—the grand council would meet, so that the ante-room next the chamber, through which he must pass, would be left empty.

It was an ill-fated piece of prudence. "On August 25th," he says, "an event happened which even to this day makes me shudder when I recall it. I heard the bolts drawn. A fear like death took hold of me; my heart beat so that my body shook with it, and almost in a swoon I dropped into my arm-chair. Lorenzo, while yet in the garret, called through the grating to me in a joyful tone, 'I wish you joy of the news I bring you?'

"I fancied that he brought me news of freedom, and felt myself lost. The hole in the floor would shut me off from liberty. In came Lorenzo and bade me follow him. I was dressing myself, but he declared it unnecessary, saying he was only going to transport me from my present hateful cell to another, new and well lit, with two windows whence I could overlook Venice, and stand upright to boot. I was nearly mad. I asked for vinegar, and bade him thank the Secretary, but beg him to leave me where I was. Lorenzo said, 'Are you mad, that you will not change Hell for Paradise?' and giving me his arm, issued order that my books, bed, &c., should be brought after. I saw it was in vain to oppose further. I rose and left my cage, and with some small joy heard him order my chair should be carried with me: my stiletto was hidden in its straw If it had been possible that my labour on the floor could have gone with me also!

"Leaning on Lorenzo's shoulder, while he tried by jesting to make me joyful, I passed two long corridors, over three steps into a spacious and well-lit hall, and then through a door at the left end of it into a corridor some twelve feet long by ten broad. There were two windows here which gave me a wide view of the city, but I could not rejoice as I looked. The door of my new cell

was in the corner of this corridor, and its grating faced one of the windows in the passage, so that one imprisoned there could not only enjoy the view, but even breathe the fresh air that came through the open window—a healing balm to any mortal at this time of year ; but, as the reader may imagine, I did not think of this at the time. Lorenzo left me and my chair, into which I flung myself, and said he was going for my bed."

Casanova sat for some time in this arm-chair completely overwhelmed by the blow. It seemed to him that with the discovery of his attempted escape the severest of punishments would be dealt out to him. He had heard of *the wells* —those silent dungeons where, beneath the waters of the lagoons, the most hopeless of the Venetian prisoners dragged out their days—and he was thinking of this as his probable fate when the door was flung violently open and Lorenzo rushed into the room.

He was purple with passion, and rolled out torrent on torrent of blasphemous oaths. "Give me the axe ! Give me the axe," he cried, "with which you have been working ! Who made it—who gave it to you ? Tell me his name ! I'll have you searched ; I'll———"

But here Casanova's old spirit returned. He calmly said—

"Dear me ! what is all this ? Search by all means, if you will."

Prisoner, bed, and mattress were searched, and searched in vain. Luckily the arm-chair was not explored.

"So you won't tell me ! " screamed Lorenzo. "I'll see if others cannot make you confess."

"My good Lorenzo," answered Casanova, "pray consider. Speak a word, and I shall say that you yourself supplied me with the tools, and that you yourself have received them back from me."

This was too much. Lorenzo howled, stamped, ran his head against the wall, capered like a maniac, cursed until the cell echoed again, and dashed away. When he returned Casanova's threat had had its effect. The goaler secretly filled up the hole, and was very careful to breathe no word about it to his masters.

He was vindictive, however. He closed all the windows and made the heat of the place intolerable, he brought bad food, stinking water, and hard bread in place of the usual diet, and in a hundred ways made his prisoner's life a burden. For a week Casanova perspired and suffered in silence. Then he said to Lorenzo—

"My good friend, when I get my liberty I shall assuredly throttle you. Meanwhile, about that money ? "

The gaoler again gave in ; but not before Casanova had, in the presence of the sub-gaolers, demanded his account and accused him of cheating. After that he seized the first opportunity to make his peace It happened that the patron Bragadino had sent Casanova a basket of lemons and a chicken ; Lorenzo added a bottle of good water and brought the whole to the prisoner, at the same time

ordering the windows of his cell to be opened. Casanova was appeased, told him to divide a sequin among his underlings, and make a present to his wife of the rest of the balance.

"But," said Lorenzo, when they were alone, "you say I gave you the tools with which you made that hole in the floor. Well, I am not curious to know about that. But who gave you the lamp?" "Why you did," was the answer; "you gave me oil, flint, and sulphur." "Very true; can you prove as easily that I helped you to break through the floor?" "Just as easily; I obtained everything from you. I will confess all, but only in the presence of the Secretary." "No, no. I will inquire no further, but take your word Be silent, I entreat you, and remember that I am a poor man with a family." Lorenzo left the cell, holding his hands to his face.

All the same, Casanova was for the future carefully watched, and every day the sub-goaler searched the walls and the floor of his prison with an iron bar. But Casanova laughed at these precutions. He had a new plan. This time he would open communications with the prisoner above, whom he would furnish with his dagger. The hole should be made in the ceiling of his cell, and he would ascend into the upper cell and then break out by way of the roof.

Of all mad schemes this seems at first blush the maddest. For even suppose the prisoners to have ascended to the roof, the chances of their recapture were still enormous. And how was the initial step to be taken—that of communicating with his fellow prisoner? As luck would have it, Lorenzo himself set the scheme in motion.

The gaoler, who, according to Casanova, "would have sold St. Mark himself for a dollar," was always inclined to take it ill that his prisoner's money should pass into any pocket but his own. One day Casanova desired him to procure the works of Maffei. "Dear me!" was the answer; "you spend a deal of money on books. Why not borrow sometimes from the man above your head? He, too, reads a great deal, and no doubt your tastes have something in common." "The very thing," said Casanova. "Why did you not suggest it before?"

Next day a volume of Wolff's writings was brought from upstairs. On turning over the leaves, Casanova found a loose sheet of paper among them, containing a paraphrase in verse of a sentence of Seneca. Casanova shaped the nail of his little finger into a sort of pen, and with some mulberry-juice contrived to write some verses and a catalogue of his books on the last leaf of the tome.

With the next volume came an answer. The writer stated that he was a monk, Marino Baldi by name, and of good family; that he had a fellow prisoner, one Count Andreas Asquino, of Udino, and that together they begged to make Casanova welcome to borrow any of their books. In reply Casanova sent an account of himself and his sufferings; and with the next book came a long letter, and also, at the back of the binding, paper, pen, and pencil which the two prisoners had become possessed of by bribing the sub-gaoler.

The sub-gaoler had also told the prisoners of Casanova's attempted escape, and they were eager to know if he had any further plans. Casanova hesitated, but finally resolved that the monk must be trusted. He put his scheme in writing and sent it with the next volume. The monk made some objections which were overruled, and Balbi undertook to bore through the floor if Casanova could only manage to send up the stiletto.

How was this to be done? At length a plan was hit upon. Lorenzo was directed to buy a large folio volume of a certain work, in the back of which Casanova thought he could conceal the weapon. To his chagrin, the dagger turned out to be two inches longer than the volume. But Casanova was equal to this. He told Lorenzo that he desired to celebrate Michaelmas Day by making a present to the prisoner who had lent him the books, of a plate of macaroni, dressed with butter and Parmesan. Lorenzo answered that the prisoner wished to borrow the great volume that had just been procured. "Very well," said Casanova, "I will send the two presents together. Get me the largest dish you can procure. I will myself prepare the macaroni, and you can carry it up."

While Lorenzo was going for the dish, Casanova wrapped up his stiletto in paper and stuck it behind the binding of the folio. He was sure that if he put the large dish on top of the book, Lorenzo would be so occupied in carrying it safely that he would never spy the end of the steel projecting. He had told Balbi of this, and charged him to be careful to take both dish and book together out of the gaoler's hands. Lorenzo brought in a great pan and Casanova poured the stuff out into it until it swam to the brim. He then set the dish on the volume and gave the two to Lorenzo, saying, "Stretch out your arms well and go carefully, or the butter will run over the book." "I observed him steadily," says the prisoner. "His eyes were riveted on the butter, which he feared to spill. He suggested that it would be better to take the dish first and then come back for the book. I told him that by doing so he would rob my present of half its value. 'Very well,' he said, 'please yourself, only it won't be my fault if the butter runs over.' I followed him with my eyes and then heard him go cautiously upstairs; and presently Balbi coughed three times, which was the signal that all was well."

Balbi now began the work of digging. He was young and strong, and though he did not work with the same restless energy that Casanova had displayed, he had, by the middle of October, progressed so far that only one plank remained to be cut through. He would then have to push in the ceiling, and this, of course, was to be left to the last moment. But once more, and when Casanova was already beginning to exult, an obstacle arose. He heard the outer doors opening, and had only just time to make the signal to Balbi to stop working when Lorenzo brought in a companion—a small, shrivelled man, wearing a threadbare suit and a black wig. "He is a great scoundrel, I'm afraid," said Lorenzo, "I'm afraid he looks it," answered Casanova. The gaoler ordered

a mattress to be brought, and informing the new-comer that tenpence a day was allowed for his maintenance, took his leave.

The new comrade's name was Sorodaci. He was a low informer, and one of the worst scoundrels in Venice ; and found himself in prison for having given false evidence to the Tribunal. Luckily, he was incredibly superstitious, and Casanova worked upon his failing. He could not put off his attempt, which was

"'I OBSERVED HIM STEADILY'" (*p.* 50)

fixed for the last night in October, as on November 1st the Secretary would be absent from the prison and paying his annual visit to the villages round Venice, and Lorenzo ussually took advantage of this absence to make merry with his friends—to such an extent, indeed, that he never rose until late on the following morning, and the prisoners had to wait for their breakfasts in consequence.

Casanova actually persuaded the unhappy Sorodaci that the Holy Virgin was about to send an angel for his release. "I shall mount through the ceiling," said he, "and you will see me no more ; it will come, this succour, in about

five days' time." The gross idiot at last implicitly believed that this miracle would be worked When on the evening of the 31st the plaster gave way and the monk Balbi descended into their cell, he knelt and jabbered prayer after prayer, until Casanova had much ado to refrain from riotous laughter.

There was no time to be lost, however ; so taking the stiletto from Balbi, Casanova climbed into the upper cell to look about. At the first glance he saw that the other prisoner, Count Asquino, was too old and feeble to attempt to share in the enterprise. He was seventy years of age, and frankly owned he had not the nerve to attempt to escape. "I have no wings," he said, "with which to descend from the roof, but will remain and pray for you who have more strength and fewer fears."

On trying the roof, Casanova found it break away so easily that an hour would suffice for making the necessary opening. He returned to his own cell, cut up the sheets, napkins, and shirts to make a stout rope, firmly tied, and a hundred feet in length, and then dressed himself for the escape. He and the monk then re-ascended, and, whilst Balbi packed, Casanova attacked the roof.

At length he was able to thrust his head through the hole, and saw to his dismay that the moon was high and clear, and would prevent the attempt till a later hour, when St. Mark's Place below was empty. As it was, if any in the crowd looked up, they could not fail to be observed moving about the roof. The count lent them two sequins, which was all the money they had : and after the moon had gone down, the two climbed up together and out on the leads. The spy refused to accompany them : his courage failed him, and Casanova with great readiness left him behind.

The further history of this enterprise shall be told in Casanova's own words :

"I hung the bundle of cord on Balbi's shoulder, flung his parcel over the other, and having loaded myself, led the way. Most of my clothes I carried in my parcel, but wore my hat on my head. I climbed and looked through the opening. There was a mist about, but every object was visible enough. Stooping and clambering, I thrust the point of my weapon between the lead plates to serve me as a support. Holding to this with one hand, and with the other to the plank on which the plate had lain, I pulled myself up the roof Balbi followed, grasping my sash behind. I was like a beast of burden, and had to drag as well as carry ; and in this way I had to ascend the steep and slippery side of the roof.

"We were halfway up this perilous place, when Balbi asked me to stop, saying that one of his bundles had fallen off and had probably been arrested by the gutter below. I had a mind at first to give him a thrust that would send him after it, but Heaven restrained me ; and mercifully, for the punishment would have fallen on me, for his help was necessary to me. When I heard that the bundle held his black gown, a couple of shirts, and a manuscript, I consoled him as well as I could. He sighed and followed, still clinging to my sash.

"I climbed over some sixteen of these lead plates, and then reached the ridge of the roof, on which I set myself astride. The monk imitated me. Our backs were turned towards the island of St. Georgio Maggiore, and about two hundred paces in front rose the cupola of St Mark's. Here we took off our bundles, and Balbi stuck the rope between his legs; but on laying his hat upon his right knee, it rolled off down the roof and tumbled over into the canal. He held it a bad omen, and lamented that he had now lost hat, gown, shirts, and papers; but I advised him to be thankful that it had fallen to the right and not to the left, or it would have given the alarm to the sentinel in the arsenal below.

"I looked about me a little, and then, ordering Balbi to sit still until I returned, began to clamber forward along the ridge, my stiletto in my hand. For an hour I climbed thus, seeking for a hold for the rope: but all the places below were enclosed, and there were insurmountable difficulties in the way of getting to the canonica on the far side of the church. Yet everything must be risked, and I must not allow myself to dwell upon the danger.

"About two-thirds of the way down the slope of the roof, I noticed a dormer window, which I judged would lead to some passage in the dwelling-houses outside the limits of the prison. Probably at daybreak some of the doors leading out of it would be open: and even if any one met us and discovered we were escaping prisoners, I made up my mind tbat he should find it difficult to detain us.

"With one leg stretched out towards this window I let myself slide down gently until I reached the little roof of it, and set myself there. I next leaned over, and by feeling, found it to be a window, with small circular panes of glass behind a grating. To work through this, a file was needed, and I had a stiletto only.

"Sorely dejected, I knew not what step to take next, when I was recalled to myself by the clock of St. Mark's striking midnight. Its note announced the morning of All Saints' Day, and called on me to act and promised me success. Lying flat on my stomach, I reached over and struck time after time with my dagger at the grating, in hopes of forcing it in. In a quarter of an hour I had smashed four of the wooden squares, and my hand clutched the framework of the window; the panes of glass were quickly broken in, for I did not mind cutting my hand.

"My next step was to climb back to the ridge of the roof and rejoin my companion. I found him in a fury, and cursing me roundly for having left him alone for two hours. He had made up his mind that I had tumbled off the roof, and was on the point of returning to his cell. 'What are you going to do?' he asked. 'That you will soon see,' I answered and packing up his bundle he followed me.

"We reached the roof of the dormer window, and then I told him what I had done, and what I intended. It would be easy enough for the first man,

as the second would hold the rope, But how would the second fare in his turn? He might break his leg in leaping down from the window-sill to the floor within, for we had no idea of the height of the room. Balbi promptly proposed that I should let him go first. I just contrived to conceal my anger at his selfishness, and proceeded to grant him his wish. Having tied the rope round him, I set myself astride of the window-roof and let him down, making him rest his elbow on the roof whilst he inserted his legs into the hole which I had made. I then laid myself prone on the ridge, and bade him be satisfied that I would keep a firm hold on the rope.

"He wriggled in and came safely down to the floor, untied himself, and I drew the rope back. But as I did so I measured and found that the space between the window-ledge and the floor was ten times my arm's length. To jump this was impossible.

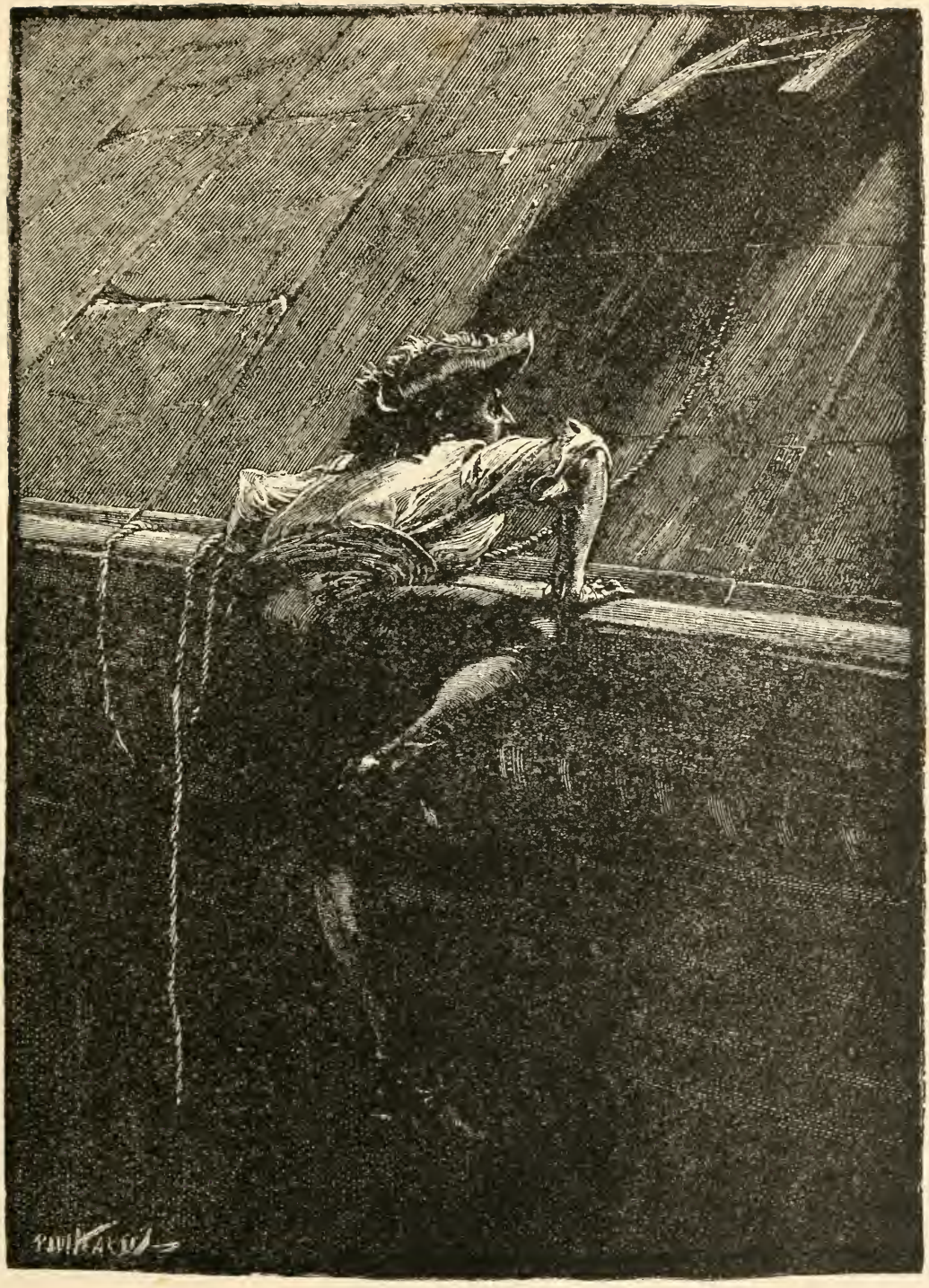
"Balbi called to me to throw him the rope, but I took care not to follow his advice. In despair I clambered up to the main roof again and there found a cupola, somewhat beyond the part of the ridge which I had traversed. It led me to a stage covered with lead plates, and having a trap-door in it covered with shutters. A tub of fresh lime was standing here, and a fairly long ladder. On this I seized, and, tying my rope to one of the rungs, climbed back to the roof, pulling the ladder after me.

"It was twelve times the length of my arm, and I meant, if I could, to thrust it in at the dormer window and use it to join my companion. It was now that I missed Balbi's help. I lowered the ladder down to the gutter below, so that one end stood in the gutter and the other leant against the window. I then pulled at it with the rope, and endeavoured to get the end in at the window, but in vain. It would not catch in the window-frame, but always came sliding over the edge of the roof.

"Matters were desperate. Day would come and find me still struggling, and bring Lorenzo too. I resolved to slide down the roof to the gutter, and work the ladder in from below. I did so. The gutter gave me a resting-place as I lay at full length and pushed. At last I managed to push it a foot into the window, and this took much of its weight off me. But it was necessary to thrust it in yet two feet more. I should then be able to climb back to the window-roof and pull it completely in by the rope. To do this I had to rise to my knees, and as I did so they slipped off the gutter and I lay with my legs dangling in air, and my chest and elbows only preventing my fall

"I put forth all my strength to pull myself up and back to the gutter. Luckily the ladder gave me no trouble, for it was now three feet in at the window, and did not move. I tried to raise my right knee up to the gutter, and had almost succeeded when I was taken with a paralysing and torturing cramp!

"It was a horrible moment. For two minutes I hung motionless and in agony. At length the pain abated, and I succeeded in lifting one knee after another up to the gutter again. I rested a few minutes to breathe, and then



"'FOR TWO MINUTES I HUNG IN AGONY'" (P. 54)

pushed the ladder still further in at the window. My next step was to return to the window-roof and draw the ladder right in. Balbi caught it and made it fast : then, after throwing in my bundle and rope, I lowered myself in at the window, and sliding down the ladder, stood by my companion.

"We shortly congratulated each other, and proceeded to inspect the dark room in which we found ourselves. After some time we found a window, the latch of which I raised, and passed through into a spacious hall. In this hall we felt round the walls, and presently came on a window, the sash of which I flung up, and by the light of the stars looked down into a fearful abyss No descent could be made here with our rope. I returned to one of the arm-chairs, and flinging myself into it, was seized with such an overwhelming desire to sleep, that if I had been told it was death, I must still have given way to it. I cannot describe the strength of the feeling.

"In three hours' time the monk awoke me. He complained that to sleep at such a time and in such a place was unutterable folly. I agreed with him, but at the same I felt refreshed and ready now for new work. We groped about until we came on a large iron door, and opposite to it a smaller one with a keyhole ; into this I thrust the point of my dagger, crying, 'Heaven grant that it be not a cupboard!'

"After a trial or two the lock yielded, and entering a small chamber we found a table with a key on it. We tried it on the first key-hole we could discover ; it opened the lock, and we stood in cupboards filled with papers. It was the archive chamber. We passed up a few steps, opened a glass door, and entered the Chancery of the Doge. I now knew where I was, but I reflected that if we let ourselves down from the windows, we should probably drop among a perfect maze of courtyards, whence egress would be impossible. So I caught up an instrument used for piercing parchments to affix the seals, and giving it to Balbi, told him to work away with it upon the next door, which was locked, whilst I helped with my stiletto.

"We bored away, not caring for the noise, until we had made a tolerably big hole. But the splinters menaced our clothes when we attempted to creep through ; and the hole was five feet from the ground, for I had picked the place where the panel was thinnest. I pulled up a chair, and the monk getting on it, stuck his arms and head through the aperture, while I pushed the rest of him through into the next room. Its darkness did not frighten me, for I knew where we were, and flung my bundle after him. The rope I now left behind. As there was no one to help me, I set a chair on the top of two others, and clambered through as far as my loins ; after this I bade Balbi pull me with all his force, and disregarded the pain of the splinters which tore my flesh. We then hurriedly stole down two flights of stairs and came to the passage leading to the Royal Stairs, as they are called ; but here we were pulled up. The gates here as well as those beyond were shut with four broad doors, to force which would have demanded a siege-engine.

"I sat myself down by Balbi, quite calmly, and told him that my work was finished, and the rest Heaven and fortune would help us accomplish. 'To-day,' I added, 'is All Saints' Day, and to-morrow All Souls'. No one, therefore, is likely to come here. If any one does, he will open the gate, in which case I will deliver myself, and you must follow ; if nobody, then I will stay here and die of hunger, for I have done all I can.'

"Balbi flew into a furious rage. I kept my temper, however, and now set about dressing myself. Though Balbi looked like a rustic, his dress, at any rate, was free from the rents and bloodstains that disfigured mine. I pulled off my stockings and found deep wounds on either foot, which I owed to the gutter and the lead roof. Tearing my handkerchief into strips, I bandaged the wounds and tied them round with some thread which I had about me. I donned my silk dress, arranged my hair, put on my silk stockings and shirt with lace ruffles, and flung my cast-off clothes into a chair. I looked like a dishevelled rake. Balbi tossed my handsome mantle over his shoulders and looked for all the world as if he had stolen it.

"I now drew near to a window and leaned out into the daylight. As I learned some years after in Paris, a lounger below spied me, and, going to the porter of the palace, informed him that some one was up there, doubtless locked up by mistake. The fellow came to release us. I heard the sound of footsteps ascending the stairs towards us, and peering through a chink, saw only one old man with a bunch of keys in his hand.

"I whispered to Balbi to be silent, and concealing my dagger in my clothes, stood close to the door so that I could reach the stairs with one spring. The key turned and the door was pushed open. So amazed was the old man to see us, that I was able to pass him quickly and silently. The monk followed at my heels. I walked at a moderate pace, straight for the Grand Staircase. Balbi would have turned into the church on the right 'for sanctuary,' as he said, forgetting that in Venice there was no such sanctuary for State criminals and capital offenders. At length, however, he followed me.

"I expected no safety in Venice, and knew that I was in peril until I had passed the frontier I stood now before the Royal Gate of the Ducal Palace : without looking at a soul, which is the best way to escape observation, I hurriedly crossed the Piazzetta, reached the canal, and jumped into the first gondola I found.

"We looked back. No gondola was in pursuit of us. It was a glorious day, lit up with the early beams of a delightful sun. I thought on the dangers I had passed, on my abode of yesterday, on all the chances that had so wonderfully favoured me ; and as I did so, I silently thanked God for his mercy. Borne down by many emotions I burst into tears, which eased my heart of the burden of joy that had almost crushed it."

THE STORY OF THE EDDYSTONE.

SOME fourteen miles to the south-west of Plymouth, England, and in a line with Start Point and the Lizard, there rises, from the depths of the billowy Channel, a ledge of rocks. At low water the jagged points of this dismal reef can be seen above the waves, like the teeth of some hungry wolf; with the rise of the tide, the long ridges are covered, and the spot can only be known by the swirl and rush of the currents.

For at no time do these cease, and when the wind is blowing stiffly from the south-west they seem to focus and concentrate all its fury. At such a time the neighbourhood of the reef is destruction to the bravest ship, and the boiling seas have a secure prey. Their fury is incredible; "mountainous" is no mere figure of speech when applied to their height and volume; and even when the wind falls and the waters sink, there remains a grim assurance that what the reef has done it will do again, in the ceaseless clash of currents, tossing and washing around, that have given it the name of the *Eddystone*.

Lying, as it does, not only full in the water-way towards the port and arsenal of Plymouth, but also in ambush for all vessels sailing in or out of the crowded Channel, it has been the terror of navigators since England began to be a commercial nation. And for centuries the erection of a lighthouse upon the dreary ledge was acknowledged to be an urgent want Yet the task of building it was held so dangerous, and the difficulties of firm construction so forbidding, that until 1696 no one seriously undertook the task.

Even in 1696, the man who came forward might well have been considered mad In many respects he would be held so nowadays. His name was Henry Winstanley, and to the strangeness of his undertaking he united a strangeness of character that gives his story all the air of a romance. In figure he was tall and lean, in face cadaverous, with that peculiar type of feature which men have agreed to fasten on Don Quixote. And indeed, in many respects, Henry Winstanley would seem to have resembled the noble knight of La Mancha. He, too, was a chivalrous and patriotic gentleman—he had been led to undertake the task simply through grief at the loss of life which the Eddystone occasioned year by year—and is described to us as one of those fantastic natures which live in perpetual conflict with the commonplace, and struggle with every weapon of imagination and invention to make life tolerable by making it mysterious. The weapon of Winstanley was a deep scientific knowledge, and nimble inventive faculty. Of the direction in which it was exercised, some idea may be gained in the following manner :—

Suppose yourself invited by Winstanley to spend a few nights at the old Essex manor-house where the solitary student had immured himself. All went well until your host showed you to your room and left you for the night. You made a step or two over the worn carpet and caught your foot against an old slipper. You kicked it aside, and to your horror and amazement a white, sheeted ghost rose from the floor and fixed its glaring eyes on your face. Startled almost out of your wits, you took a hasty step back from the apparition and sank into a chair. Immediately, and from behind, a pair of arms clasped you about the neck and held you fast. By this time fairly distraught, you struggled violently, flung yourself free, and dashed from the room and the house. The hall door was open, and through it you fled into the antique garden, between the trim hedges of box and yew, and finally found yourself standing on a neatly-kept lawn of turf, at the end of which a trellised arbour invited you to sit and collect your senses. Scarcely had you dropped upon the rustic seat when the bench rose with you into the air, floated out of the arbour, over the neighbouring hedge, and deposited you gently in an artificial lake beyond !

By such devices as this, Winstanley occupied his leisure and endeared himself to his friends. But at length the idea of erecting a lighthouse on the Eddystone reef turned his invention to a worthier channel. Even in this, however, his whimsical fancy asserted itself. The design gave one the impression rather of a Chinese pagoda than a lighthouse. It began, soberly enough, in a circular tower, but the summit was finished off with galleries, and the whole was ornamented with chains and cranes like a London warehouse !

The work was begun in the summer of 1696—for it was only in summer that men could venture on that dreary reef. The first year was spent in excavating twelve deep holes in the solid rock, and sinking in each a solid bar of iron to hold the superstructure firm. All this was done but slowly, for although it was summer, the violence of the sea often prevented labour for a fortnight at a time ; and even when the wind abated it was difficult to find a landing on the largest rock, which was the one Winstanley had chosen ; for the reef points to the north-east, and the rocks spread their inclined sides to the roll of the Atlantic billows, and as they continue in this shelving direction for many fathoms below the surface, the "ground swell" thus occasioned renders the utmost caution necessary for the advancing boat.

The second summer was spent in erecting a solid and circular mass of masonry, fourteen feet in diameter, and clamping it securely around the iron bars. Twelve feet was the height to which the work rose this year. In the third summer, as the masonry rose above the assault of the waves, the work went on more briskly. The base was enlarged by two feet, and the superstructure carried up to a height of sixty feet

" Being all finished "—so writes the engineer—"with the lantern and all the rooms that were in it, we ventured to lodge in the work. But the first night

the weather became bad, and so continued, that it was eleven days before any boats could come near us again ; and not being aquainted with the height of the sea's rising, we were almost drowned with wet, and our provisions in as bad a condition, though we worked day and night as much as possible to make shelter for ourselves. In this storm we lost some of our materials, although we did what we could to save them ; but the boat then returning, we all left the house to be refreshed on shore. And as soon as the weather did permit, we returned and finished all, and put up the light on the 14th of November, 1698 : which being so late in the year, it was three days before Christmas before we had relief to go on shore again, and were almost at the last extremity for want of provisions. But, by good Providence, then two boats came with provisions and the family that was to take care of the light, and so ended the year's work."

Next year the base of the tower was greatly strengthened, and the rest of the fabric finished off. Round the lantern ran an open gallery, so wide that we are assured it was possible, when the sea ran high, for a six-oared boat to be lifted up on the crest of the waves and driven through it ! It was not likely that a tower so constructed could long hold out against the tearing seas of the Eddystone, but to Winstanley at least is due the credit of discovery that a lighthouse was possible on this reef, and therefore this first erection merits the description given to it as "one of the most laudable enterprises which any heroic mind could undertake," for it filled the breast of the mariner with new hope.

Whatever the doubts that existed in some minds, Winstanley, at any rate, was confident in the stability of his structure. In the month of November, 1703, it was found that the fabric stood in want of some repairs, and its architect travelled down to Plymouth to superintend their performance. As he was stepping into the boat, we are told, that was to convey him and his workmen to the reef, one of the friends expressed the opinion that his trip was likely to be a dangerous one ; "for" said he, "one day or other your lighthouse will assuredly be overset."

Winstanly replied—

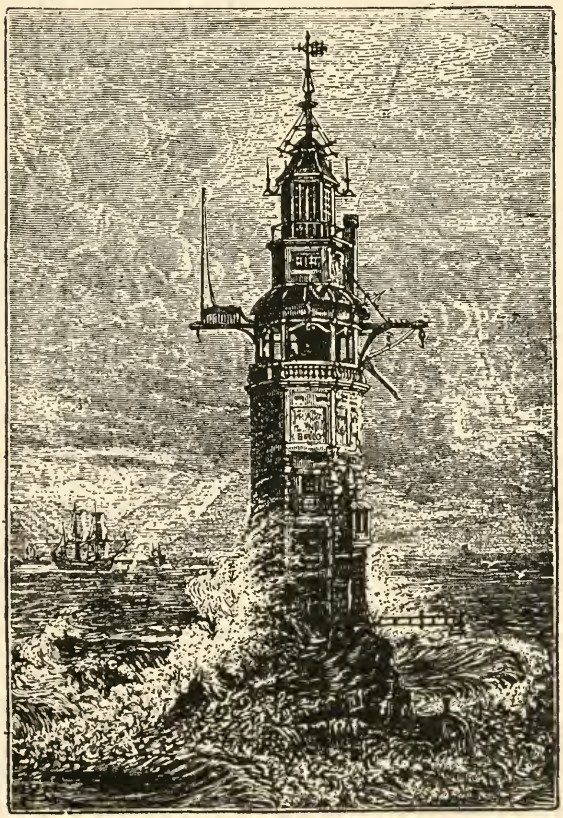
"I, its designer, am at any rate so very well assured of its strength, that I should only wish to be there in the greatest storm that ever blew under heaven, to see if it could loosen one joint or beam."

He was taken at his word. For while he and his workmen were engaged upon the rock, there happened that dreadful storm that raged most violently upon the 26th of November, 1703, throughout the night—a storm which, by all accounts that have been handed down to us, has never been paralleled in the havoc it wrought upon the shores of Great Britain. When, next morning, the men of Plymouth hurried from their beds, and looked out towards the Eddystone, the seas were still raging about the rock, but the lighthouse was there no longer ! The waves had swallowed it with its architect.

It is of this terrible storm that Gay writes in his *Trivia* :—

"So when fam'd Eddystone's far-shooting ray,
That led the sailor through the stormy way,
Was from its rocky height by billows torn,
And the high turret in the whirlwind borne,
Fleets bulged their sides against the craggy land,
And pitchy ruins blackened all the strand."

When the rock was inspected, nothing was found standing but the large



WINSTANLEY'S LIGHTHOUSE.

irons which had held the building to the bed of rock; the stones, the woodwork, the inhabitants had vanished. There was only discovered of the whole, a piece of an iron chain so fast jammed into a chink of the rock that it could never be disengaged until cut out in 1756.

The following is an extract from a book published in 1704, soon after Winstanley's death, and entitled "The Storm" :—

"Of the loss of the lighthouse called the Eddystone at Plymouth, we have never heard any particulars other than this : that at night it was standing, and in the morning all the upper part of the gallery was blown down and all the people in it perished ; and by a peculiar misfortune, Mr. Winstanley, the contriver of it ; a person whose loss is very much regretted by such as knew him, as a very useful man to his country. The loss of that lighthouse is also a considerable damage ; as 'tis very doubtful whether it will ever be attempted again ; and as it was a great securitie to the sailors, many a good ship having been lost there in former times. It is very remarkable that, as we are informed, *at the same time* the lighthouse above said was blown down, the model of it in Mr. Winstanley's house at Littlebury in Essex, above two hundred miles from the lighthouse, fell down and was broke to pieces. At Plymouth they felt a full porportion of the storm in its utmost fury. The Eddystone has been mentioned already : but it was a double loss, in that the lighthouse had not been long down when the *Winchelsea*, a homeward-bound Virginiaman, was split upon the rock where that building stood, and most of her men drowned."

But the attempt was to be made again, and before the conclusion of Queen Anne's reign. A certain Captain Lovet, having obtained a lease of the rock from the Brethren of the Trinity House, determined to replace Winstanley's structure. To this end he engaged as his architect one John Rudyard, who combined a taste for designing with the occupation of a silk-mercer on Ludgate Hill. Of this Rudyard (or Ludyard, as he is variously known) little is told us, and we hear nothing of the reasons which led Captain Lovet to make this choice. But whatever they were, they were justified by the new edifice, which was a strong though graceful structure, circular and simple, so as to offer the least resistance to wind and wave

To obtain his foundation, Rudyard parcelled out the surface of the rock into seven slightly unequal divisions of height, and in these he bored thirty-six holes, of a depth varying from twenty to thirty inches. Each hole at the top was six inches square, and after gradually narrowing to five inches, expanded at the bottom to nine inches by three. Into these sockets Rudyard inserted strong bolts of iron, in weight from two to five hundredweight. These held fast the lowest course of squared oak timbers, laid lengthwise on the lowest of the seven stages, until the course was on a level with the next step or stage just above it. Then a course of beams was laid transversely, raising the height to that of the third stage, and so on, the layers being laid alternately along and across, until a foundation of solid timber was raised, two courses higher than the highest point of the rock itself.

The structure was of timber combined with courses of Cornish granite, so far as the basement went : first two courses of timber, then five courses of granite, then two more of timber, and so on—the whole being secured with iron bolts and cramps. On this substructure, which atttained a height of sixty-three feet, were four storeys of timber capped by an octagonal lantern, ten feet six

inches in diameter. The total height was ninety-two feet ; the stone employed was two hundred and seventy tons, and the base measured twenty-three feet across. The work was finished in 1709.

It lasted long. For nearly half a century it continued to keep the vessels off the deadly reef, and then it perished by a fate which its constructor could not have foreseen, and under circumstances to the full as tragic as those surrounding the death of Winstanley.

On the 2d of December, 1775, it was standing, to all appearance, as firm as ever. Some trifling repairs had been made in the course of the summer, but the workmen engaged had finished their work by the 22d of August, and had returned to shore. Since then the relieving boat had paid many visits to the rock, and found all well. Indeed, only the morning before (December 1st) it had been and landed stores, when the light-keepers made no manner of complaint. All was right, they said, except that one or two bricks in the kitchen fireplace had been loosened by a late storm.

There were three light-keepers in the tower at the time. At about two o'clock in the morning, the one whose turn it was to watch entered the lantern, as usual, to snuff the candles, and found the whole place in a smoke. To let the smoke escape he ran to the door leading to the balcony and flung it open. Immediately a flame burst forth from the inside of the cupola. He shouted to his comrades, but they were fast asleep in bed, and could not hear him. The fellow, now thoroughly alarmed, bethought him of the leather buckets always kept in the lighthouse, and the tub of water that stood in the lantern, and attempted to extinguish the flame by throwing water from the balcony upon the coating of lead which covered the cupola.

At last his cries awakened his comrades, and they hurried up to assist. He encouraged them to fetch up water from the sea in the leather buckets. But to do this they had to descend full seventy feet, and reascend with each pair of buckets ; and when we reckon the quantity that must needs be spilt in such a hurry and scramble, it may be imagined that the work of extinguishing the fire would go on but slowly.

Indeed, the flames gathered strength with every moment. The poor stream of water, which the unfortunate man had to throw full four yards higher than his own head, was of little service. He was fighting every inch, however, when his labours were cut short by a remarkable accident.

He was looking upward and straining his eyes to mark the direction and success of the water thrown. In such an attitude the mouth is naturally a little open. At that moment a quantity of lead, molten by the heat, suddenly poured down in a silvery cascade from the roof and fell, not only on the man's head and face and shoulders, but over his clothes ; and a part of it even made its way between his neck and his collar, horribly scalding his throat and shoulders. From this moment the poor fellow felt convinced, from the violent internal sensation that accompanied his other agonies, that a quantity of lead

had dropped into his mouth, passed down his throat, and settled in his body. But of this there will be more to tell presently.

"As every attempt"—says Smeaton in his "Narrative"—"had proved ineffectual, and the rage of the flames was increasing, it is not to be wondered that the terror and dismay of the three men increased in proportion; so that they all found themselves intimidated, and glad to make their retreat from that immediate scene of horror into one of the rooms below, where they would find themselves precluded from doing anything, for had they thrown ever so much water there, it could not have extinguished the fire that was burning above them, nor indeed produce any other effect than of running down into the rooms below; and thence, finally, through the staircase back again into the sea They seem, therefore, to have had no other recourse or means of retreat than that of retiring downwards from room to room, as the fire advanced over their heads."

Early that morning the fire was perceived by some of the Cawsand fishermen, and intelligence carried to a Mr. Edwards, of Rame, in that neighbourhood—"a gentleman of some fortune and more humanity." He immediately sent out a fishing-boat and men to the relief.

Mr. Edwards' boat reached the reef at about ten o'clock in the morning. By this time the fire had been burning eight hours, and the three keepers were not only driven from all the rooms and the staircase, but to avoid the falling of timber, red-hot bolts, and other *debris*, had been driven to hide themselves in a hole or cave on the east side of the rock under the iron ladder, where, in a state of stupor, they awaited deliverance. Had the tide been high, even this slight shelter would have been denied them.

The wind was easterly, not blowing very fresh, but sufficiently hard to make a landing at the proper landing-place (which is upon the east side of the rock) quite impracticable. How were the men to be taken off? for the ground-swell on the western side would allow of no landing upon its slippery surface. At length an expedient was hit upon. Having a small boat with them, they moored their principal boat, by a grapnel, to the westward, coming as near the rock as they durst. Then, launching their small boat, they rowed it towards the rock, veering out a rope, which they had fastened to the large boat, till they were near enough to throw a small coil of rope upon the rock. The men on the rock caught it, bound it round their waists, and jumping into the sea, were towed into the small boat and thence delivered into the large one.

At this point we may again take up the words of the "Narrative":—"As they found that it was out of their power to do any further service, this boat hastened to Plymouth to get the men relieved. No sooner, however, were they set on shore than one of them made off, and has never since been heard of: which would, on the first blush, induce one to suppose there was something culpable in the man; and if it had been a house on shore, one would have been tempted to suspect he had been guilty of some foul play. But the circumstance

THE BURNING LIGHTHOUSE.

of its being a lighthouse, situated so as to afford no retreat in the power of its inhabitants seems to preclude the possibility of its being done wilfully, as he must know he must perish, or be in extreme danger of so doing at least, along with the rest. I would therefore rather impute his sudden flight to that kind of panic which sometimes on important occasions seizes weak minds, making them act without reason, and in so doing commit actions the very reverse in tendency of what they mean them to have, and of which they have afterwards reason to repent. The man already described to have suffered so much by the molten lead was sent to his own house at Stonehouse, a village near the place where they landed.

"It was not long after the alarm was made at Cawsand that the dreadful news reached Plymouth; and as, from the composition of the structure, it was thought that a considerable part of it might be saved, at least of the foundation, endeavours were not wanting for that purpose; for Mr. Alderman Tolcher, the agent and collector of the duties, who was a perfect enthusiast for the welfare of the lighthouse, and his son, Mr. Joseph Tolcher, immediately went out to sea: Both gentlemen were ever, but then more than ever, indefatigable in their endeavours for its preservation. When they came there, alas! what could they do? There was no landing, except at the imminent hazard of their lives; and if landed they could not do anything. They could therefore only have the supreme mortification to behold that after the rooms and all the upper works were totally destroyed, the fire was rapidly communicating itself to the solid; and there being many beds of solid timber above all the stone, their connection with those below, by means of the mast and stairs in the well-hole, and by the upright timbers on the outside, would not suffer a doubt to remain that, after such a mass of fire was generated above, it would gradually communicate itself to the beds of timber interposed between those of stone, and by that means consume the whole.

"The late worthy Admiral West, who then lay with a fleet in Plymouth Sound, on hearing of the accident, immediately sent out a sloop, properly manned, with a boat and an engine therein, which also carried out Mr. Jessop, the surveyor. This vessel also arrived early in the day on which the fire happened. In endeavouring to make a landing of the engine, on the west side, it being then about low water, the boatmen and engine were at once tossed upon the rock by the wave, which on its retreat left them thereon; and before the engine was got out of the boat another wave came, set them afloat, and swept them back again to their former situation. British tars are not dismayed with small matters; however, this accident sufficiently taught them to be thankful to escape with their lives, and to make no further attempt to land; yet they, notwithstanding, tried to play the engine from the boat; but the agitation of the sea near the rock was such that they very soon broke the engine-pipe. And so ended this well-meant expedition, in a total disappointment."

In fact, the lighthouse was burnt to the rock; indeed, before very long the interposed beds of timber heated the granite courses in their turn, until the whole became one huge mass of red-hot matter. It was not until the 7th, five days from the outbreak of the fire, that the joint action of wind, wave, and fire completed the catastrophe, and left no other relics of Rudyard's structure than the bare iron cramps and branches that still stood upright from the rock.

To return to Hall, the unhappy man whom the lead had scalded. On his arrival ashore he still persisted in his story that some of the liquefied metal had passed down his throat. The doctors roundly declared this impossible, and began to think that the terrors of the fire had rendered the man a monomaniac. But he grew rapidly worse, and after lingering twelve days, expired at last in terrible convulsions. A post-mortem examination proved the truth of his strange assertion, for in the stomach was found a flat, oval-shaped piece of lead, seven ounces and five drachms in weight.

So perished the second Eddystone Light. But before we leave Rudyard's lighthouse, we may mention a story or two connected with it.

It appears that for some time after the establishment of the lighthouse, two men only at a time attended to it; indeed, the duty required no more, for beyond keeping the windows of the lantern clean—and, in general, the rooms—there was nothing to attend to but the alternate watch of four hours each, to snuff and renew the candles, each man at the end of his watch taking care to call and arouse the other. It happened, however, that one of the men was taken ill and died, and although the survivor hoisted a distress-signal, the weather was so bad that no boat could approach the rock to relieve him. Thus placed, the man found himself in an awkward dilemma. He might dispose of the body by tumbling it into the sea, but how if he were charged with murdering his comrade? This apprehension led him for some time to let the dead body lie, in hopes that the boat might be able to land and relieve him. By degrees the body became so offensive that it was not in his power, without help, to get rid of it. It was near a month before the relief party could effect a landing, and then only at hazard of their lives. They found the body, of course, in a hideous state of decomposition, and the survivor utterly worn out with want of sleep and the other horrors of his plight. After this a third man was employed—a regulation which not only provided against accidents, but also afforded the light-keepers a seasonable relief; for in summer, in their turns, they were allowed each to go on shore and spend a month among their friends and acquaintances.

Here is another story of the time when two men only kept watch :— Certain visitors who had seized the opportunity of a still summer day to come and look at the lighthouse, observed to one of the men that it must be very cosy and comfortable to live in such a state of retirement. "Yes," said the fellow, "very comfortable indeed, if we could only have the use of our tongues. But

it is now a full month since my comrade and I have spoken to each other." And we are assured that he spoke the truth. It seems that the pair would seldom stay in a room together. If one sat above, the other was found below ; and their very meals were solitary, each, like a brute, carrying off his food and growling over it in a corner alone. And yet there was no lack of candidates when the lightkeeper's post fell vacant. Smeaton relates an anecdote to show how widely the opinions of men may differ concerning the nature of seclusion. A certain cobbler who had obtained the post, and was being carried out to the rock by the relief boat, was asked : "How comes it that you, who can earn your half-crown and three shillings a day in making shoes, should choose to be a light-keeper, with a pay of but £25 a year, which is scarce ten shillings a week?" "Why, 'tis just this," answered the shoe-maker : "I've got tired of confinement."

Though two light-houses had disappeared off the Eddystone reef, the Trinity House Corporation lost little time in trying again. They were fortunate in the selection of their architect—one John Smeaton, a maker of mathematical instruments, and a promising engineer. Smeaton at the time was thirty-two years of age, a man prompt, patient, full of resource, and absolutely indefatigable in the face of difficulty. The Trinity Board has been fortunate in its servants, but never has it had a brighter inspiration than that which led it to put the construction of the new Eddystone Light into this man's hands.

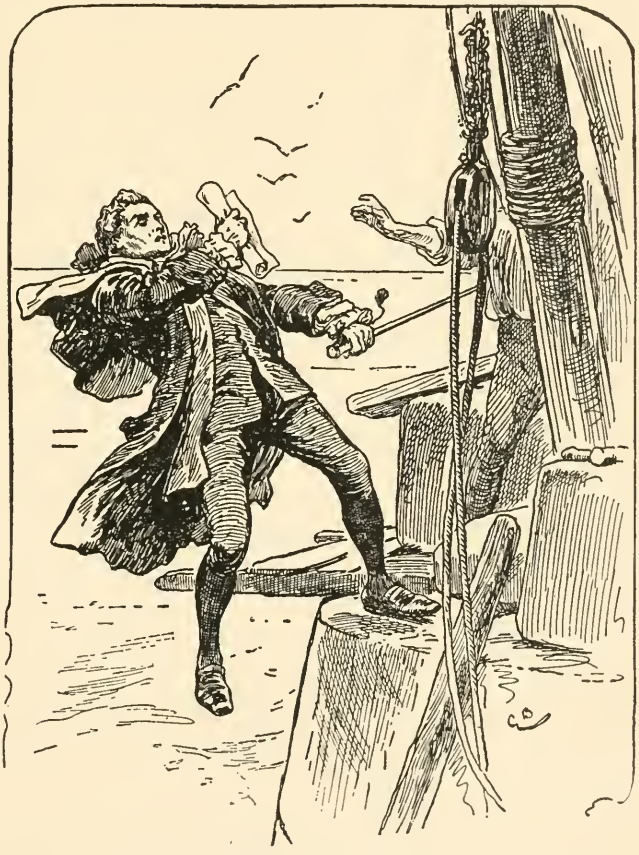
Almost as soon as he began to examine the task before him, Smeaton came to the conclusion that the two former buildings had lacked *weight* ; and that, even if spared by fire, Rudyard's lighthouse could not much longer have held out against the storms of the Channel. Consequently his first care was to design a building so massive that the sea should give way to it ; and as a further consequence he determined to employ stone only, He adopted Rudyard's conception of a *conical* building, but proposed to enlarge the diameter considerably. The type which he kept before him throughout was that of an oak-tree, which neither bends nor is broken before the tempest. Further, whereas his two predecessors had lost much valuable time owing to the difficulty of landing on the reef, Smeaton proposed to moor a vessel within a quarter of a mile of his scene of operations, sufficiently large to accommodate his workmen, so that instead of wasting hours in voyaging to Plymouth and back, they might be able to seize every opportune moment.

The work began in the autumn of 1756—less than a year after the fire—with the transport of stone and other materials to the rock, in shaping them, and in cutting out the steps or stages to receive the foundations.

In June, 1757, the building began. The first stone, in weight two tons and a quarter, was laid on the 12th, and the first course, of four huge stones, was finished on the following day. This small number of stones was, of course, due to the fact that the sloping rock itself afforded the major part of the foundation. The second course, containing thirteen granite blocks, was laid

by the 30th; the third, containing twenty-five blocks, by the 11th of July; the fourth, of thirty-three blocks, by the 31st. On the 11th of August the sixth course was completed, and the structure rose above high-water mark. The blocks were ingeniously dovetailed together, so as to form, to all intents and purposes, one uninterrupted ring of stone.

From this time Smeaton might regard his chief difficulties as surmounted, and above the reach of the waves the work went on merrily. Unfortunately it came near to being interrupted by an accident to its engineer.



"HE MADE A FALSE STEP."

Smeaton had superintended the laying of the foundations with the most tireless care; and now in a moment of elation he could not deny himself a stroll upon the platform thus erected above the waves. As luck would have it, however, he made a false step, falling over the brink of the masonry on to the sloping rocks of the western side. It was low water at the time, and having received no serious injury he was able to scramble up again. He had dislocated his thumb, however; but this, as no doctor was near, he reset himself, and quietly returned to his work as if nothing had happened,

The year's work was finished on September 30th, with the laying of the ninth course.

On the 12th of May, 1758, Smeaton and his workmen returned to the reef, and to their great delight found that the storms of the winter had scarcely hurt their work. The cement (made of the lime of Watchet, whence it had been brought in cider-casks, since the proprietors would not allow it to be exported in its crude state) had become as hard as the stone itself, and the foundation

seemed unshakable. Rapid progress was made, and the twenty-fourth course was laid by September, as it was all-important to be able to show a light during the tempests of the coming winter. Preparations for setting up a temporary lantern were almost completed, when on October 10th the work was interrupted by a quarrel between the Trinity House Corporation and the lessee of the rock. This quarrel was not patched up until well into the following year, when on July 5th the work was started again. On the 17th of August the main column of the lighthouse was completed, consisting of forty-six courses, and rising to a height of seventy feet On the last stone set above the lantern the masons carved the two words LAVS DEO ("Praise be to God!"), the most fitting superscription for a work so bravely and modestly done. Soon after the iron balcony and the lantern itself were put in place, and on the 16th of October once more the merciful light shone out above the Eddystone reef.

For more than century and a quarter it continued to shine from Smeaton's tower. The designer himself had spoken, indeed, of a "possible perpetuity" for his work. It has won its perpetuity, but not as the speaker expected perhaps.

From 1870 onwards, reports from time to time reached the Brethren of the Trinity House that certain tremors and oscillations had been noticed by the light-keepers in Smeaton's tower. In consequence, steps were taken to strengthen the whole upper portion of the building with iron ties; the outer joints, too, were repointed with Portland cement, some of the courses re-bolted, and the projection of the cornice, which was found to catch the upward stroke of the waves, reduced by five inches.

Still, however, the oscillations were felt from time to time, especially during the sou'-westerly gales, and it became evident that the stability of the tower was failing. Accordingly, in 1877, Admiral Sir Richard Collinson, the Deputy Master, and some of the Elder Brethren of the Trinity House accompanied by their engineer, Mr. James N. Douglas, made a searching inspection of the tower and rock.

The inspections showed that the weakness lay, not in Smeaton's tower, but in the rock itself, which was being slowly undermined by the waves. Indeed, a large wedge had already been detached, which had thrown a severe strain upon the rest of the foundation. The tower itself was strong enough to stand, perhaps, for another century.

On realising the extent of the mischief, the Brethren decided that immediate steps should be taken to build a new tower on another and more stable foundation. The fate of Winstanley's tower had been terrible enough; but another such catastrophe would be infinitely more calamitous, as the number of passing vessels had vastly increased.

Many careful surveys were made, and a base for the new lighthouse was at length found on a rock some forty yards distant from the old tower, in a

south-south-east direction. There was but one drawback; the top of the selected rock was only just above the level of low water, and the foundations had therefore to be laid below that level. The difficulty, however, could be overcome, and the task of designing a worthy successor to Smeaton's light was placed in the hands of Mr. J. N. Douglass, the engineer who had conducted the first inspection.

Again the Brethren were most fortunate in the man of their choice. The first landing on the rock was made on the 17th of July, 1878, and five others before the month was out. The actual work on the rock commenced on July 23d. The operations of the season were entirely successful, only a few small stones being carried away by the sea, and were prolonged until December 21st, when labour was suspended for the winter.

The most perilous time, of course, was that during which the men worked below the low-water level. They could never spend more than three consecutive hours upon the rock; in other words, their stay was limited to the interval between three-quarters ebb and three-quarters flood. On the 19th of August, 1879, the foundation-stone was laid; and the second season closed on December 19th, with eight courses laid.

The winter was severe, and when on February 25th, 1880, the first visit for the year was made, there was much apprehension lest the storms should have wrought havoc with the work; but it was found that, beyond the loss of the iron jib of the landing-crane, no damage had been done. The building went on briskly, and the tower rose above the level of high water. Henceforward, a longer time could be spent upon the rock, and the result was that the season closed with the laying of the thirty-eigth course.

On the first of June, 1882, H. R. H. the Duke of Edinburgh laid the top stone of Douglass's tower.

The main idea of Smeaton's structure was preserved, but the improvements upon it were numerous. Smeaton's tower contained but 988 tons of masonry. The new tower held 4,668 tons. The stones were 2,171 in number, containing 63,020 cubic feet,—a mass in itself probably sufficient to withstand the tempest; but to make everything safe each stone is dovetailed above, below, and on all sides, to the stones adjoining, and is in addition securely cemented. Smeaton's tower contained four rooms in addition to the lantern; in the new lighthouse there are nine, each more commodious than any in the old building. The light in the new tower can be seen at a distance of seventeen and a half miles, exceeding by four and a half miles the distance at which the light in Smeaton's tower was visible.

Four keepers are attached to the lighthouse, but three only are kept on duty at a time. Each man has six weeks at the rock, followed by a fortnight ashore; and every fortnight, if the weather permits, the relief boat goes out to the Eddystone, taking with her the man who has been keeping holiday, and bringing back the man who has kept his six weeks of watch.

The old building was taken carefully to pieces, and has since been re-erected on Plymouth Hoe. There it may honorably realise that "possible perpetuity" of which Smeaton dreamed. But the true perpetuity of that man's work will be found in the tower which Douglass has erected—that is, in the outgrowth, under worthy hands, of the magnificent type which he bequeathed. A future generation may in turn build another tower; but should the new Eddystone Lighthouse fall short of perfection in the eyes of another age, the criticism will yet allow that the progress has been on the road to perfection; and meanwhile the light on the Eddystone reef will shine unquenched and beneficent.

THE NEW EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE.

AN ADVENTURE IN SPAIN.

THE following narative, which treats of an adventure in one of the wildest districts of Spain, we have the permission of Mr. Murray to extract from "The Bible in Spain," by George Borrow:

In order to direct my course to the Asturias, I crossed the bay from Coruna to Ferrol, whilst Antonio with our remaining horse followed by land, a rather toilsome and circuitous journey, although the distance by water is scarcely three leagues. At Ferrol I waited two or three days for the arrival of Antonio, and still he came not; late in the evening, however, as I was looking down the street, I perceived him advancing, leading our only horse by the bridle. He informed me that about three leagues from Coruna, the heat of the weather and the flies had so distressed the animal that it had fallen down in a kind of fit, from which it had been only relieved by copious bleeding, on which account he had been compelled to halt for a day upon the road. The horse was evidently in a very feeble state, and had a strange rattling in its throat, which alarmed me at first. I however administered some remedies, and in a few days deemed him sufficiently recovered to proceed.

We accordingly started from Ferrol, having first hired a pony for myself, and a guide who was to attend us as far as Rivadeo, twenty leagues from Ferrol, and on the confines of the Asturias. The day at first was fine; but ere we reached Novales, a distance of three leagues, the sky became overcast, and a mist descended, accompanied by a drizzling rain. The country through which we passed was very picturesque. At about two in the afternoon we could descry through the mist the small fishing-town of Santa Marta on our left, with its beautiful bay. Travelling along the summit of a line of hills, we presently entered a chestnut forest, which appeared to be without limit. The rain still descended, and kept up a ceaseless pattering among the broad green leaves.

"This is the commencement of the autumnal rains," said the guide. "Many is the wetting that you will get, my masters, before you reach Oviedo."

"Have you ever been as far as Oviedo?" I demanded,

"No, he replied, "and only once to Rivadeo, the place to which I am now conducting you; and I tell you frankly that we shall soon be in wildernesses where the way is hard to find, especially at night, and amidst rain and waters. I wish I were fairly back to Ferrol, for I like not this route, which is the worst in Galicia, in more respects than one; but where my pony's master goes, there must I go too; such is the life of us guides"

I shrugged my shoulders at this intelligence, which was by no means cheering, but made no answer. At length, about nightfall, we emerged from the forest, and presently descended into a deep valley at the foot of lofty hills.

"Where are we now?" I demanded of the guide, as we crossed a rude bridge at the bottom of the valley down which a rivulet, swollen by the rain, foamed and roared.

"In the valley of Coisa Doiro," he replied; "and it is my advice that we stay here for the night, and do not venture among those hills, through which lies the path to Viviero; for as soon as we get there, *adios!* I shall be bewildered, which will prove the destruction of us all."

"Is there a village nigh?"

"Yes; the village is right before us, and we shall be there in a moment."

We soon reached the village, which stood amongst some tall trees at the entrance of a pass which led up amongst the hills. Antonio dismounted, and entered two or three of the cabins, but presently came to me saying—

"We cannot stay here, *mon maitre*, without being devoured by vermin: we had better be amongst the hills than this place; there is neither fire nor light in these cabins, and the rain is streaming through the roofs."

The guide, however, refused to proceed. "I could scarcely find my way amongst these hills by daylight," he cried surlily, "much less at night, 'midst storm and *bretima*." We procured some wine and maize bread from one of the cottages. Whilst we were partaking of these, Antonio said—

"*Mon maitre*, the best thing we can do in our present situation is to hire some fellow of this village to conduct us through the hills to Viveiro. There are no beds in this place, and if we lie down in the litter in our damp clothes, we shall catch a tertia of Galicia. Our present guide is of no service; we must therefore find another to do his duty."

Without waiting for a reply, he flung down the crust of *broa* which he was munching, and disappeared. I subsequently learned that he went to the cottage of the alcade, and demanded, in the Queen's name, a guide for the Greek Ambassador, who was benighted on his way to the Asturias. In about ten minutes I again saw him, attended by the local functionary, who, to my surprise, made me a profound bow, and stood bareheaded in the rain.

"His excellency," shouted Antonia, "is in need of a guide to Viveiro. People of our description are not compelled to pay for any service which they may require; however, as his excellency has bowels of compassion, he is willing to give three *pesetas* to any competent person who will accompany him to Viveiro, and as much bread and wine as he can eat and drink on his arrival."

"His excellency shall be served," said the alcade; "however, as the way is long and the path is bad, and there is much *bretima* amongst the hills, it appears to me that, besides the bread and wine, his excellency can do no less than offer four *pesetas* to the guide who may be willing to accompany him to Viveiro; and I know no one better than my own son-in-law, Juanito."

"Content, Senor Alcalde," I replied; "produce the guide, and the extra *peseta* shall be forthcoming, in due season."

Soon apeared Juanito, with a lantern in his hand. We instantly set forward. The guides began conversing in Gallegan.

"*Mon maitre*," said Antonio, "this new scoundrel is asking the old one what he thinks we have in our portmanteaus." Then, without awaiting my answer, he shouted—"Pistols, ye barbarians! Pistols, as you shall learn to your cost, if you do not cease speaking in that gibberish and converse in Castilian."

The Gallegans were silent, and presently the first guide dropped behind, whilst the other with the lantern moved before.

"Keep in the rear," said Antonia to the former, "and at a distance: know one thing, moreover, that I can see behind as well as before. *Mon maitre*," said he to me, "I don't suppose these fellows will attempt to do us any harm, more especially as they do not know each other; it is well however, to separate them, for this is a time and place which might tempt any one to commit robbery and murder too,"

ON THE WAY.

The rain still continued to fall uninterruptedly, the path was rugged and precipitous, and the night was so dark that we could only see indistinctly the hills which surrounded us. Once or twice our guide seemed to have lost his way; he stopped, muttered to himself, raised his lantern on high, and would then walk slowly and hesitatingly forward. In this manner we proceeded for three or four hours, when I asked the guide how far we were from Viveiro.

"I do not know exactly where we are, your worship," he replied, "though I believe we are in the route. We can scarcely, however, be less than two mad leagues from Viveiro."

"Then we shall not arrive there before morning," interrupted Antonio, "for a mad league of Galicia means at least two of Castile; and perhaps we are doomed never to arrive there, if the way thither leads down this precipice."

As he spoke, the guide seemed to descend into the bowels of the earth. "Stop," said I; "where are you going?"

"To Viveiro, Senor," replied the fellow; "this is the way to Viveiro, there is no other; I now know where we are"

The light of the lantern shone upon the dark red features of the guide, who had turned round to reply, as he stood some yards down the side of a dingle or ravine overgrown with thick trees, beneath whose leafy branches a frightfully steep path descended. I dismounted from the pony, and delivering the bridle to the other guide, said—

"Here is your master's horse; if you please you may lead him down that abyss, but as for myself, I wash my hands of the matter."

The fellow, without a word of reply, vaulted into the saddle, and with a "*Vamos, Perico!*" to the pony, impelled the creature to the descent. "Come, Senor," said he with the lantern, "there is no time to be lost, my light will be presently extinguished, and this is the worst bit in the whole road." I thought it very probable that he was about to lead us to some den of cut-throats, where we might be sacrificed; but, taking courage, I seized our own horse by the bridle, and followed the fellow down the ravine amidst rocks and brambles. The descent lasted nearly ten minutes, and ere we had entirely accomplished it, the light in the lantern went out, and we remained in total darkness.

Encouraged, however, by the guide, who assured us there was no danger, we at length reached the bottom of the ravine; here we encountered a rill of water, through which we were compelled to wade as high as the knee. In the midst of the water I looked up and caught a glimpse of the heavens through the branches of the trees, which all around clothed the shelving sides of the ravine, and completely embowered the channel of the stream: to a place more strange and replete with gloom and horror, no benighted traveller ever found his way. After a short pause we commenced scaling the opposite bank, which we did not find so steep as the other, and a few minutes' exertion brought us to the top.

Shortly afterwards the rain abated, and the moon arising cast a dim light through the watery mists; the way had become less precipitous, and in about two hours we descended to the shore of an extensive creek, along which we proceeded till we reached a spot where many boats and barges lay with their keels upward upon the sand. Presently we beheld before us the walls of Viveiro, upon which the moon was shedding its sickly lustre. We entered by a lofty and seemingly ruinous archway, and the guide conducted us at once to the *posada*,

Every person in Viveiro appeared to be buried in profound slumber; not so much as a dog saluted us with his bark. After much knocking we

were admitted into the *posada*, a large and dilapidated edifice. We had scarcely housed ourselves and horses when the rain began to fall with much thunder and lightning. Antonio and I, exhausted with fatigue, betook ourselves to flock beds in a ruined chamber, into which the rain penetrated through many a cranny, whilst the guides ate bread and drank wine till the morning.

When I arose I was gladdened by the sight of a fine day. Antonio forthwith prepared a savoury breakfast of stewed fowl, of which we stood in much need after the ten-league journey of the preceding day. I walked out to view the town, which consists of little more than one long street, on the side of a steep mountain thickly clad with forest and fruit trees. At about ten we continued our journey, accompanied by our first guide, the other having returned to Coisa Doiro some hours previously.

Our route throughout this day was almost constantly within sight of the Cantabrian Sea, whose windings we followed. The country was barren, and in many parts covered with huge stones ; cultivated spots, however, were to be seen, where vines were growing. We met with but few human habitations. We, however, journeyed on cheerfully, for the sun was once more shining in full brightness, gilding the wild moors, and shining upon the waters of the distant sea, which lày in unruffled calmness

At evening-fall we were in the neighbourhood of the shore, with a range of well-covered hills on our right, Our guide led us towards a creek bordered by a marsh, but he soon stopped, and declared that he did not know whither he was conducting us.

"*Mon maitre*," said Antonio, "let us be our own guide ; it is, as you see, of no use to depend on this fellow, whose whole science consists in leading people into quagmires "

We therefore turned aside, and proceeded along the marsh for a considerable distance, till we reached a narrow path which led us into a thick wood, where we soon became completely bewildered On a sudden, after wandering about a considerable time, we heard the noise of water, and presently the clack of a wheel. Following the sound, we arrived at a low stone mill, built over a brook ; here we stopped and shouted, but no answer was returned.

"The place is deserted," said Antonio ; "here, however, is a path, which, if we follow it, will doubtless lead us to some human habitation."

So we went along the path, which in about ten minutes brought us to the door of a cabin, in which we saw light. Antonio dismounted and opened the door. "Is there any one here who can conduct us to Rivadeo?" he demanded.

"Senor," answered a voice, "Rivadeo is more than five leagues from here, and, moreover, there is a river to cross."

"Then to the next village," said Antonio.

"I am a *vecino* of the next village, which is on the way to Rivadeo," said

another voice, "and I will lead you thither, if you will give me fair words and, what is better, fair money."

A man now came forth, holding in his hand a large stick. He strode sturdily before us, and in less than half an hour led us out of the wood In another half-hour he brought us to a group of cabins situated near the sea: he pointed to one of these, and having received a *peseta*, bade us farewell.

CROSSING THE FOZ.

The people of the cottage willingly consented to receive us for the night; it was much more cleanly and commodious than the wretched huts of the Gallegan peasantry in general. The ground floor consisted of a keeping-room and stable, whilst above was a long loft, in which were some neat and comfortable flock beds. I observed several masts and sails of boats. The family consisted of two brothers, with their wives and families; one was a fisherman, but the other, who appeared to be the principal person, informed me that he had resided for many years in service at Madrid, and, having amassed a small sum, he had at length returned to his native village, where he had purchased some land which he farmed. All the family used the Castilian language in

their common discourse, and on inquiry I learned that the Gallegan was not much spoken in that neighbourhood. I have forgotton the name of this village, which is situated on the estuary of the Foz, which rolls down from Mondonedo. In the morning we crossed this estuary in a large boat, with our horses, and about noon arrived at Rivadeo.

"Now, your worship," said the guide who had accompanied us from Ferrol, "I have brought you as far as I bargained, and a hard journey it has been ; I therefore hope you will suffer Perico and myself to remain here to-night at your expense, and to-morrow we will go back ; at present we are both sorely tired."

"I never mounted a better pony than Perico," said I, "and never met with a worse guide than yourself. You appear to be perfectly ignorant of the country, and have done nothing but bring us into difficulties. You may, however, stay here for the night, as you say you are tired, and to-morrow you may return to Ferrol, where I counsel you to adopt some other trade." This was said at the door of the *posada* of Rivadeo.

"Shall I lead the horses to a stable ?" said the fellow.

"As you please," said I.

Antonio looked after him for a moment, as he was leading the animals away, and then, shaking his head, followed slowly after. In about a quarter of an hour he returned, laden with the furniture of our horse, and with a smile upon his countenance.

"*Mon maitre*," said he, "I have throughout the journey had a bad opinion of this fellow, and now I have detected him ; his motive in requesting permission to stay was to purloin something from us. He was very officious in the stable about our horse, and I now miss the new leathern girth which secured the saddle, and which I observed him looking at frequently on the road. He has by this time doubtless hid it somewhere ; we are quite secure of him, however, for he has not yet received the hire for the pony nor the gratuity for himself."

The guide returned just as he concluded speaking. Dishonesty is always suspicious. The fellow cast a glance upon us, and probably beholding in our countenances something which he did not like, he suddenly said, "Give me the horse and my own *propino* for Perico, and I wish to be off instantly."

"How is this ?" said I ; "I thought you and Perico were both fatigued, and wished to rest here for the night. You have soon recovered from your weariness"

"I have thought over the matter," said the fellow, "and my master will be angry if I loiter here ; pay us, therefore, and let us go."

"Certainly," said I, "if you wish it. Is the horse-furniture all right ?"

"Quite so," said he ; "I delivered it all to your servant."

"It is all here," said Antonio, "with the exception of the leathern girth."

"I have not got it," said the guide.

"Of course not," said I; "let us proceed to the stable; we shall perhaps find it there."

To the stable we went, which we searched through; no girth, however, was forthcoming. "He has got it buckled round his middle beneath his pantaloons, *mon maitre*," said Antonio, whose eyes were moving about like those of a lynx; "I saw the protuberance as he stooped down. However, let us take no notice: he is here surrounded by his countrymen, who, if we were to seize him, might perhaps take his part. As I said before, he is in our power, as we have not paid him."

The fellow now began to talk in Gallegan to the bystanders (several persons having collected), wishing the Denho to take him if he knew anything of the missing property. Nobody, however, seemed inclined to take his part; and those who listened only shrugged their shoulders. We returned to the portal of the *posada*, the fellow following us, clamoring for the horse-hire and the *propina*. We made him no answer, and at length he went away, threatening to apply to the *justicia*; in about ten minutes, however, he came running back with the girth in his hand.

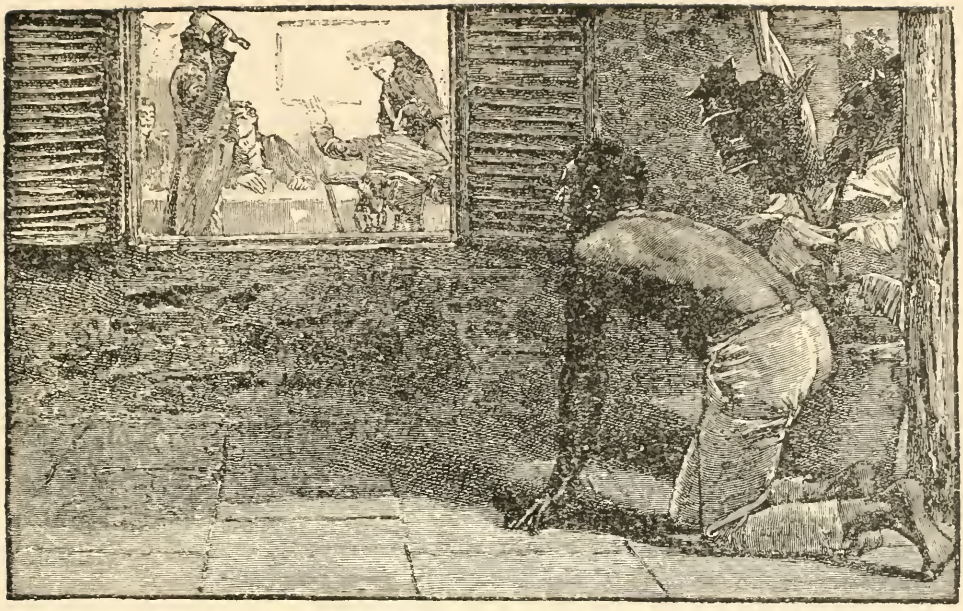
"I have just found it," said he, "in the street: your servant dropped it"

I took the leather and proceeded very deliberately to count out the sum to which the horse-hire amounted, and having delivered it to him in the presence of witnesses, I said, "During the whole journey you have been of no service to us whatever; nevertheless you have fared like ourselves, and have had all you could desire to eat and drink. I intended, on leaving us, to present you, moreover, with a *propina* of two dollars; but since, notwithstanding our kind treatment, you endeavoured to pillage us, I will not give you a *cuarto*; go, therefore, about your business."

All the audience expressed their satisfaction at this sentence, and told him that he had been rightly served, and that he was a disgrace to Galicia. Two or three women crossed themselves, and asked him if he was not afraid that the Denho, whom he had invoked, would take him away. At last a respectable-looking man said to him, "Are you not ashamed to have attempted to rob two innocent strangers?"

"Strangers!" roared the fellow, who was by this time foaming with rage; "innocent strangers! Carracho! they know more of Spain and Galicia too than the whole of us. Oh, Denho! that servant is no man but a wizard, a *nuvciro*. Where is Perico?"

He mounted Perico, and proceeded forthwith to another *posada*. The tale however, of his dishonesty had gone before him, and no person would house him; whereupon he returned on his steps, and seeing me looking out of the window of the house, he gave a savage shout, and shaking his fist at me, galloped out of the town; the people pursuing him with hootings and revilings.



"HE WAS PEERING FORWARD."

MISTAKEN.

I—A MISTAKEN VENGEANCE. JAMAICA, 1830

IT was a warm evening in Jamaica. The low windows of the planter's house were thrown open to admit what small amount of fresh breeze might be straying in the air. Through these shafts of light were flung across the broad verandah ; and through them also came the noise of many voices talking together, the clink of glasses, and every now and again the fragments of some uproarious chorus. It was evident that, within, Mr. Scott, the owner of the house, was making merry with his friends.

Outside on the verandah, it was dark enough between the patches of light ; and in this darkness, by the shadow of one of the pillars, crouched the figure of a man — of a negro.

He had dropped on hands and knees, and was peering forward to catch a glimpse of the room inside, though obviously careful not to thrust his head too far into the light. From his position he could hear every word that was spoken inside the room ; and indeed, as the sounds of merriment floated out on the windless night, it was plain that the drinkers had little care whether they were heard or not. He could see also the flushed faces of one or two

and the backs of others as they leant forward and went through the ceremony of taking wine together.

Suddenly at the end of the table the voices grew louder yet, and the kneeling figure could see a redfaced gentleman pause in the act of singing a bacchanalian stave and drop his jaw to listen. The hidden witness bent further forward and strained his ears.

"You did, sir!"

"I deny it."

"I say, sir, that I heard you with my own ears!"

"And I say, sir, that you lie!"

There was the sound of a falling chair, a volley of oaths, a crash of glass, and the company leapt to their feet and sprang forward to part the combatants. The man on the verandah lost his caution now and stepped almost up to the window. He saw, held apart by their friends, the host of the evening, Mr. Scott, and his friend, Mr. Wilson. The forehead of the former had a nasty cut beside the left temple, and from this wound the blood was running down his face and mingling with the wine that Wilson had discharged, glass and all in his face.

The two men could with difficulty be held apart. They were both flown with wine, and a trifle thick of speech; but the last half-minute had sobered them a little. As soon as the din of expostulation and entreaty had somewhat subsided, Scott wiped his face in his handkerchief, and said—

"You shall give me satisfaction for this."

"Whenever you please."

"This night, then."

"This moment, if you will."

"Stop, stop, gentlemen!" interposed the most sober of the guests. "If you must fight over a trifling quarrel, at least let the matter be conducted decently and in order. To-morrow you may both come to your senses and be heartily ashamed of this———"

"Do you hint that I am drunk, sir?" interrupted Wilson savagely.

"No, no; but surely you can wait to conduct an affair like this is an ordinary manner. To morrow at least your heads will be cooler———"

"Cooler?"

"Yes, for taking aim. To rush off and fly at each other at once, like two fighting niggers, is unheard of. Let me suggest, too, that these arrangements are best left to friends, and should not be settled by principals."

"Oh, certainly," said Scott; "I have no objection to putting this in the hands of seconds. I insist only that the matter shall be settled this night."

"And I also insist on this," added Wilson; "the moon is already risen. In half an hour there will be plenty of light by which to despatch the business."

"Will you act for me, Mr. Chambers?" said Scott, addressing the sober man who had been interceding on behalf of order.

Mr. Chambers bowed, and Wilson asked a similar favour of a Mr. Rayner, and the two seconds arranged the preliminaries on the spot. Muskets were fixed upon as the weapons, and a lawn at the back of the house as the place of meeting. The combatants would have to fire by the light of the moon ; but with men who have had no great practice, a musket in a dim light is more deadly than a pistol at noonday. So far the arrangements had been made, when Chambers said to Rayner—

" This public manner of settling preliminaries is a trifle vulgar, is it not? Would you mind stepping out on the verandah with me, where we can be alone together ? "

" Upon my word," laughed Wilson, " we are becoming mighty ceremonious. It seems to me that when two men wish to kill each other, you take a deal of trouble to let them do it."

Nevertheless, the two seconds stepped out of the open window on to the verandah. As they did so, Chambers caught the other by the arm—

" Hulloa ! What's the matter ? "

" I thought I saw some one disappear in the shadow there, by the corner of the house "

" Some servant, perhaps, attracted by the noise of the quarrel inside. I don't wonder at it. There was row enough made to be heard a mile off."

" Great nonsense ! "

" Great nonsense, as you say. To-morrow morning, if they would be content to sleep upon it as you suggested, they would be heartily ashamed of themselves. Such good friends, too as Scott and Wilson ! What was it all about ? I'll be hanged if I know."

" I'll be hanged if I know, either. Upon my word, what with the noise and the chattering, I really forgot to ask ; less than a trifle, I dare say."

" It could not be more. They were excellent friends all the evening, until the wine got in them. But it's too late now ; I suppose we must let the two fools try to kill each other."

" I suppose so."

" I hope to heaven they do each other no mischief The worst of it is, this quarrel has sobered them ; they are getting cooler every minute."

" Why not prevent it ? "

" Prevent it ! What do you mean ? You agreed a moment since that the quarrel had gone too far, and now you say———"

" And now I say what I called you out to tell you. It is clear—you agree with me—that to let one of these men kill the other would be a sin. Then why not load the muskets with a blank charge ? "

" We should be detected."

" Two-thirds of the company are drunk. The men themselves are drunk. Who is to wonder if they fail to kill each other ? And even if the trick were discovered later, to-morrow we should have the two fools round to thank us

"I have a mind to do as you say."

"That's right. We shall have the loading of the guns; and this night I hope to go to sleep with a quiet conscience."

The matter was arranged. Twenty minutes later, on the lawn encircled with shrubs behind the planter's house, the company had gathered to see the two angry men wipe out their difference. On the open lawn, where the principals stood, the moon shone brightly enough. The shrubbery around was dark, and the figures of the spectators could scarcely be discerned against the black foliage. The ground was measured out, the muskets loaded, and now the two stood facing each other, with the moonlight shining vividly along the barrels of their weapons. The seconds stood aside, and Mr. Chambers gave the word—

"Fire!"

Out upon the night rang the explosion. Almost before the flash had come and gone, one of the figures staggered a step—two steps—forward, flung up his hands as he dropped his musket, and with a piercing cry fell npon his face. It was Mr. Wilson.

"Admirable acting, upon my soul!" muttered Chambers to himself, as he strolled up to the group around the fallen man.

"He has fainted," he said quietly.

"Fainted! Good heavens, man, what are you talking about? He is dead!"

It was true. The unfortunate man, as they tried to lift him up, fell back limp and lifeless in their arms. At this moment Mr. Scott came up He was ghastly white, and thoroughly sober now.

"I have not killed him? Tell me—some one—that I have not killed him. For God's sake lift him up and let him tell me that he is not dead!"

"He will never speak again," said one.

"That is absurd," interrupted Chambers: "he is faint, I tell you,"

"Faint?"

"Yes, I will tell you why. Rayner and I loaded the muskets. We put in no bullets, only powder. He cannot be killed."

"See here," said a man who was bending over the body; "look at this. Here is blood—the man is dead. Merciful heavens!" he cried, turning the body over, "it is in the back. He is shot in the back!"

"In the back?"

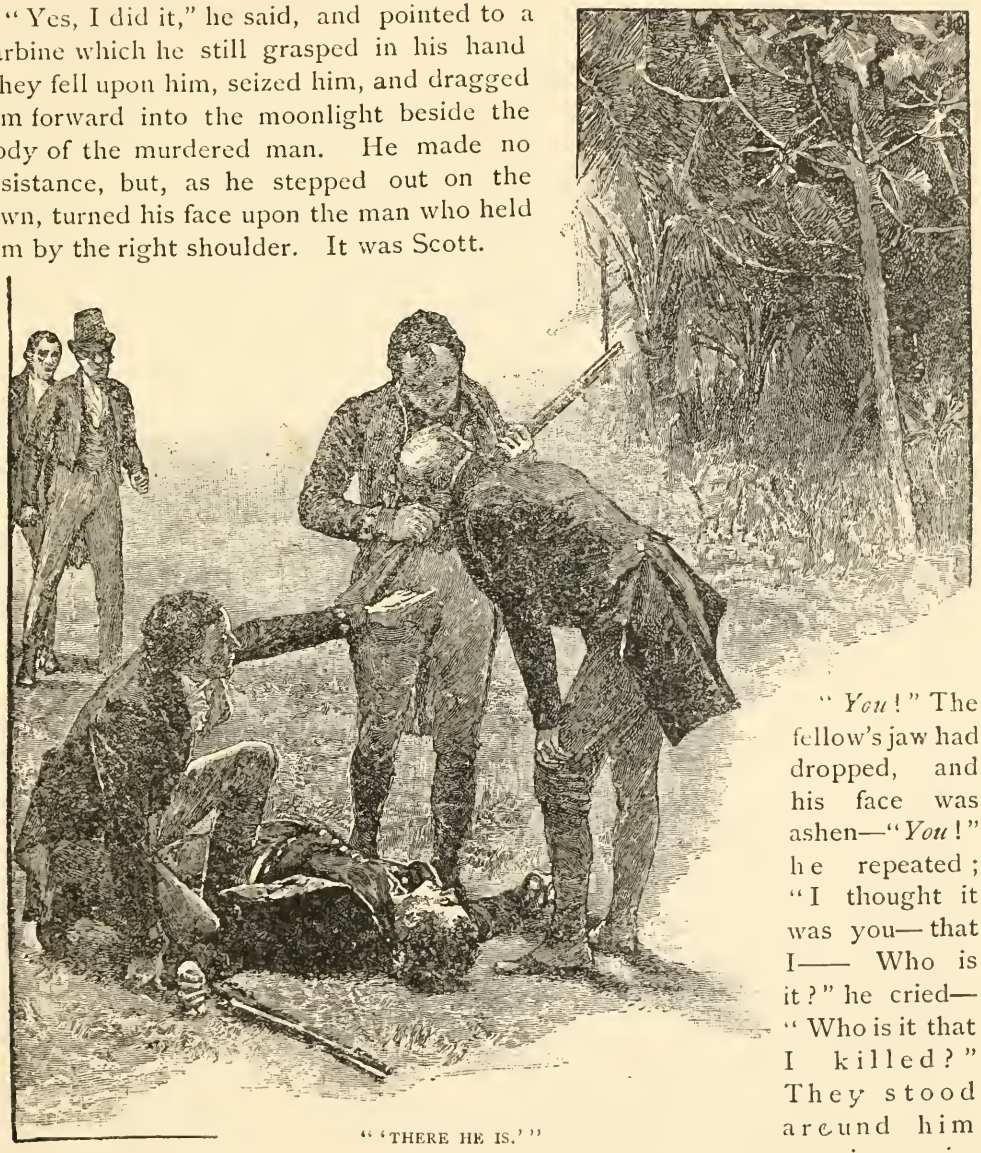
"Some other hand than Scott's fired this shot," screamed Chambers, leaping to his feet. "Scott couldn't have shot him in the back—it's impossible: and his gun was loaded with blank charge, I tell you. Search the bushes, everybody!"

They did not need this exhortation. One and all, they were completely sober now, and into the bushes they rushed to clear up this mystery. Hardly had they taken a step when they heard a rustling in the thicket ahead of them, and Rayner, who was first, caught sight of a figure stealthily creeping away in the shadow.

"There he is! There's the murderer! Catch him, all of you!"

The man, finding himself detected, stopped, and straightening himself up, came towards them. He was a negro.

"Yes, I did it," he said, and pointed to a carbine which he still grasped in his hand They fell upon him, seized him, and dragged him forward into the moonlight beside the body of the murdered man. He made no resistance, but, as he stepped out on the lawn, turned his face upon the man who held him by the right shoulder. It was Scott.



"'THERE HE IS.'"

"*You*!" The fellow's jaw had dropped, and his face was ashen—"*You*!" he repeated; "I thought it was you—that I—— Who is it?" he cried—"Who is it that I killed?" They stood around him now in a circle, as he bent and examined his victim. Presently he lifted up his face and turned to Scott.

"I thought it was *you*," he said; "I meant it to be you. Look here: you've caught me, and I shall be hanged for this; but you may as well hear my tale.

I thought you—Scott, there—were the man I covered when I pulled the trigger."

"The fellow is mad," said Scott. "Why, in heaven's name, man, what harm have I ever done to you? I never saw your face before in my life."

"Likely not. But I've seen yours. Do you remember, last week, riding into Kingston?"

"Certainly. It was last Tuesday."

"Right: it was last Tuesday. On your way you passed a gibbet, on which a coloured man was hanging. Do you remember what you did as you passed that gibbet? You have forgotten, I dare say; but I remember, for I was on the other side of the hedge and watched you. You rode up to the gibbet—curse you, and all your kind!—and what did you do? You white men must be playful with men of colour, even after they are dead and hanged. You grinned, you did, and stuck a pipe in the dead man's mouth for sport, and rode away grinning at your joke. It was a pretty joke, was it not?—and a safe one, no doubt. 'Niggers'—and *dead* 'niggers' too—are a quiet lot. Here is your pipe—do you see? I was that dead man's brother; and I was watching his body to see that it took no harm, for I know you and your kind—curse you!—will have your little jokes. And I loved my brother—which seems a strange thing in a 'nigger' you think; and this night I meant to shoot you. I was listening in the verandah to-night. I heard quarreling; I heard where you were going to fight; I ran home and loaded my carbine and came back in time. But the darkness played me a trick. I have shot the wrong man; and now you may hang me. But I tell you the only thing I am sorry for is that I did not shoot you as well!"

II.— THE BLUNDER OF M. FESTEAU. Paris, 1700.

One gusty autumn night, towards the middle of the last century, in a little monastery in the Upper Gévaudan, a monk lay dying.

The wind shrieked and whistled in the pines outside the narrow window; but within the little cell itself the silence was broken only by the laboured breathing of the sick man For the monastery was a home of silence, and even the brown-robed Father Martin, who had administered the last sacrament and was now kneeling at the bedside in prayer, had not spoken a word for the last quarter of an hour. He was a very old man, this Father Martin, and had much ado, from rheumatism, to get down on his knees, or having got down to get up. Presently the dying brother opened his eyes, somewhat wearily, as if this dying were but a tedious affair, and spoke—

"Father Martin."

"My son."

The sick monk was near seventy years of age, but the elder called him by this title, as he had done for more years than he could well count.

"Do you remember the day I came to this place—almost fifty years ago?"

"I remember it well. It was a spring morning, and I had been out about the garden ; I was hurrying in to sing my office when I saw you at the gate : a young man, bent and footsore, but with every gift upon you to enjoy in the outer world. I remember that we young brothers speculated on your story, but you never told it."

"Not even in confession did I ever tell it all. And yet it is simple enough : listen."

"My son, it will exhaust your strength."

"I am dying surely enough, and that will make little difference. One may be wearied even by silence—if that silence last for fifty years. Listen again."

The monk's tone was low and laboured at first—so low that Father Martin had to strain his ears to catch the whisper that was almost drowned by the wind in the pines outside. And the dying man's story was this :—

"I was a surgeon, once, in Paris. To a certain extent I was famous in my profession ; for, though young, I was looked upon as a clever and rising man. One day I was called in to attend a young lady of noble family, a Mademoiselle Villacerfe, who had sprained her ankle in a fall from her horse That young lady—how shall I describe her ?"

"Do not describe her," advised Father Martin, who, for all his sixty years in the cloister, foresaw what was coming.

"She was an angel on earth, my father ; she is now an angel in heaven"

"Poor thing !" sighed the elder, with more relevency to his own sympathy than to the actual words.

"You will remember, my father, that she was of noble birth, and I was but a surgeon. And though, by the time that I paid my third visit, I was passionately in love, I remembered this as well, and recognised that my case was hopeless. Nevertheless, I continued to love her ; perhaps, after a lifetime spent in this place, such words as these may seem hard to believe."

"I assure you, no," said the other.

"Worse than all, I suspected—indeed, after awhile I *knew*—that my love was returned ; by what small signs I learnt this I cannot tell you. I only know that I was convinced of it. But she knew as well as I the barrier that lay between her blood and mine ; and so we never spoke a word of what was nearest our hearts. She was young, and doubtless her relatives planned for her in time an honourable match. At the end of a fortnight she was cured, and after that I only saw her at rare intervals, when she passed me in the streets—never to speak to—not once.

"Two years passed in this way, and I noticed with a selfish joy that she was still unmarried. Perhaps her relatives were yet hesitating about the most suitable match ; perhaps, as I perferred to believe, there was some difficulty on her part. When I saw her in passing, there was not a sign to show that she more than barely remembered my once having been of service to her. And yet, somehow, in my heart I was sure that she loved me. It was a vain thing to

pride myself upon, but I did so, nevertheless. Two years passed, as I have said, and she was still Mademoiselle Villacerfe, when by a slight indisposition she was forced to keep to her room. The family physician saw her, and advised that she should be bled ; and I was the surgeon sent for to perform that duty.

"What my feelings were when I received the message I will not attempt to paint. At first, so frightened was I, so insecure of myself, that I had a mind to decline to attend, and to send another in my place. Would to heaven that I had ! But at length I summoned up courage to go.

"That my face as I entered the room betrayed the tumult in my soul, I cannot disbelieve. She did not seem to notice it, however, but bade me welcome in a cheerful voice. It was the voice of an angel, my father ! I took her hand, and as I felt her pulse my own hand trembled violently ; I hardly dared to ask the few ordinary questions put by a doctor ; I could not trust myself to speak. I think she must have known this, for when my hand trembled she seemed to notice nothing, but continued to talk quite cheerfully to put me at my ease.

"Her illness had made her more charming than ever : it softened her features and gave her that expression of weakness, of reliance on another, which men do not dislike in a woman Have you noticed this, my father ?"

"Possibly. But continue, my son."

"I prepared for the operation by turning back that part of the loose dress that covered her arm. As I pressed the vein to render it more prominent, her attendant, who stood beside me and had been observing my face, remarked—

"'Surely M. Festeau is unwell to-day. Had not Mademoiselle better defer the operation, seeing that he appears out of sorts ?'

"Her mistress took no notice of this except to answer—

"'I confide myself entirely to M Festeau, who is and has been my very good friend, and who I am sure would never do me an injury.'

"What I stammered in answer I do not know. It seemed to me that some hidden meaning lay beneath her words. My hand shook sadly. And then—I can hardly speak, even now, of what happened then."

"Go on, my son."

"My father, the next thing I remember was that I saw the red blood spurting and knew what I had done. I started back crying—

"'I am of all men the most unfortunate ! I have opened an artery instead of a vein !'

"I strove with all my knowledge to remedy the evil that I had done. And if I cannot describe to you my distraction, I can still less describe her composure. It was wonderful—wonderful. In three days the state of her arm had grown so serious that I, as well as the other surgeons, saw that we must amputate it. She never reproached me once. Had she done so, I might, perhaps, have borne it better. She never spoke one peevish word, but even tenderly desired that I should not be absent from any consultation on the treatment of her case ;

and what is more, she cowed the bitter words and black looks of her friends in my presence.

"Her arm was amputated. Alas! It was no good. In less than twenty-four hours appeared symptoms which I knew, fatally enough, numbered her hours on earth. She read her doom in our faces, and entreated us to tell her the truth. Our anguish was a sure answer. She caused her will to be made and prepared quite fearlessly for death.

"FATHER MARTIN . . . . WAITED FOR THE NEXT WORD"

"A few hours before she died, she sent to say that she wished to see me. No criminal stepping to the scaffold can suffer as I suffered then. I stood before her bed. She was sinking fast, but had still strength enough to pronounce these words, every one of which has remained in my heart to this hour :—

"'My friend, I cannot express my concern for the sorrow with which I see you overwhelmed, although you tried to hide it from me. I am leaving this life ; to all intents I have already left it ; and so what should I do but think and act as one who has no further concern with it ? At this moment, trust me.

I feel no anger, no resentment. I do not look on you as one by whose mistake I have lost my life; rather have you hastened my knowledge of a glorious immortality. But the world may look upon the accident, which for your sake alone I call unfortunate, and mention it to your disadvantage. And so I have provided in my will against anything you may have to dread from prejudice and misrepresentation,'

"These were her words, my father; but her look, how shall I describe it? Can you wonder now at the fifty years I have passed in this place? That she should have died by the hand of that poor wretch who, of all others, loved her the most—and whom she loved, my father! For as I am sure of forgiveness I know———"

Father Martin, kneeling by the bedside, waited for the next word. When, after a second or two, none came, he looked up, and rising to his feet, covered the dead brother's face.

III.— THE CORNISH VOTER.

DURING one memorable election, long before the first Reform Bill was passed, the borough of Grampound, in Cornwall, was in a ferment. This magnificent constituency numbered thirteen voters, all told; and as the result of a public-house quarrel, it was extremely doubtful whether the Ministerial or the Opposition candidate would be elected. In fact, as the time drew near, it began to be evident that the voice of one John Pascoe would form quite an appreciable fraction in what Mr. Carlyle calls the "national palaver." For, the side issue of a decayed right of pasturage having been started by some astute Whig in competition with the affairs of the nation at large, constituents ranged themselves on either side, and John, who simply couldn't understand the pasturage question, though it had been explained to him a dozen times at great length by each of the dozen voters, found himself at the end of it in the possession of no convictions and an enviable casting-vote.

John—or Jan, as he preferred to be called (for like most great men he was modest)—was not puffed up unduly with this proud possession. Indirectly he found it of the greatest use as a passport to free beer. He drank every day at the expense of each voter and both the candidates with frank impartiality, and listened to their arguments, with attention, merely drawing his sleeve across his mouth when the pint mug was drained; or (if the speaker were too deeply occupied with his logic) turning it upside-down and drumming with it abstractedly on the table. Nay, more, whereas the twelve fellow-constituents could not feast him together, as well from the dangers of an overheated discussion as from a local prejudice against sitting down thirteen at table, the two opposing factions feasted him on alternate days and carried him home on alternate nights. In short, not a day passed without Jan's being the nucleus of a political demonstration.

On the whole he liked the life, and said so with pleasing frankness. Naturally, however, his enjoyment of the passing hour was tempered with some consideration that all things have an end. The day was drawing near when he would have to decide on the gentleman to represent him in Parliament; and meanwhile, if the truth must be told, when he seemed to be listening to his advisers, he was really considering with which party he could make the most advantageous terms.

Some days before the electlon, the Ministerial candidate had an inspiration. He wrote a letter and sent it to Lord Newcastle.

This nobleman and minister, besides being "eaten up with zeal for the House of Hanover," was remarkable among his contemporaries for his reckless profusion in promises. It is said that he particularly prided himself on being able to read with the naked eye the wants of the various persons who attended his levees, before they had time to utter a syllable. The duke read his candidate's letter; considered; found that it was necessary to hold the borough of Grampound; cursed; packed up his things, and determined to interview John Pascoe in person.

He did so. For one whole day John Pascoe hob-nobbed with a duke, and before evening emptied more pint pots than next day he could well count. He was reminded, however, to go to the poll; and within a few hours it was known that the Ministerial cause had won a zealot and the Grampound election

The duke left early next morning, but not before he had seen John again; poured forth acknowledgments and promises; called him his dearest (and, perhaps, his oldest) friend; swore that he would consider himself for ever in his friend's debt; that he would serve him by night and day; and wanted to know if John could suggest a wish that needed fulfilment.

John suggested more beer.

It was brought, and the duke pressed him to name a further desire.

John would have liked a permanant casting-vote: but this seemed impracticable. So he scratched his head, thanked the duke for his kindness, and said that he would like William his son-in-law to have the post of Supervisor of Excise in those parts, if his Grace would say a good word to the Commissioner.

"Certainly. Do I understand the post is vacant?"

John admitted that it was "not azackly vacant." But the present supervisor was old and infirm, and not likely to live much longer.

"Then you wish the reversion?"

John intimated that he wanted "nowt o' the sort, but just the supervisorship."

"Ah, that is what I mean. My dear friend, why ask for such a trifling employment? Your relative shall have it the moment it is vacant."

John admitted that this would make him the friend of the Government for life, but doubted astutely.

"How be I to make sure? For I reckons in Lunnon 'tes another matter wi' you great folks. Down here 'tes glasses all round an' hail fellow—well met; but up there ef a cat wants to look at a king she must have her eyes about."

"The very instant the man dies," said the prime Minister, "you must set out post-haste for London; drive straight to my house, by night or by day, sleeping or waking, dead or alive—pound at my door: I will leave word with my porter to show you upstairs at once, and the post shall be disposed of as you wish—I promise you,"

The duke drove away, never thinking to see John Pascoe again—at least not until the next contested election. But John, possibly from having less to think about, was more mindful. A few months afterwards the supervisor died, and the Cornish voter, relying on his Grace's word, promptly started for London by the mail; and arriving late at night at the metropolis, drove straight to the duke's house, and ascending the steps, knocked loudly at the door.

Now it so happened that on this particular night the Duke of Newcastle had been sitting up, anxiously expecting despatches from Madrid. For at the very time when Grampound was lamenting its late Supervisor of Excise, Europe was hourly expecting the death of the King of Spain; and it was of the utmost importance that the British minister should hear the intelligence as soon as possible after his Majesty's decease. Shortly after midnight, however, the duke grew very sleepy and finally retired to bed, leaving strict orders with his porter to sit up, as he was hourly expecting a messenger of the greatest importance. "When he comes," said the duke, "show him up to my room at once: do you hear?—at once."

The duke went off to bed; the porter settled himself comfortably in his chair. The duke was already asleep and dreaming, the porter nodding drowsily, when a stout ash stick rattled at the front door, and continued vigorously until the porter threw back the bolts. On the threshold stood John Pascoe.

"Es the Dook o' Newcas'le inside?"

"Yes," answered the porter, "and in bed; but he left special orders that whenever you came you should go up to him directly."

"God bless 'un for a proper gen'l'm'n!" John Pascoe nodded at the porter triumphantly. "Never tell me that great folks don't keep their word!"

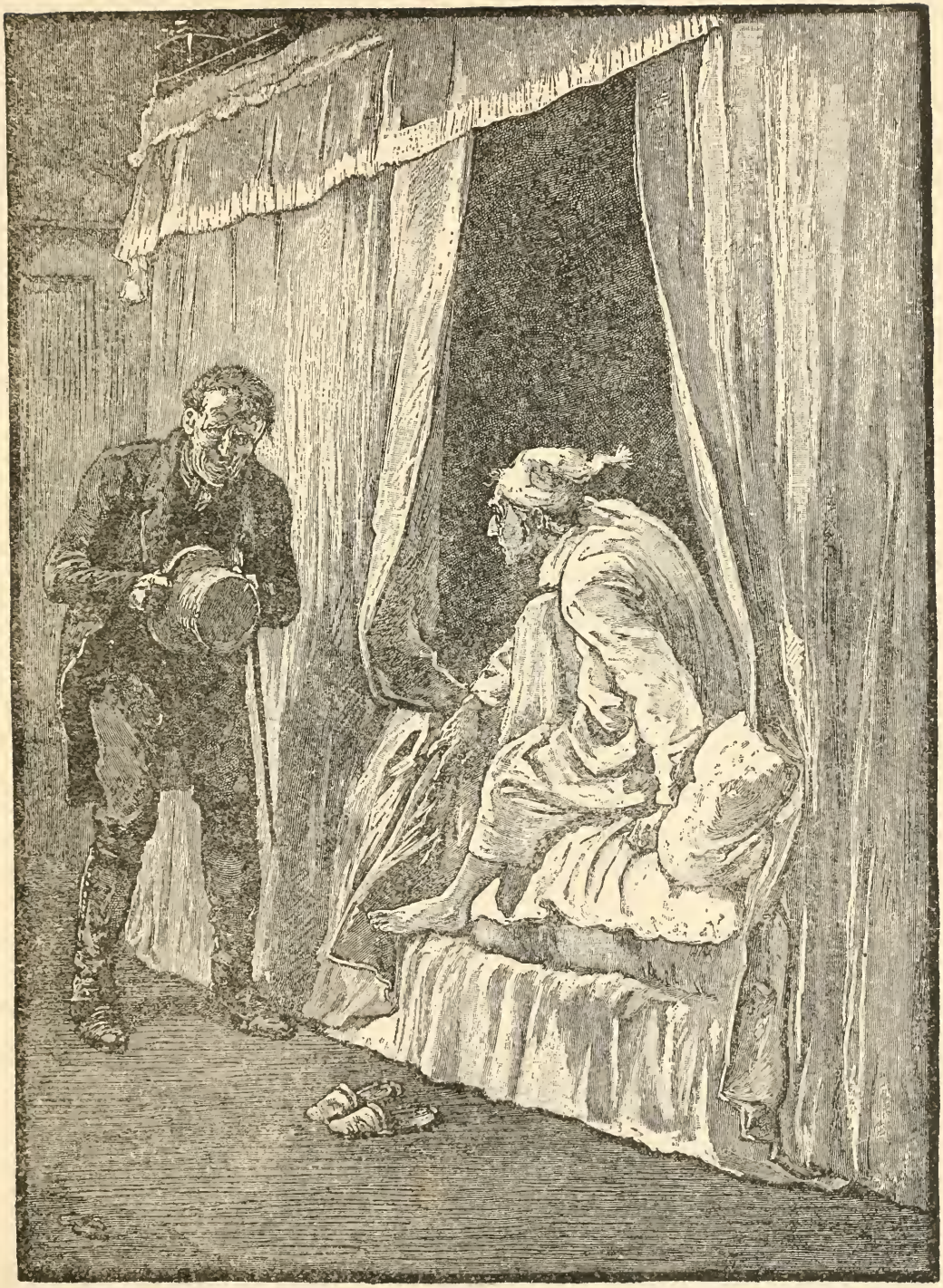
The porter led the way, and John followed, soliloquising—

"'Any time, night or day, asleep or awake, dead or alive'—that's business! Bless 'un for a true friend, I say. But I knawed he wadn' desayve me. Et goes to my heart to wake 'un, too; for precious little sleep he gets, I warrant."

His Grace's door was opened and John was ushered in.

"Hullo!" cried the duke, starting up, rubbing his eyes, and scarcely awake from dreaming of the King of Spain, "Hullo! Is he dead?"

"Iss, my lord: dead as nails," said John; and thought to himself, "Why I do believe he's been a-dreamin' of me. He knawed me to once."



"THE DUKE TORE ASIDE THE CURTAIN." (p. 94.)

"When did he die?"

"Day afore yestiddy, at ha'f arter two azackly by the town clock."

"The day before yesterday! You have come all that way since the day before yesterday?" cried the minister, wondering at the possibility of hearing news from Madrid in so short a space of time.

John smiled, and opined that "It were smartish work."

"How did he die?"

"Powerful hard, my lord; powerful hard. You see, three weeks agone come Michelmas Day he tuk to hes bed, and they kept 'un goin' 'pon milk an' a power o' doctor's stuff, an' stuck a blister roun' by the back o' his ear; but 'twarn't no use, an' he's a-gone, an' I hopes you'll let my son-in-law William succeed him, 'cos he's a steady young man, es William, an'———

"Succeed him! Succeed the King of Spain? Are you drunk, or mad, or am I dreaming? Where are the despatches?"

The duke leapt up in bed, tore aside a curtain to see more clearly, and instead of the courier he expected, beheld John Pascoe, bowing and scraping, hat in hand, and smiling away with the extremest good-humour.

There was a pause as the situation dawned upon the minister, At first he cursed very heartily and profusely; but as the absurdity of the circumstances overcame his chagrin, he lay back in the bed and had to give way to his laughter. John, though entirely puzzled, laughed from sympathy; and next day went back to Grampound with the appointment in his pocket.

THE RAFT OF THE "MEDUSA."

AT the general peace of 1814, France regained the African settlements which extended from Cape Blanco to the mouth of the Gambia ; and on the 17th of June, 1816, the frigate *Medusa*, of 44 guns, with three other vessels, sailed from the port of Rochefort to take possession of them. There is no need to recount the history of the voyage. M. de Chaumareys, who commanded the frigate, was a commander who added obstinacy to absolute incompetence ; and his crew consisted of four hundred men, the greater number of whom were ready to mutiny on the slightest provocation The result was that the frigate, after parting company with her three consorts, ran upon the bank of Arguin, on the north of the Senegambian coast, where, after two days spent in vain attempts to get her off, a storm arose which broke her back. The rudder was unshipped, and as it still held to the stern chains. became a battering-ram, which ruinously crashed on the doomed vessel with every fresh wave ; and to make matters yet worse, a mutiny broke out at the most critical moment, and all order on board was completely lost.

Consequently the crew took to the boats in the utmost confusion. As the boats were not sufficient to contain all the crew, a raft was rigged up which they calculated to carry one hundred and fifty persons. But in a hurry it was most inadequately provisioned. Of wine, indeed, it had more than enough, but not a single barrel of biscuit. A bag containing twenty-five pounds of biscuit was thrown from the vessel at the moment of departure, but its contents were reduced to pulp by the salt water, and this was all the food upon which the hapless navigators of the raft had to rely.

The embarkation was a disorderly scramble. Two hundred and thirty persons were stowed away in the six boats ; and a hundred and twenty-nine soldiers and officers, with twenty-nine sailors and passengers, and one woman, found a place on the raft. Seventeen men were abandoned on the wreck, most of them too drunk to be moved. At the last moment M. Corréard, an engineer who should have gone in one of the boats, but heriocally refused to desert his men on the raft, called to one of the officers that he would not start unless the raft were supplied with charts and instruments The officer answered that they were all provided, and that he himself was coming on board the raft to navigate her. M. Corréard never set eyes on this man again.

The boats pushed off on the morning of July 15th, the coast being then not fifteen leagues distant. It was settled that they should take the raft in tow,

and so they started. But after rowing two leagues, the cowards in the boats began to take counsel. It washard work pulling that raft, and really it was a question if such trouble need be taken. Presently a cry arose, "Let's leave them"—"Let go the tow-rope;" and, after a minute or so, one boat actually did so. The captain made no effort to reprove the action, and the infection of cowardice spread. One by one the boats sent the tow-rope adrift. "Well, well," they said, "we can easily say that it broke."

At first the wretched men on the raft could not believe the fact that their eyes witnessed. They imagined that the boats must have seen some vessel on the horizon, and were hastening for succour. But at length the ghastly truth broke on them, and in their frantic indignation, mad with fear, they swore to cut to pieces whomsoever of their comrades they overtook. There was little chance of accomplishing their threat. Death—imminent death—stared them in the face. Their floating death-bed was but twenty metres in length, and seven in breadth, and of this, so flimsy was the construction, only the centre was safe—a space that barely afforded standing-room for twenty men. It had been rigged up from the masts and yards of the *Medusa*. The groundwork was solid enough, and had been securely lashed together: but the breast-work was frail, and two-thirds of the raft liable to constant submersion. And what happened on this awful voyage shall be told in the words of a survivor:—

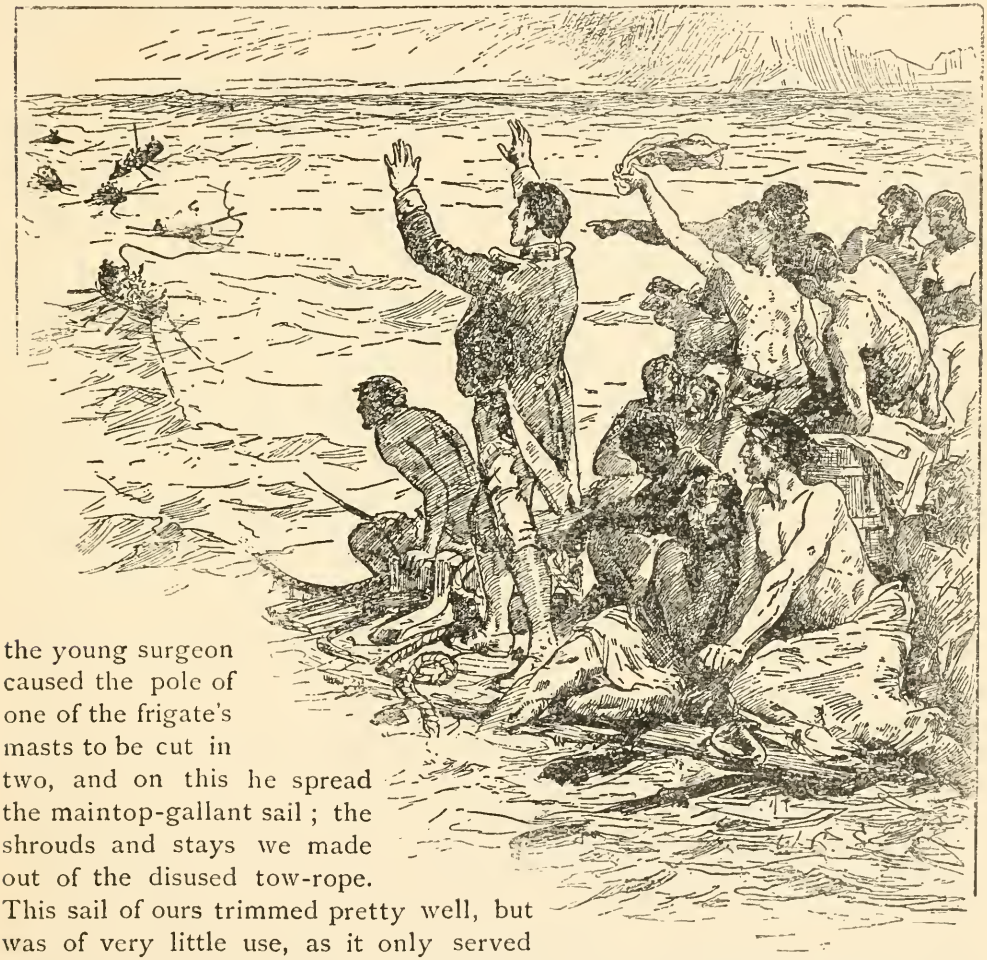
"When the boats disappeared, the dismay was terrible. Thirst and famine, with all their terrors, rose before our eyes and appalled us; and the sea already washed the half of our bodies. The soldiers gave themselves up to despair; seeing death before them, they broke out into groans and lamentations; nor could anything we said at first avail to calm them. But at length by showing a firm countenance we brought back some tranquillity, and then began to look about for charts, the compass, and the anchor, which, from what had been said to us when we quitted the frigate, we imagined to be on board. Alas! We had none of them!

"The want of a compass in particular dismayed us; and we broke out into yells and cries for vengeance. All at once, M. Corréard remembered that one of his workmen carried a small compass, and asked the man for it. 'Yes, yes,' said he, 'I have it with me.' The news transported us with joy; for the first time we began to dream of safety. It was about the size of a crown-piece, and far from correct; but no one who has not been in our case can imagine with what joy we looked upon it. Alas! and alas! It was given to the commander of the raft, and in a few hours we lost it. It fell between the interstices of our raft, and we lost it for ever. Henceforward we had nothing to guide us but the rising and setting of the sun.

"We had all left the frigate without breaking our fast, and now we began to be very hungry. So we mixed our biscuit-paste with a little wine and distributed it. This was our first meal, and the best we had the whole time we were on the raft. Our rations of wine we now fixed at three-quarters of a pint

a day. We shall say no more of the biscuit—the first distribution consumed that. But we still hoped. The day passed over very quietly, for we sat and talked of the means of saving ourselves. We never doubted that we should be saved ; and we kept up the spirits of the soldiers promising them vengeance upon the cowards who had deserted us.

"M. Coudin, who commanded our raft, being unable to move, M. Savigny



THE BOATS ROWING AWAY

the young surgeon caused the pole of one of the frigate's masts to be cut in two, and on this he spread the maintop-gallant sail ; the shrouds and stays we made out of the disused tow-rope. This sail of ours trimmed pretty well, but was of very little use, as it only served when the wind came from behind, and our raft kept always aslant—perhaps from the excessive length of the cross-pieces which projected on either side.

"In the evening we prayed hopefully to heaven—and one consoling thought still pleased our imaginations We conjectured that the boats had sailed for the Isle of Arguin, and once there would lose no time in returning to our assistance. This idea, which we tried to inspire generally, put a stop to the

clamour of the soldiers and sailors. The night came on, and with it the wind freshened and the sea rose considerably. What a fearful night it was ! At every shock of the sea the people pitched against each other, rolling this way and that. M. Savigny, with a few who yet retained their wits, contrived to fasten some ropes to pieces of the raft. The men took hold of them, and so held on when the great waves came washing over. At midnight the weather grew worse and worse. The seas lifted us and dashed us down upon the raft again with every billow, the cries of the people mingled with the roar of the waters ; and to add to the horror, the night was pitch-black.

"At one time we thought we descried lights in the distance, and made signals by burning some charges of powder, and even letting off some pistol-shots ; for we had taken the precaution to hang gunpowder and pistols at the mast-head. But we were mistaken, after all ; it was but the white and phosphorescent gleam of the breakers. So throughout the night we fought on against death, holding fast by the ropes, rolled by the waves from the back to the front, from the front to the back, and sometimes flung over into the sea, suspended between life and death, doomed, yet still fighting for life. So we fared until daybreak—with no sound in our ears but the howling of sea and wind, but shrieks and groans, oaths, sobbings, farewells, and vows to God.

"About seven in the morning the storm abated a little. But as the day dawned, what a sight was revealed in the sickly light! Ten or twelve poor wretches, their legs entangled in the lattice-work of the raft, had broken their limbs, and so perished horribly. There they were, hanging out into the waters. At breakfast we called the roll and missed twenty men. We will not swear that this was the exact number missing, for we found afterwards that some of the soldiers, in order to have more than their rations, answered twice and even thrice. We were so many crowded together that it was impossible to prevent these abuses.

"Amid these horrors there was yet room for tears. Two young men had discovered their aged father trampled into insensibility beneath the feet of the soldiers. By the most assiduous care they had restored him to life, and were now holding him in their arms. At the same time two lads and a baker took a final farewell of their friends and flung themselves overboard to be drowned. Already the minds of these people were giving way. Some fancied they saw land, others that they descried vessels bearing down to save us ; and both announced their discoveries with loud cries and clapping of hands. Now, if ever, the boats would be coming back to help us. As the day grew sunny and warm, we sat with our eyes on the horizon, expecting every moment to perceive a sail.

"The minutes passed into hours, but no help came. As night again drew on, despair indeed weighed on us ; and now the soldiers began to grow mutinous, and to yell with fury at their officers As the darkness came down, the sky became murky with thick clouds ; the wind, too, which all day had

been rather high, rose in fresh fury, and the sea, swelling up, drove the raft impetuously before it. Mountains of water covered us at every moment, and broke violently in our midst. We were obliged to keep to the centre, the more solid part of the raft, and those who could not get there perished almost to a man. Fore and aft the waves dashed them, sweeping them overboard in spite of all their resistance. And at the centre the crowd was such that many were stifled by the weight of their comrades, who tumbled upon them at every moment. The officers clustered round the mast, calling to the men to move this way or that; for the wave which took us nearly athwart, gave our raft a position almost perpendicular, so that to balance it we were obliged to run to the side tossed up by the sea.

"And now the soldiers and sailors indeed gave themselves up for lost. Convinced that they would be swallowed up, they wished only to die drunk, and so drown the horror of dying. We had not strength to oppose them They fell upon a cask that stood in the centre of the raft, staved in one end, and filling their tin cups, drank until the salt water rushed in and spoiled the wine. Inflamed with drink and crazed with terror, they swore to rid themselves of their officers, who, said they, would not join in their design of destroying the raft. An axe was called for, and the cry was to cut the ropes and perish all together. A Malay soldier, of giant stature and hideous features, now advanced to the edge of the raft with a boarding-axe, and began to cut at the cords. We advanced to hinder him; he threatened to kill the officer that interrupted him, struck out right and left with his fist, and overthrew all who opposed him. A sabre-blow cut him over as his axe was lifted; but had there been half a dozen like him, our doom would have been sealed.

"The subaltern officers and passengers now rushed to arms. The mutineers drew their sabres or got out their knives and advanced upon us. One lifted his sword, and though we were but twenty against a hundred and more, he instantly fell, pierced with wounds. Still they threatened us, and showing a front bristling with sabres and bayonets, retreated to the back of the raft Here one of them, pretending to rest against the breastwork, began with his knife to hew at the ropes. We rushed upon him. A soldier tried to defend him, and threatened one of our officers with his knife. Indeed, he attempted to stab him, but only pierced his coat; and the officer, turning round, pitched him and his comrade headforemost into the sea.

"After this there were no more half-measures. The fight spread. Some one cried, 'Lower the sail!' and instantly a crowd of madmen flung themselves on the yards and shrouds, cut the stays, and toppled over the mast. In its fall it nearly broke the thigh of a captain of foot, and stretched him senseless. The mutineers seized him and flung him into the sea; we, perceiving it, saved him and set him on a barrel. Again the villains laid hold of him, and were going to cut out his eyes with a penknife, when, driven beyond endurance, we charged them furiously. With drawn sabres we hacked them down, and

many atoned for a mad hour with the loss of their lives. Several of the passengers behaved with admirable coolness and courage.

"M. Corréard, roused from a kind of trance by the curses of the wounded and the cries of '*Aux armes! Aux armes, comarades!*' '*A nous!*' '*Nous sommes perdus!*' jumped to his feet, assembled his workmen in the fore part of the raft, and stood on the defensive. Every moment they were attacked by drunken men armed with knives, sabres, bayonets, and clubbed carbines; and at length were driven to use their arms without reserve, especially as many of their adversaries, falling into the sea, swam round to the fore part of the raft, climbed up, and took them in the rear.

"During this combat, one of the workmen, named Dominique, joining the rebels, was hurled over into the sea. Immediately M. Corréard, forgetting the treachery of the man, jumped in after him at the place where the voice of the wretch had just been heard calling '*A moi!*' and seizing him by the hair contrived to drag him on board again. Dominique had received several sabre-wounds, which we found, notwithstanding the darkness and tumult, and contrived to bind up. Nevertheless, as soon as he was recovered, this wretch rejoined the pack of mutineers, and directly after was cut down by us and fell dead.

"At the moment when we had finished dressing the wounds of Dominique, another voice was heard. It was that of the one poor woman who was on the raft with us. She was a sutler, and had been thrown into the sea together with her husband, who defended her with great courage. There she struggled for life, frantically invoking our Lady of Laux. M. Corréard, in despair at seeing the two unfortunates perish, seized a large rope, tied it round his waist, and a second time threw himself into the sea, whence he was so happy as to rescue her, whilst her husband was at the same time saved by the chief workman, Lavillette. We seated these two poor people upon dead bodies, with their backs against a barrel. In a few minutes they recovered their senses. The first thought of the woman was to inquire the name of him who had saved her: and doubtless thinking that words could not express her gratitude, she felt in her pocket and produced a small packet of snuff—it was all she had in the world. This she pressed on M. Corréard, who handed it to a poor sailor; and this fellow subsisted upon it for four days. Nor is it easy to describe the joy of the sutler and her husband on finding themselves safe again in each other's arms. 'You do well to save me,' said the delighted old woman to the workmen; 'I was in all the Italian campaigns; for twenty-four years I followed the Grand Army; I feared not death; I helped the wounded, I brought them brandy, whether they had money or not. In battle, at times, I lost some of my debtors. But the survivors always paid me double; so I, too, shared in every victory.'

"The mutineers now let us alone for awhile, some of them falling at our feet and asking pardon, which was granted. But at midnight, soon after we

had returned to our post at the centre of the raft, they broke out again, and being now more sober, were also more dangerous. They attacked us, and we charged in our turn, so that the raft was quickly covered with dead bodies. Those who had no arms attempted to tear us with their teeth, and some among us were cruelly bitten. M. Savigny was bitten in the legs and shoulder. Our clothes were pierced in many places by knives and sabres. Four of the mutineers seized a workman and were going to toss him into the sea; one of

"'AUX ARMES! AUX ARMES!'"

them was biting him cruelly in the sinew above the heel, and the others were beating him with sabres and clubbed carbines. His cries made us fly to his aid, and again Lavillette distinguished himself in the rescue. In a moment or two, however, they had seized another, Sous-Lieutenant Lozach, whom they mistook for Lieutenant Danglas, the object of their especial hatred, on account of some harshness which he had shown them when in garrison at the Isle of Rhé. Poor Lozach was with difficulty rescued, and now the cry was all for 'Danglas! Danglas!' They saw him everywhere, and furiously and without cessation demanded his head, although M. Danglas was in the boats, and leagues away from us. They seized M. Coudin, who was holding in his arms a sailor-boy, only twelve years old, and resting against a barrel. The pair with the barrel were heaved overboard. Nevertheless, M. Coudin held on to his burden, and seizing the raft, pulled himself back. It was a dreadful night.

"But though we resisted the mutineers, let it not be thought that we preserved our reason unimpaired. An irresistible lethargy fell upon one, in which pictures of the most lovely woodland and all delightful scenes passed before the mind. If men gave way to this, presently they became furious, or calmly drowned themselves, saying that 'they were going for assistance, and would soon return.' Some would rush with drawn sabres among their comrades, and demand bread or the wing of a fowl. Others called for hammocks, or saw imaginary ships passing ; others again saw a harbour and a gorgeous city that seemed to rise out of the air. M. Corréard fancied himself travelling over the plains of Lombardy. One of the officers said, 'I know the boats have deserted us, but never fear. I have sent a carrier-pigeon to the governor, and it will be all right.' When we awoke in the morning, we could scarcely believe but that the horrors of the mutiny also were but a part of our dreams.

"But daylight told us the truth. Over sixty men had perished in the mutiny, at least a fourth part of whom had drowned themselves in despair. We of the loyal party had lost only two, and neither of them officers. Many were wailing aloud and shedding tears at the rigour of our fate. But a new misfortune was soon discovered : the rebels had thrown into the sea two of the wine-casks, and both the casks of water. One of these latter, indeed, we recovered ; but the sea-water had got into it, and it was quite spoiled. We had only one cask of wine left, and as we were now above sixty in number, we at once put ourselves on a half-allowance.

"At daybreak the sea grew calm, and once more we set up our mast. Whether it were illusion or not, we fancied we saw a line of shore in the distance, and felt the burning air of the Sahara upon our cheeks. It is very likely that we were not far distant from it, for the wind from sea had blown violently ; but in the sequel we spread the sail indifferently to every breeze that blew, so that one day we approached the coast, and on the next ran into the open sea.

"When the mast was set up, we distributed the wine, amid the curses of the soldiers, who accused us as the cause of their tortures. We, however, though we had not tasted food for forty-eight hours, bore up bravely. Courage alone made us act. We collected tags from the men and bent them into hooks for fishing ; but the currents carried them under the raft, where they were entangled. We bent a bayonet to catch sharks ; but a shark bit it, and straightened it. We tried to eat sword-belts and cartouch-boxes ; some gnawed their linen, others the pieces of leather in their hats ; but it was little good, though we managed to swallow some morsels.

".The day was calm and fine ; but no assistance came. And during the night that followed, ten or twelve more of our number died We gave their bodies to the sea for a grave, and with eyes that made one shudder to look into them, hungrily watched their gradual disappearance beneath the waves.

"Again the day was fine, and about four in the afternoon some consolation came to us. A large shoal of flying-fish passed under the raft and were

entangled in great numbers between its interstices. The men caught near on two hundred, and threw them into an empty cask after opening them and devouring the milt at once. This food seemed delicious to us ; but a man would have wanted a thousand. Yet we thanked God for this goodness.

"An ounce of gunpower had been found in the morning, and dried in the sun during the day ; a steel, some gun-flints and tinder were also found. With infinite trouble we managed to set fire to some pieces of dried linen, which we put on a barrel that the sea-water might not extinguish the flame. Here we dressed some fish, but so little that we all craved for more. The officers ate human flesh on this day, for the first time. The others had begun on the day before. Our barrel soon took fire, and the powder and tinder were also consumed. But our meal gave us fresh strength, and the night that followed, being calm, might even have appeared happy, had it not been signalised by a new massacre.

"Some Spaniards, Italians, and negroes, who had remained neutral in the first mutiny, now conspired, under a Piedmontese sergeant, to fall on us during the night and throw us all into the sea. The negroes, tempted by a bag containing fifteen hundred francs and some other valuables, which was hung on to the mast, had assured the rest of these wretches that the coast was close at hand, and promised them that once on shore, they could guide them to a place of safety The sailors, however, remained faithful to us, and discovered the plot. The first signal for combat was given by a Spaniard who, posting himself behind the mast, crossed himself, invoking God with one hand, and drew his knife with the other. This man the sailors overpowered and threw into the sea Immediately an Indian, a servant of one of the officers, caught up a boarding-axe, wrapped himself in a piece of canvas, and flung himself after his comrade. The mutineers rushed forward to avenge their comrades, and a wild and desperate fight followed. Soon again the raft was piled with dead bodies, and slippery with blood. The old cries were resumed, and again the mutineers shrieked for the head of Lieutenant Danglas ; again the poor sutler woman was tossed overboard, and again rescued. At length the mutineers were driven back and cowed, and the officers dropped almost at once upon the bloody timbers and fell asleep.

"The fifth day rose upon us, and found but thirty left, and of these not above twenty could stand or walk. The salt water had almost entirely excoriated our lower extremities. We were covered with wounds and bruises, which, irritated by the salt waters, wrenched from us the most piercing cries. We had no more wine than was sufficient for four days, and there was not above a dozen fish left. 'In four days,' said we, 'we shall be in want of everything, and death will be certain.'

"On the seventh day, two soldiers slipped behind our only barrel of wine. They had bored a hole in it, and were drinking by means of a reed. We had all sworn that any man found tampering with this wine should be put to death ;

this law we now put into execution, and the two trespassers were hurled into the sea.

"This same day died the boy Léon, whom M. Coudin had rescued. His sweet face, his pretty voice, and the bravery he had shown (for he had already, though only twelve years old, been through a campaign in the East Indies), all made him the darling of the regiment. He died away at first, like a lamp that goes out for want of nourishment. We gave him all our care, but in vain. He went mad at last, running continually from one side of the raft to the other, calling for his mother, for water, and for food. In this state he trod heedlessly over the feet and legs of his companions in misfortune, in such sort that often they would yell with anguish. Yet they seldom cursed, and never menaced him; and at last he died, quite quietly, in the arms of M. Coudin.

"We were thus but twenty-seven in number, and of these all but fifteen were covered with wounds and were delirious. Yet they had their share in the distribution of provisions, and might, before their death, consume thirty or forty bottles of wine, which were of inestimable value to us. We debated therefore—and God knows in what despair—and at length resolved to throw the sufferers into the sea. Among these were the sutler woman and her husband. She had a broken thigh, and the man was cruelly wounded in the head. Three soldiers and a sailor were the appointed executioners. The rest of us hid our faces and wept as the hideous task was done. Afterwards we threw overboard all arms except one sabre only, which might be of service for cutting a rope or shaping a spar.

"There was now scarcely sufficient food to last us for six days, and these were the most wretched that can be imagined. On the ninth day a new event happened which for awhile diverted our despair. All at once a white butterfly, of the species so common in France, appeared, to the joy of every one, fluttering over our heads, and settled on the sail. We hailed the little creature as the harbinger of news that land was near, and we snatched at this hope in a kind of delirium of joy. Some of the soldiers watched it with feverish eyes, and would have fought for it as food; but the rest declared that no harm should be done it, swearing that it was God's messenger. Next day we saw more butterflies, and some sea-birds. These latter we tried to allure towards us; but all our trouble was vain. We also employed ourselves in raising a kind of platform in the centre of the raft out of some planks which we loosened from the fore part. Upon this we placed all the effects which we could collect. On this platform the waves still broke over us indeed, but less violently. Here we sometimes passed the hours in telling stories to each other. The old soldiers who had fought under Napoleon had a store of exploits to relate; and the dauntless Lavillette was the foremost at this amusement. We were prepared to die, it will be seen, but also to meet death with resignation.

"At this time a raging thirst, redoubled in the daytime by the beams of

the burning sun, consumed us incessantly. We tried to quench its pangs by drinking sea-water. M. Griffon, the governor's secretary, continually did so. He would drink ten or twelve glasses in succession ; but by this means our thirst was only stayed for a moment, and then became more severe. One officer found

"THE WRECK OF 'LA MEDUSA.'"

by chance a little lemon, and tried to keep it to himself; but the rest fought for it, and would have killed him had he not yielded. We also disputed over some dirty cloves, which had been discovered in a little bag. At another time we came on two small phials of tooth-water. The lucky possessor kept them carefully, and made much ado about pouring one or two drops of this liquid into the hollow of a comrade's hand. The stuff produced a delightful sensation in the mouth. Some of us found pieces of pewter, and with these strove to keep our tongues cool. Misfortune, in fact, made us ingenious. It also made the smallest agreeable sensation a supreme happiness. Thus we were for ever

passing from hand to hand a small phial which had once contained attar of roses, and would inhale with delight the perfume still clinging about it. A few took their wine through quills ; in our state the smallest quantity often produced intoxication.

"On the tenth day five of the men declared that they would drown themselves. It was all we could do to dissuade them, and it seemed as though a fresh mutiny would arise, when suddenly the raft was surrounded by a shoal of sharks, and we all flew to beat off the intruders. With our only remaining sabre Lavilette struck at these monsters time after time, but for a long while they were only beaten off to return again.

" Three days passed in unspeakable anguish. So heartily did we despise life that many of us did not fear to bathe in sight of the sharks around. A kind of polypus was often driven in great numbers on the raft, and when their long arms clung to our naked bodies they caused us the most cruel sufferings. Yet some of us could indulge in pleasantries. One man said—

" 'If the brig is sent to look for us, God give her the eyes of *Argus*'—alluding to the brig that had sailed with them from Rochefort. We always expected that this would be the vessel sent to look for us, as we talked of her continually.

"During the 16th, as we thought ourselves to be near land, eight of the most determined of us resolved to build a small raft and row for the coast. We took a strong spar and nailed boards across it at small intervals ; in front we fixed a little mast and sail. We intended to provide ourselves with oars made out of barrel-staves. When our machine was finished, it remained to make a trial of it. A sailor, wanting to pass from the front to the back of it, finding the mast in his way, set his foot on one of the crossboards ; the weight of his body made it upset, and this accident proved to us the risk of our enterprise. We let the new raft drift away, and determined to await death in our present situation.

" The morning of July 17th rose pure and cloudless. We had now been twelve days on the raft, and we had just prayed to Almighty God—as we always did before dividing the wine—and each man was tasting with delight the small portion that was to last him through the day, when a captain of infantry looking towards the horizon, suddenly descried a ship.

" 'The brig !' he cried. 'Look ! the brig !'

" A great shout of joy broke from us. We could see that she was a brig, though only the tips of her masts were visible. We straightened some hoops of casks, and tied to them handkerchiefs of different colours. A man, assisted by us all together, mounted to the top of the mast and waved these little flags. For above half an hour we hung between hope and fear. 'It is growing larger !' cried one. 'No,' another would wail, 'it is going away from us !' And then, all at once, the brig disappeared.

" We sank upon the raft and gave way at last. All was lost now, and we

said to ourselves, 'When all the wine is gone, and our strength gone too, we will wrap ourselves up as well as we can, and laying ourselves down on our platform, wait for death.' We made a small tent out of the sails still left to us ; and when this was put up we all lay down under it, so that we might not see what was passing around us, and be deluded again by false hope. We agreed to inscribe on a board the account of our adventures, sign it, and fasten it to the mast, so that if ever the raft with our corpses upon it should be picked up, the French Government and our families should learn our fate. We then tried to sleep off the agony of our minds.

"We had lain thus for some time, when the master-gunner, who had feebly lifted up the flap of the sail, looked out. We were awakened by a scream of joy. We looked. His face was transfigured ; his hands were stretched towards the sea ; he scarcely breathed. All he could manage to whisper was—

"'*Saved! See, the brig is close upon us!*'

"Yes, there she was, at most half a league from us. Her white sails were spread, and she steered directly for us. We embraced each other; we wept for joy ; we knelt and prayed and gave God thanks aloud. We seized handkerchiefs and waved them to the brig ; even those whose feet were so sorely wounded that they could not stand, crawled to the edge of the raft to bathe their eyes in the sight of the deliverers.

"Straight before the wind came the brig, and the white flag of France flew from its fore-masthead. We knew then that it must be the *Argus*, and we thanked God for that, too: that our rescuers were of our own country. She came near and lay-to on our starboard, within half a pistol-shot. Her crew, ranged on the deck and in the shrouds, waved handkerchiefs and fired pistols to announce the good tidings. A boat was immediately hoisted out ; an officer of the brig, one M. Lemaigre, stepped into it and took the command. Nothing could exceed the tenderness he showed. And in a short time we were all on board the *Argus*. Pity was painted on every face, and compassion drew tears from all who cast eyes on us."

Here our tale may end. But the visitor to the Louvre in Paris will see on its walls a picture by Géricault, ghastly and wild in colouring, but fascinating for all that. It represents a raft, half submerged by the sea, piled with a jumble of dead bodies and living men, some raving, some abandoned to gloomy despair, but all emaciated and wasted with suffering. On a barrel, a negro is frantically waving to a distant brig, and around him a mass of half-naked men cling and point and struggle to look towards deliverance The picture's name is "The Wreck of *La Meduse*;" it was painted in a studio crowded with corpses, for no living man could serve as model for one of those awful figures ; and it tells one of the most shameful stories in the history of France.

"A YOUNG WOMAN WHOM THE SOLDIERS WEER DRAGGING BEFORE THEIR LIEUTENANT." (*p.* 109)

SOME EPISODES OF WAR.

I.— A TRAGEDY OF THE PENINSULAR WAR.

DURING the war in Spain a French regiment had been sent out from Burgos against a guerilla party under the Marquis of Villa Campo, with orders to treat the Spaniards with the most rigorous severity, especially the inhabitants of Arguano, a little village near the famous forest of Covelleda, whose deep shades, intersected only by narrow foot-paths, were the resort of banditti and guerillas. A principal feature of the whole Spanish war was the celerity with which the French movements were notified to the native chiefs, and the difficulty experienced in procuring a spy or guide ; while these when found proved almost uniformly treacherous

The battalion in question had to march through a frightful country, climbing rugged rocks and crossing frozen torrents, always in dread of unforeseen and sudden dangers. They reached the village, but perceived no movement—heard no noise. Some soldiers advanced, but saw nothing—absolute solitude reigned.

The officer in command, suspecting a ambush, ordered the utmost circumspection. The troops entered the street, and arrived at a small opening where some sheaves of wheat and Indian corn and a quantity of loaves were still

smoking on the ground, but consumed to a cinder, aud swimming in floods of wine, which had streamed from leathern skins that had evidently been purposely broached, as the provisions had been burnt, to prevent their falling into the hands of the French.

No sooner had the soldiers satisfied themselves that, after all their toils and dangers, no refreshment was to be obtained, then they roared with rage—but no vengeance was within reach! All the inhabitants had fled!—fled into the forest, where they might defy pursuit.

Suddenly cries were heard issuing from one of the deserted cottages, amongst which the soldiers had dispersed themselves in hopes of discovering some food or booty; they proceeded from a young woman holding a child a year old in her arms, whom the soldiers were dragging before their lieutenant.

"Stay, lieutenant," said one of them; "here is a woman we have found sitting beside an old one who is past speaking: question her a little."

She was dressed in the peasant costume of the Soria and Rioja mountains, and was pale, but not trembling.

"Why are you alone here?" asked the lieutenant in Spanish.

"I stayed with my grandmother, who is paralytic, and could not follow the rest to the forest," replied she haughtily, as if vexed at being obliged to drop a word in presence of a Frenchman; "I stayed to take care of her."

"Why, have your neighbours left the village?"

The Spaniard's eyes flashed fire; she fixed on the lieutenant a look of strange import, and answered, "You know very well. Were they all not to be massacred?"

The lieutenant shrugged his shoulders. "But why did you burn the bread and wheat, and empty the wine-skins?"

"That you might find nothing. As they could not carry them off, there was no alternative but burning them."

At this moment shouts of joy arose, and the soldiers appeared carrying a number of hams, some loaves, and, more welcome than all, several skins of wine— all discovered in a vault, the entrance of which was concealed by the straw that the old woman was lying on. The young peasant darted on them a look of infernal vengeance, while the lieutenant, who had pondered with anxiety on the destitute and sinking condition of his troops, rejoiced for a moment in the unexpected supply. But the recent poisoning of several cisterns, and other fearful examples, putting him on his guard, he again interrogated the woman.

"Whence come these provisions?"

"They are the same as those we burnt; we concealed them from our friends."

"Is your husband with the brigands yonder?"

"My husband is in heaven," said she, lifting up her eyes; "he died for the good cause—that of God and King Ferdinand."

"Have you any brother amongst them?"

"I have no longer a tie, except my poor child;" and she pressed the infant to her heart. The poor little creature was thin and sallow, but its large black eyes glistened as they turned to its mother.

"Commander," exclaimed one of the soldiers, "pray order division of the booty, for we are hungry and devilish thirsty!"

"One moment, my children. Listen," said he, eyeing the young woman with suspicious inquisition; "these provisions are good, I hope?"

"How should they be otherwise?" replied the Spaniard contemptuosly; "they were not for you."

"Well, here's to thy health, then, Demonia," said a young sub-lieutenant, opening one of the skins, and preparing for a draught; but his more prudent commander still restrained him.

"One moment. Since this wine is good, you will not object to a glass?"

"Oh dear, no, as much as you please;" and accepting the mess-glass offered by the lieutenant she emptied it without hesitation.

"Huzza! huzza!" shouted the soldiers, delighted at the prospect of drinking without danger.

"And your child will drink some also?" said the lieutenant; "he is so pale, it will do him good."

The Spaniard had herself drunk without hesitation, but in holding the cup to her infant's lips her hand trembled; the motion was, however, unperceived, and the child also emptied his glass.

Thereupon the provisions speedily disappeared, and all partook both of food and wine. Suddenly, however, the infant was observed to turn livid; its features contracted, and its mouth, convulsed with agony, gave vent to piteous shrieks. The mother, too, though her fortitude suppressed all complaint, could scarcely stand, and her distorted features betrayed her sufferings.

"Wretch!" exclaimed the commandant, "thou hast poisoned us!"

"Yes," she said, with a ghastly smile, falling to the ground beside her child, already struggling with the death-rattle—"yes, I *have* poisoned you. I knew you would fetch the skins from their hiding-place; was it likely you would leave a dying creature undisturbed on her litter? Yes, yes, you will die, and die in perdition, while I shall go to heaven."

Her last words were scarcely audible, and the soldiers at first did not comprehend the full horror of their situation; but as the poison operated, the Spaniard's declaration was legibly translated in her convulsed features. No power could longer restrain them; in vain their commander interposed; they repulsed him, and, dragging their expiring victim by the hair to the brink of the torrent, threw her into it, after lacerating her with more than a hundred sabre-strokes. She uttered not a groan. As for the child, it was the first victim.

Twenty-two men were destroyed by this exploit, which cannot be called otherwise than heroic. The commandant himself escaped by a miracle.

"'YES, I HAVE POISONED YOU'" (p. 110).

II.— HOW A FORT WAS TAKEN.

In 1756 Admiral Watson, having sailed with the squadron and the King's troops from Fort St. David, in the East Indies, to the assistance of Calcutta, stopped at Mayapore, on the banks of the Ganges, where the enemy had a place of considerable strength, called the Bougee Fort, which it was necessary to secure before he proceeded on his expedition.

The action began with a brisk cannonade from the squadron, which soon silenced the cannon of the fort ; but the garrison not offering to surrender, and continuing to discharge fire-arrows and small-arms, it was determined in a council of sea and land officers that Colonel Clive should endeavour to take it by assault. For this purpose, at five in the evening, the Admiral landed an officer, two midshipmen, and about forty sailors from each ship, under the command of Captain King, to assist Clive in storming the fort ; which he intended doing just before daylight, under the cover of two twenty-four pounders close to the ditch. In the meantime the colonel had given directions that the whole army (the necessary guards excepted), and the detachment from the ships, should rest on the ground, in order to recover themselves as much as possible from the great fatigues they had undergone the preceding day.

All was now quiet in the camp. We on board the ships, that lay at their anchors at but a small distance from the shore, had entertained thoughts of making use of this interval to refresh ourselves also with an hour or two of sleep, when suddenly a loud and universal acclamation was heard from the shore ; and soon after, the account was brought to the Admiral that the fort had been taken by storm.

This was a joyful piece of news, and the more so as it was quite unexpected ; but when the particular circumstances that ushered in this success were related, our exultation was greatly diminished, because we found that the discipline so indispensably necessary in all naval exploits had been entirely disregarded in the present instance, and therefore could not help looking upon the person who had the principal hand in this victory rather as an object of chastisement than of applause.

The case was this :—During the tranquil state of the camp, one Strahan, a common sailor, belonging to the *Kent*, having just received his allowance of grog, found his spirits too much elated to think of taking any rest. He therefore strayed by himself towards the fort, and imperceptibly got under the walls. Being advanced thus far without interruption, he took it into his head to scale a breach that had been made by the cannon of the ships : and having fortunately reached the bastion, he there discovered several Moors sitting upon the platform, at whom he flourished his cutlass and then fired his pistol, and, having given three loud huzzas, cried out, "The place is mine ! "

The Moorish soldiers immediately attacked him, and he defended himself with incredible resolution ; but in the encounter he had the misfortune to have the blade of his cutlass cut in two, about a foot from the hilt. This, however, did not happen until he was warmly supported by two or three other sailors who had accidentally straggled to the same part of the fort on which the other had mounted. They, hearing Strahan's cries, immediately scaled the breach

"THE PLACE IS MINE!"

likewise, and with their triumphant shouts roused the whole army, who, taking the alarm, presently fell on pell-mell, without order and without discipline, following the example of the sailors.

This attack, though made in such confusion, was followed with no other ill-consequence but the death of the worthy Captain Dougall Campbell, who was unfortunately killed by a musket bullet from one of our own pieces in the general confusion. Captain Coote commanded the fort for that night, and at daybreak the fort saluted the Admiral.

Strahan, the hero of this adventure, was soon brought before the Admiral, who, notwithstanding the success that had attended it, thought it necessary to show himself displeased with a measure in which the want of all naval

discipline so notoriously appeared. He therefore angrily inquired into the desperate step which he had taken—

"Strahan, what is this that you have been doing?"

The sailor made his bow, scratched his head with one hand, and, twirling his hat in the other, replied, "Why, to be sure, sir, it was I who took the fort; but I hope, your honour, as how there was no harm in it."

The Admiral with difficulty refrained from smiling at the simplicity of Strahan's answer, and having expatiated largely on the fatal consequences that might have attended his irregular conduct, with a severe rebuke dismissed him, but not before he had given Strahan some distant hints that at a proper opportunity he would be certainly punished for his temerity. Strahan, amazed to find himself blamed where he expected praise, had no sooner gone from the Admiral's cabin than he muttered to himself, "*If I am flogged for this here action, I'll never take another fort by myself as long as I live.*"

The novelty of the case, the success of the enterprise, and the courageous spirit which he had displayed, pleaded strongly with the Admiral on behalf of the offender, and yet at the same time the discipline of the service required that he should show him outwardly some marks of his displeasure. This the Admiral did for some little time, but afterwards, at the intercession of some officers (which intercession the Admiral himself prompted them to make), he most readily pardoned him. And it is not improbable that, had Strahan been proper qualified for the office of boatswain, the Admiral, before the expedition had ended, would have promoted Strahan to that station in one of His Majesty's ships; but, unfortunately for this brave fellow, the whole tenor of his conduct, both before and after the storming of the fort, was so very irregular as to render it impossible for the Admiral to advance him.

Strahan subsequently served in every one of Admiral Pocock's engagements in the West Indies, and afterwards, in consequence of a wound, became a pensioner to the Chest at Chatham. "At present," says the writer of the above account, which is taken from the *Naval Chronicle*, "he acts as a sailor in one of the guardships at Portsmouth, and says that his highest ambition *is to be made cook of one of His Majesty's capital ships!*"

III.—THE COVENANTER.

OUR next episode is taken from "Peden's Life," and the scene is laid in Scotland, at the date of Bothwell Brigg and the merciless persecution of the Covenanters by Graham of Claverhouse.

"One morning, in those evil days, a man of the name of John Brown, having performed the worship of God in his family, was going with a spade in his hand to make ready some peat-ground. The mist being very dark, he knew not where he was, till the bloody Claverhouse compassed him with three troops of his horse, brought him to his house, and there examined him.

"John Brown, though a man of stammering speech, yet answered him both distinctly and solidly, which made Claverhouse examine those whom he had taken to be his guides through the moors, if they had heard him preach. They answered, 'No, no, he was never a preacher.' To which he replied, 'If he has never preached, meikle has he prayed in his time.' He then said to John, 'Go to your prayers, for you shall immediately die.'

"When he was praying, Claverhouse interrupted him three times. One time that he interrupted him he was praying that the Lord would spare a remnant, and not make a full end in the day of His anger. Claverhouse said, 'I gave you time to pray, and you are begun to preach.' He turned on his knees and said, 'Sir, you know neither the nature of prayer nor preaching, that call this preaching;' and then continued without confusion.

"His wife standing by, with her children in her arms, he came to her and said, 'Now, Marion, the day is come that I told you would come when I first spoke to you of marrying me.' She said, 'Indeed, John, I can willingly part with you.' Then he said, 'This is all I desire; I have no more to do but to die.'

"He kissed his wife and bairns, and wished purchased and promised blessings to be poured upon them, and gave them his blessing. Claverhouse ordered six soldiers to shoot him. The most part of the bullets came upon his head, which scattered the brains upon the ground. Then said Claverhouse to the hapless widow, 'What thinkest thou of thy husband now, woman?' To which she answered, 'I thought ever much of him, and now as much as ever.' He said, 'It were but justice to lay thee beside him.' She replied, 'If ye were permitted, I doubt not your cruelty would go that length; but how will ye mak answer for this morning's work?' 'To men,' said he, 'I can be answerable; and for God, I will take Him in mine own hand.'

"Claverhouse mounted his horse and left her with the corpse of her dead husband lying there; she set the bairn on the ground, and gathered his brains, and tied up his head, and straightened his body, and covered him with her plaid, and sat down and wept over him. It being a very desert place, where never a victual grew, and far from neighbours, it was some time before any friends came to her. The first that came was a very fit hand, that old singular Christian woman in the Cummerhead, named Elizabeth Menzies, three miles distant, who had been tried with the violent death of her husband at Pentland, afterwards of two worthy sons—Thomas Weir, who was killed at Drumclog; and David Steele, who was suddenly shot afterwards when taken. The said Marion, sitting upon her husband's grave, told me that before this she could see no blood but she was in danger to faint; and yet she was helped to be a witness to all this without either fainting or confusion, except, when the shots let off, her eyes were dazzled. His corpse was buried at the end of the house where he was slain."

A DESPERATE ERRAND

THE ADVENTURE OF GRIZEL COCHRANE.

AT Edinburgh, almost under the shadow of the spire of St. Giles's, in the pavement between that old cathedral church and the County Hall, the passer-by will mark the figure of a heart let into the causeway, and know that he is standing on the "Heart of Midlothian," the site of the old Tolbooth. That gloomy pile vanished in the autumn of 1817; as Mr. Stevenson says, "the walls are now down in the dust; there is no more *squalor carceris* for merry debtors, no more cage for the old acknowledged prison-breaker; but the sun and the wind play freely over the foundations of the gaol;" this place, "old in story and name-father to a noble book." The author of that same "noble book" possessed himself of some memorials of the keep he had rendered so famous, securing the stones of the gateway, and the door with its ponderous fastenings to decorate the entrance of his kitchen-court at Abbotsford. And this is all that is left.

But in the summer and autumn of 1685 the Tolbooth held prisoners enough, notwithstanding the many gloomy processions that were from time to time walking to the axe and halter in the Grassmarket; and in a narrow cell, late one August evening, two persons were sitting of whom this story shall treat. These two were Sir John Cochrane, of Ochiltree, and his daughter Grizel—here on the saddest of errands, to visit her father in prison and help in his preparations for death.

For Sir John, a stout Whig, had been one of the leaders of Argyle's insurrection; had been beaten with his troops by Lord Ross at Muirdykes; had disbanded his handful of men, and fled for hiding to the house of his uncle, Mr. Gavin Cochrane, of Craigmuir; had been informed against by his uncle's wife, seized, taken to Edinburgh; had been paraded, bound and bareheaded, through the streets by the common executioner; and then on the 3d of July flung into the Tolbooth to await his trial for high treason. And now the trial, too, was over, and Sir John was condemned to die.

As he now sat, with bowed head, on the bench of his cell, it was not the stroke of death that terrified him — for Sir John was a brave man — but the parting with his children, who would through his rashness be left both orphaned and penniless (for the Crown would seize his goods), and chiefly the parting with his daughter, who had been his one comfort in the dark days of waiting for the King's warrant of execution to arrive.

Between his apprehension and his trial no friend or kinsman had been

allowed to visit him ; but now that his death was assured, greater license had been granted. But, anxious to deprive his enemies of a chance to accuse his sons, he had sent them his earnest entreaties and commands that they should abstain from using this permisson until the night before his execution. They had obeyed ; but obedience of this sort did not satisfy the conscience of his daughter Grizel. On the very night of his condemnation he heard the key turn in his door ; thinking it could only be the gaoler, he scarcely lifted his eyes But next moment a pair of soft arms were flung round his neck, and his daughter weeping on his breast. From that day she had continued to visit him ; and now as she sat beside him, staring at the light already fading in the narrow pane, both father and daughter knew that it was almost the last time.

Presently she spoke —

"And this message — tell me truly, have you any hope from it?"

It was an appeal made by Sir John's father, the Earl of Dundonald, to Father Peters, the King's confessor, who often dictated to him, as was well known, on matters of State. But in the short time left, would there be time to press this appeal, and exert that influence in London which alone could stay the death-warrant?

"There is no hope in that quarter," said Sir John.

Grizel knew that he spoke only what was her own conviction, and her despair.

"Argyle is dead these three days," pursued her father, "and with him men of less consequence than I. Are they likely to spare me—a head of the rising? Would they spare any man now, in the heat of their revenge?"

"Father," said Grizel suddenly, "could you spare me from your side for a few days?"

Sir John looked up. He knew by her manner that she had formed some plan in her mind ; he knew, too, from her heart, that nothing but a chance of winning his safety could take her from him now, of all times.

"My child," he said, "you are going to attempt something."

She nodded, with a brighter face than she had worn for many days.

"And what you would attempt," he went on, "is an impossibility."

"Nothing is impossible to a true heart," she said.

"And who will help you?"

"No one." She was standing before him now, and in the twilight he could see her eyes lit up with hope, her figure upright, and as if full of a man's strength.

"My girl, you will run into danger — into blame. They will not spare you, and—do you know the characters of those men whom you would have to sue?"

She bent and kissed him.

"I am a Cochrane, my father."

Early next morning, before the world was up, Grizel Cochrane was mounted

on horseback and riding towards the border. She had dressed herself—this girl of eighteen— as a young serving-woman, and when she drew rein at a wayside cottage, for food and drink, professed herself journeying on a borrowed horse to visit her mother's house, across the Tweed.

By noon Edinburgh was some leagues behind, but she pressed on through that day and most of the following night. On the second day after leaving Edinburgh she crossed the Tweed, and came in safety to the home of an old nurse, on the English side, four miles beyond the town of Berwick.

"SHE PULLED OUT THE PISTOLS" (*p.* 120).

"Gude sakes!" cried the old woman, who was standing at her cottage door and was rather astonished to find the horsewoman draw rein, leap to the ground, and plant a kiss on either cheek —"Gude sakes! if it isna Miss Grizel!"

"Quickly, into the house!" commanded her young mistress; "I have somewhat to tell that will not wait an hour."

She knew the old nurse was to be trusted, and therefore told her story and her secret. "Even now," she said at the end of her story, "the postman is riding from London with the warrant in his bag. I must stop him and make him give it up to me, or my father's head is the penalty."

"But what use to talk o' this, when the postman is a stout rider, and armed to boot? How is a mere girl, saving your presence, to do this at all?"

"Look here."

Grizel uurolled a bundle which she had brought on her saddle-crutch from Edinburgh; it held a horseman's cloak and a brace of pistols.

"Now," said she, "where are the clothes of Donald, my foster-brother? He was a slight lad in times syne, and little doubt they'll fit me."

For this was indeed the brave girl's plan:— In those times the mail from London took eight days on its journey to Edinburgh; by possessing herself of the warrant for her father's death and detaining it, she could count on the

delay of sixteen or seventeen days at least before application could be made for a second, and that signed and sent to the Scotch capital. By this delay, time enough would be won for her friends in London to use all their influence to quash the sentence.

It was a mad scheme ; but, as she had said, nothing is impossible to a true heart. She had possessed herself, too, of the minutest information with regard to the places where the postmen rested on their journey. One of these places, she knew, was a small inn kept by a widow on the outskirts of the little town of Belford. There the man who received the bag at Durham was accustomed to arrive at about six in the morning, and take a few hours' sleep before going on with his journey. And at Belford, Grizel Cochrane had determined to meet him.

Taking leave of her faithful nurse, she rode southwards again, and, timing her pace, drew up before the inn at Belford just an hour after the postman had come in from the south and disposed himself to sleep.

The mistress of the inn had no ostler, so Grizel stabled her horse with her own hands, and striding into the inn-parlor, demanded food and drink.

"Sit ye down, then," answered the old woman, "at the end of yon table, for the best I have to give you is there already. And be pleased, my bonny man, to make as little noise as may be ; for there's one asleep in that bed that I like ill to disturb."

She pointed to the victuals on the board, which were indeed the remains of the sleeping man's meal. Grizel sat down before them, considered to herself while she played with a mouthful or two, and then asked —

"Can I have a drink of water ?"

"'Deed," answered the hostess, "and are ye a water-drinker ? 'Tis but an ill-custom for a change-house."

"Why, that I know ; and so, when I put up at an inn, 'tis my custom always to pay for it the price of stronger drink, which I cannot take."

"Indeed — well, that's fairly spoken ; and, come to think of it, 'tis but just.' The landlady brought a jug of water and set it on the board.

"Is the well where you got this water near at hand ?" said Grizel, pouring out a glass and sipping at it ; "for if 'tis no trouble to fetch some fresh for me, I will tell you this is rather over-warm and flat. Your trouble shall be considered in the lawing," added she.

"'Tis a good step off," answered the dame ; "but I cannot refuse to fetch for so civil, discreet a lad — and a well-favored one, besides So bide ye here, and I'll be as quick as I maun. But for any sake take care and don't meddle with the man's pistols there, for they are loaded, the both ; and every time I set eyes on them they scare me out of my senses, almost."

She took up a pitcher and went out to draw the water. No sooner was Grizel left alone than, starting up, she waited for a moment, listening to the footsteps as they died away in the distance, and then crept swiftly across the

floor to the place where the postman lay asleep. He lay in one of those close wooden bedsteads, like cupboards, which were then common in the houses of the poor, and to this day may be seen in many a house in Brittany. The door of it was left half-open, to give the sleeper air, and from this aperture the noise of his snoring issued in a way that shook the house.

Nevertheless, it seemed to the girl that he must be awakened by the creaking of the floor under her light footfall. With heart in mouth she stole up to the bedstead, and gently pulling the door still wider ajar, peeped in, in the hope of seeing the mail-bag and being able to pounce upon it.

She saw it, indeed ; but to her dismay, it lay beneath the shaggy head of its guardian — a giant in size. The postman used his charge as a pillow, and had flung himself so heavily across it as to give not the faintest hope that any one could pull it away without disturbing its keeper from his nap. Nothing could be done now. In those few bitter moments, during which she stood helplessly looking from the bag which contained the fatal warrant to the unconscious face of the man before her, Grizel made up her mind to another plan.

She turned to the table, caught up the postman's holsters, and pulled out the pistols of which the old woman had professed herself in such terror. Quickly drawing and secreting the charges, she returned them to their cases, with many an anxious look over her shoulder towards the bedstead, and took her seat again at the foot of the table.

Hardly had she done so when she heard the old woman returning with the pitcher. Grizel took a draught, for her throat felt like a lime-kiln, and having settled her bill, much to the landlady's satisfaction, by paying for the water the price of a pot of beer, prepared to set off. She carelessly asked and ascertained how much longer the other guest was likely to sleep.

"By the noise he makes he intends sleeping till Doomsday," she said, laughing.

"Ay, poor man ! his is a hard life," said the hostess ; "and little more than half an hour more before he must be on the highway again,"

Grizel laughed once more, and, mounting her horse, set off at a trot along the road southward, as if continuing her journey in that direction.

Hardly had she got beyond the town, however, when turning the horse's head she galloped back, making a circuit around Belford and striking into the high road again between that place and Berwick. Having gained it, she walked the horse gently on, awaiting the coming up of the postman.

Though all her mind was now set on the enterprise before her, she could not help a shiver of terror as she thought on the chance of her tampering with the pistols being discovered, and their loading replaced. But she had chosen her course, and now she must go through with it. She was a woman, after all ; and it cannot be wondered that her heart began to beat quickly as her ear caught the sound of hoofs on the road behind her, and, turning, she saw

the man on whose face she had been gazing not an hour before, trotting briskly towards her—the mail-bags (there were two — one containing the letters direct

"'THAT MAIL I MUST AND WILL HAVE. CHOOSE, THEN'" (*p.* 122).

from London, the other those taken up at the different post-offices on the road) strapped one on each side of his saddle in front, close to the holsters.

At the last moment her nerve came back, and as he drew near she saluted

him civilly and with perfect calmness, put her horse into the same pace with his, and rode on for some way in his company.

The postman was a burly, thick-set man, with a good-humored face. You may be sure that Miss Cochrane inspected it anxiously enough, and was relieved to find that it did not contain any vast amount of hardy courage.

The man was well enough inclined for conversation, too, and as they rode had a heap of chat, which it seemed a pity to interrupt. At length, however. when they were about half-way between Belford and Berwick, Grizel judged now or never was the time. Pulling her horse's rein gently so as to bring her close to her company, she said in a low but perfectly determined voice —

"Friend, I have taken a fancy for those mail-bags of yours, and I must have them ; therefore take my advice, and deliver them up quietly, for I am provided for all hazards. I am mounted, as you see, on a fleet horse ; I carry fire-arms ; and, moreover, I am allied with those who are stronger, though not bolder, than I. You see that wood, yonder?" she continued, pointing to one about a mile off, with an accent and air meant to corroborate her bold words. "Then take my advice : give me up your bags, and speed back the road you came for the present, nor dare to approach that wood for at least two or three hours to come."

The postman, whose eyes had been growing rounder and rounder during this speech from the stripling beside him, pulled up and looked at her in dumb amazement for some moments.

"If," said he, as soon as he found his tongue, "you mean, young master, to make yourself merry at my expense, you are heartily welcome. I can see a joke, I trust, as well as another man ; so have your laugh out, and don't think I'm one to take offence at the words of a foolish boy. But if," and here he whipped a pistol from his holster and turned the muzzle on her face — "if y'are mad enough to think seriously of such a business, then I am ready for you."

They had come to a stand now, in the middle of the road ; and Grizel felt an ugly sinking at the heart as she looked at the mouth of the pistol, now not a yard from her cheek. Nevertheless she answered, very quietly and coolly—

"If you have a doubt, dismiss it ; I am quite in earnest."

The postman, with his hand on the trigger, hesitated.

"Methinks, my lad, you seem of an age when robbing a garden or an old woman's fruit-stall would befit you better, if so be you *must* turn thief, than taking His Majesty's mails upon his highway from a stout and grown man. So be thankful, then, you have met with one who will not shed blood if he can help it, and go your way before I am provoked to fire."

"Sir," said Grizel, "you are a worthy man ; nor am I fonder of bloodshed than you ; but if you will not be persuaded, what shall I do? For I have said—and it is truth—that mail I must and will have. Choose, then ;" and

with this she pulled out a pistol from under her cloak, and, cocking it, presented it in his face.

"Nay, then, your blood be on your own head," cried the postman, and raising his pistol again he pulled the trigger ; it flashed in the pan. Dashing the weapon to the ground, he pulled out the other in a moment, and aiming it in Grizel's face, fired—with the same result. In a furious passion he flung down this pistol, too, sprang from his horse, and dashed forward to seize her. She dug her spurs into her horse's flank and just eluded his grasp. Meanwhile the postman's horse, frightened at the noise and the struggle, had moved forward a pace or two. The girl saw her opportunity, and seized it in the same instant Another dig with the spurs, and her own horse was level with the other ; leaning forward she caught at the bridle, and calling to the pair, in an instant was galloping off along the highway, leaving the postman helplessly staring.

She had gone about a hundred yards with her prize, when she pulled up to look back. Her discomfited antagonist was still standing in the middle of the road, apparently stupefied with amazement at the unlooked-for turn which affairs had taken. Shouting to him to remember her advice about the wood, she put both the horses to their speed, and on looking back once more was gratified to find that the postman, impressed with the truth of her mysterious threat, had turned and was making the best of his way back to Belford.

On gaining the wood to which she had pointed, Grizel tied the postman's horse to a tree, at a safe distance from the road, and set about unfastening the straps of the mail-bags. With a sharp penknife she ripped them open, and searched for the Government despatches among their contents. To find these was not difficult, owing to their address to the Council in Edinburgh, and of the imposing weight of their seals. Here she discovered, not only the warrant for her father's death but also many other sentences inflicting punishment in varying degrees on the unhappy men who had been taken in the late rising. Time was pressing ; she could not stop to examine the warrants, but, quickly tearing them in small pieces, placed them carefully in her bosom.

This done, and having arranged all the private papers as far as possible as she had found them, Grizel mounted her horse again and rode off. The postman's horse and the mail-bags, she imagined, would soon be found, from the hints which she had given to the man about the wood — and this afterwards proved to be the case. She now set her horse at a gallop again, and did not spare whip or spur until she reached the cottage of her nurse, where her first care was to burn, not only the warrant for her father's death, but the remainder of the sentences on his fellow-prisoners. Having satisfied herself that all trace of the obnoxious papers was now consumed, she put on again her female garments, and was once more the gentle and unassuming Miss Grizel Cochrane.

It was high time, however, to be making her way northwards again ; ac-

cordingly she left her pistols and cloak to be concealed by the nurse, and again set forward on her journey. By avoiding the high-road, resting only at the most sequestered cottages — and then but for an hour or so — and riding all the while as hard as she might, she reached Edinburgh in safety early next morning.

It remains only to say that the time thus won by this devoted girl was enough to gain the end for which she strove. Instigated by a bribe of £5,000 from Lord Dundonald, Father Peters plied the ear of King James so importunately that at length the order was signed for Sir John Cochrane's pardon.

The state of public affairs rendered it prudent for many years that this action of Grizel Cochrane's should be kept secret; but after the Revolution, when men could speak more freely, her heroism was known and applauded. She lived to marry Mr. Ker, of Morriston, in Berwickshire, and doubtless was as good a wife as she had proved herself a daughter.

A TIGER HUNT IN INDIA

"GOOTUL, *April 31st.*

A NOTORIOUS old man-eating tigress, with four cubs, that has be the terror of the neighbourhood for some months back, was mark down this morning, and almost the whole population of the villa turned out to assist in her destruction. As she had the charact of extreme ferocity, unusual precautions were taken in beating her up, a volleys of blank cartridge, with flights of rockets, were thrown into every thi place, far in advance of the beaters.

"The tigress was soon afoot, and our assistant *mahout*, who was posted a tree to look out, held up five fingers to telegraph, while he shook wi agitation on beholding the whole family passing close under him. C reaching the edge of the cover where we were posted, the tigress left her cu behind, walked out into the plain, and boldly looked the elephant in the fac laying her ears back, growling savagely, and curling up her whiskered lips wi a look of indescribable ferocity. Every hair on her back stood erect, her lo tail switched from side to side like that of an enraged cat, and her glowi eyes were fixed upon us with a look of fiendish malignity. I never saw a mo perfect representation of an incarnate fiend; and I remained for some second with my rifle poised, studying the magnificent picture which the scene presente and feeling a sort of reluctance to put an end to it by firing the first shot.

"Every tree and rock was crowded with spectators, watching with anxio looks and beating hearts the issue of our contest with their deadly foe. T wild yells of the beaters, the hissing of the rockets, and the rattle of fire-arm had given place to an ominous silence, like that which precedes the outbrea of a hurricane; and no sound was heard save an occasional low, deep grow which might well be compared to distant thunder that heralds the approachi tempest. The tigress, in the attitude I have described, and our noble elepha with his trunk carefully coiled up between his tusks, stood face to face, like tw combatants who have just entered the lists and scan each other with jealo looks before venturing to engage in mortal combat.

"The elephant took one step forward, and the tigress, uttering a hoar growl, drew herself together as if about to spring. It was now time to ac and the report of our rifles was answered by an exulting shout from t spectators, as the tigress, hit in the point of the shoulder, rolled over, tearin up the earth with her claws in many a fruitless effort to regain her footin She at last succeeded in doing so, and slunk back into cover. This sh decided her fate; and to prevent any accident occurring to mar the spo

we anticipated when she was brought to close quarters, we ordered the spectators and beaters to betake themselves to trees, where they would be fairly out of reach.

"'Anak' was now walked into the thicket, but we had hardly proceeded twenty yards, when that harsh grating roar that makes the blood curdle, followed by a despairing shriek, gave us dread warning that some unfortunate beater had disregarded our caution, and fallen a victim to his temerity. A wild cry of rage and execration arose from the assembled multitude, many of whom, from their elevated positions, were enabled to witness the tragedy. But so far from being awed by the fate of their companion, it was with some difficulty that we prevented them from rushing in, sword in hand, and hewing the tigress in pieces, although they well knew in so doing many lives must have been sacrificed.

"Every exertion was now made to hurry the elephant to the spot. The *mahout* plied his iron goad, and the sagacious brute crashed his way through the tangled brushwood to the scene of blood. The tigress, enraged by the pain of her wounds, and roused to madness by the taste of blood, rushed out and charged the elephant with determined bravery. Our large friend with the trunk did not like it, and wheeling round with a scream of alarm, he shuffled off at his best trot, jolting the howdah to such a degree that we found it impossible to fire, although the tigress was giving chase, open-mouthed, and close at his haunches.

"The *mahout* at last succeeded in checking his pace to a certain degree, and just as the tigress was about to spring on his croup, I took a snap shot, and hit her. This made the savage old beast rather faint, and she lay down to recover her breath. After some trouble, we succeeded in stopping the elephant, and coaxed him into returning to stand another charge.

"The tigress lay perfectly still till we were within ten yards, when she started up with a loud roar and made at us more savagely than ever. She had hardly got upon her legs, however, when she was knocked over by a volley from four barrels and completely doubled up.

"The elephant, whose nerves appeared to have been shaken by the first charge, again turned tail. On returning, after having reloaded, we found the tigress lying with her head between her paws, ready to receive us. We fired at her as she was in the act of springing on the elephant's trunk, and a lucky shot between the eyes rolled her over, dead.

"The fall of this noted tigress was hailed with shouts of triumph by the amateurs who had watched the whole proceeding from their perches ; and a poor little herd-boy, whose brother had been devoured a few days before by the tigress and her cubs, was the first to descend and exult over the prostrate man-eater.

"As the cubs were described as not being larger than a pointer dog, we commenced a hunt for them on foot, armed with swords ; but the little brutes had concealed themselves so effectually that we could not find them.

"The poor little herd-boy whose brother had been killed was twice before attacked by this same tigress; but a herd of fine large buffaloes which he tended, headed by a sagacious old bull, came at his call and drove her off. He was close to his brother when she seized him, and actually saw the tigress with her four cubs feeding off the body. Unfortunately, on this occasion, the buffaloes were grazing at some distance; had they heard the boy's cries, or seen the tigress, they would probably have charged, and beaten her back, for they had been seen to attack her in a body several times when she ventured into the open plain; and the boy said he never feared a tiger so long as his cattle were near him.

"The natives begged to be allowed to carry home the tigress after their own fashion, and she was accordingly handed over to them to be dealt with as they saw fit.

"Having carefully singed off the whiskers, with various superstitious ceremonies, they placed the body of the tigress, ornamented with garlands of flowers, upright on a cart, drawn by eight bullocks, and in this state dragged her in procession through the village, preceded by a band of native musicians and followed by a crowd of men, women, and children, exulting over the remains of a deadly foe, and invoking blessings on our heads for having rid them of her dreaded presence.

"Killing a tiger is at all times a satisfactory exploit. But the death of a brute like this, such a pest while living, so game in her last moments, is indeed a glorious victory. Were it not for the melancholy fate of the unfortunate beater, I should say this is the most satisfactory day's sport I have yet seen in India. An acccident of this sort is always a sad damper to one's feelings of triumph; but we have at least the satisfaction of thinking that it was occasioned entirely by the poor fellow's own imprudence; and that by ridding the country of this dreadful scourge, we have probably been the means of saving many human lives at the expense of one."

"A SPLENDID BUT AWFUL SCENE PRESENTED ITSELF"

SAVED AT SEA

I—THE TALE OF THE "GEORGIAN"

IT was barely a fortnight since I had received my commission, in the year 1807, as junior lieutenant of H.M.S. *D*——, then on the India station (a vacancy having occurred in her under some puzzling circumstances, unnecessary to describe here, which the Admiralty decided on as bringing the appointment within their jurisdiction), and along

with it a letter from Lord —— himself, containing a civil hint that if I intended remaining in the service, and looked for future promotion, the sooner I was off the better; a postscript added that as the *Warren Hastings* (Company's ship) was appointed to carry out stores to St. Helena, and sailed in eight days, he had kindly engaged a passage for me, thinking I should be "rather hurried" on having such short notice to quit, and might not have time to see about it myself. So, as there was no help for it, I sent my traps down to the ship, and joined her myself at Northfleet Hope on the day after. We thence proceeded to the Downs, and anchored in company with a fleet of about forty sail of West Indiamen and five transports, under convoy of H.M.S. *A* ——, waiting for more moderate weather and a favourable shift of wind.

Wishing to finish some letters, I left the cuddy rather early, and instead of "dowsing my glim" when the master-at-arms came round at four bells, I sent him up with a message to the officer of the deck, and continued writing away in my cabin long after every one else had turned in, with the exception of the anchor watch, whose quick heavy tramp on deck formed a sweet accompaniment to the peppering of the rain against the sash, until, pen in hand, I fell into a sound sleep, whence I was aroused by the sudden report of a gun upon the larboard quarter, which I immediately concluded to be the commodore making daylight, supposing that the fleet was no longer wind-rode, but had swung to the ebb; for when I came below, the *A* —— was lying on our starboard bow. I was mistaken, however; the gale was harder than before, and it wanted at least five good hours of the time.

"Ready with the gun, there, for'ard — Fire! — Hand up the engine from below! — Call the captain! — Pipe both cutters away!" were the orders I heard loudly issuing on board of us, followed by a rush up the hatchway ladders and overhead, as if a man had fallen overboard.

"Hook the yard tackles!—Turn the hands up!—Out large cutter!" thundered forth the skipper, who was coming out from under the awning just as I reached the top of the companion; and in a very short time the boat was swinging in mid-air, much to the discomfiture of the various live stock in the launch, if one might judge from the Dutch concert they were kicking up at being with so little ceremony unroofed.

I sprang into the hammock nettings, and looked around. A splendid but an awful scene presented itself. Broad on our larboard quarter lay the *Georgian* transport; the whole of one side, from the brake of the forecastle to the gangway, enveloped in a large sheet of flame, extending as high as her maintop, and casting round a dazzling glare; while the blue lights that were continually burning throughout the fleet served to heighten the effect, by rendering all our countenances as ghastly and spectral as though we had been inhabitants of another world, suffered to burst the confines of the grave, and summoned, during the warring of the elements, to gaze on the misery of the helpless wretches whose fearful shrieks sounded appallingly, as they reached us at

intervals—now, during the lulls, clear and piercingly distinctly, and then again but faintly, as they died away to leeward—smothered in the howling of the blast.

I was too late to go away in either of the quarter-boats; but as soon as the large cutter was fairly hoisted out, I jumped in and took an oar; for on occasions like these, "No more cats are wanted than catch mice." On reaching the transport, I recognised, in the *A*——*'s* barge, my old friend Verner, who was first lieutenant of that ship. Short greetings, however, pass in a heavy sea alongside a burning ship; and, indeed, we had enough to do in receiving the poor wretches who hastily crowded into the boats, shivering and shaking — not with cold, for it was scorching hot—and depositing them in safety on board the Indiaman (which was the nearest ship), where fires were lit in the galleys, and restoratives used to many of the women, who, in a perfect state of insensibility, had been wrapped in blankets, and lowered down the side with a rope's end. One, in particular, I remarked, who seemed much more stunned by external injury than inward fear.

Although the Dealmen, usually on the look-out for accidents amongst the ships during a gale of wind of this description, were all away assisting a couple of small craft that had got upon the Goodwins, yet the master of the *Georgian* had reckoned so confidently on receiving prompt assistance from the King's ship and Indiaman, that having (besides his long-boat, which was of course stowed on deck, and, moreover, too much damaged by the fire to be of any service) only one quarter-cutter and an old crazy dingey, which would not have lived a minute in the sea that was then running, he had with his own hand cut them both away on the first alarm of fire, before a single soul had time to enter either.

When I returned in one of the boats, which had been sent back for the third time, with some fresh hands to help in getting out anything that could possibly be saved, I found him and about a dozen of the transport's men still on board, working away like horses, totally heedless of their danger, and literally endeavouring to cut away the part of the upper-deck and starboard bulk-heads which was on fire. The ship presented a most singular appearance, one side only having been at all burnt, for the flames had been driven aft too rapidly by the violence of the wind to allow of their spreading much in a lateral direction. True, mass after mass of burning rigging came thundering down on deck from aloft, which, had they been suffered to remain, would have speedily set it all on fire, but they were immediately either hove overboard with crow-bars, or extinguished by the bucketfuls of water that were incessantly dashed about in every direction. But it was in vain — the flames raged fierce than ever — the gale was rising — the only cable which remained was stranded in two places—and a moment's breathing-time, a council of war was held between Verner, first lieutenant of the *A* ——; Smitherson, the master of the transport; O'Kasey, sixth mate of the Indiaman, and myself, as to the utility of further risking our lives by staying.

Under all circumstances, there could be but one opinion on the subject; and then, and not till then, did Macpherson quit the deck, saying to Vernon as he swung himself by a rope into the main-sheets of the barge, "You will bear witness, sir, I have done my duty to the last." And sitting down he covered his face with his hands, to hide the emotions he felt on leaving the ship, for the last time, that he had faithfully commanded for so many years.

There was some difficulty in again reaching our respective ships; and indeed it was full time we did so, for the gale was now nearly at its highest pitch. Many of the smaller vessels had parted, and were drifting on board each other, while the sullen boom of minute-gun after minute-gun might be heard in all directions; and several times the boats had the narrowest escape of being swamped.

Although cold and wet to the extreme, I felt so excited that, instead of going below, I remained on the poop, gazing on the still burning wreck, in company with many of the officers, when we were suddenly startled by the shrill sound of a woman's voice, screaming in the wildest accents of despair—"My bairn! my bairn! Gin ye've the hearts o' men ye'll save my bairn! It's a' that God has left to me!" and the female whom I had before noticed as being injured rushed aft, her long dishevelled hair streaming in the wind and her pallid countenance streaked with the blood that had issued from her forehead; and, dashing herself down on the deck before the captain, threw one arm round his knees and pointed with the other, in almost speechless agony, to the wreck.

The skipper looked at the weather and shook his head—then at the [illegible]—and lastly at the poor creature who lay extended at his feet. From what little I have seen of Captain S——, I should judge him to be as clear-headed and strong-minded as any man afloat; but in this case the unrelenting dictates of prudence as an officer gave way before his feelings as a man, and he shouted, in a voice that needed no speaking-trumpet to assist it—

"Volunteers for the wreck!"

"I'll go myself," he added, turning round to Brown, the chief mate.

"Not while there are six officers in the ship," bluntly replied the old rough-spun specimen. "Clear away the leeward cutter!" continued he, scrambling over the hen-coops, followed by O'Kasey, five of the forecastle men, and I. "Bear her off with your oars, boys! Lower away smartly! Let go all!" sang out the old fellow directly the boat's bottom touched the water. The after-tackle unhooked of itself, and was instantly whisked up high over our heads; but we were forced to "cut knife," and run rope through the other one. At last we shoved off, bending to the oars in silence—small talk growing generally rather scarce when death is staring people in the face; and indeed, there were fearful odds against us, for, in the words of the song, "the sea was mountains rolling;" and though the cutter was fitted with air-tight lockers lining the sides below the thwarts, so as to prevent her going down even if full of water to the gunwales' edge, yet as we were not provided with the same

had anything happened to capsize her bottom upwards, and cant us out, it would have been but poor fun to know that she swam while we ourselves were sinking.

The lower rigging of the Indiaman was crowded as high, nearly, as the futtock-shrouds. The eyes of all were intently fixed upon us ; and above two hundred voices shouted in a breath, "Give way, my fine fellows ! Give way shipmates — for your lives, give way ! "

But there was one on board that ship who, regarding our progress, shuddered at every wave that reared and threatened to overwhelm us and blast her own fond hopes We saw her form bending over the hammock nettings, her hands raised to heaven, and heard her voice through the roaring of the gale as she fervently exclaimed, in a tone that I shall never forget to my dying hour, " Bless ye, bless ye ! The Father o' the fatherless preserve ye in His mercy ! Bless ye, bless ye ! " And had not another and a mightier Hand been stretched forth upon the waters, vain would have been the courage or seamanship of the best among us, officer or man.

There being six hands in the cutter besides Driver and O'Kasey, I let the latter take the bow-oar, and, coiling up my legs, stowed myself away in the head-sheets as comfortably as circumstances would allow. When within a couple of ships' lengths of the transport, we saw her mainmast, which was more than half burned through, and entirely unsupported — the standing rigging being already consumed or now burning — went with a tremendous crash ; its scathed and scorched topmast, entirely bare of rigging, save a mass of burning cordage just below the cross-trees (the flames of which were extinguished in their passage through the air), was still on-end ; as the spar fell with its head aft, bearing a little to the larboard hand, it regularly cut under the mizzen-topsail-yard, shattering the top, striking the crossjack-yard with such violence as to carry away the slings and bear it down by the run athwart the deck, and, breaking through the old chafed and worn mizzen-rigging, like so much packthread, it lighted on the taffrail (which was ground and crushed in an instant level with the deck), and there rested quietly, with its head projecting some few feet over the stern. Not ten seconds after, a pale blue phosphoric light, similar to that which sometimes settles on the flying-jibboom end or mast-heads of ships within the tropics, sailed flickering along above the deck, and, gradually descending as it travelled aft, finally took up its station on the main-topmast-head, and. remaining stationary there, shone steadily out, as if to direct us where to pull.

We were now rapidly nearing the *Georgian*, and Driver, who was steering, sang out to me to stand by with the boat-hook, and stave off floating pieces of the wreck, lest we might get a hole knocked in the cutter's bows, at the same time remarking she was pretty full of water as she was.

" Sure, thin, sor, hadn' we better be afther takin' out the plug and lettin it all rin ? " exclaimed one of the men, a countryman of O'Kasey's, actually putting his hand down and feeling for the cork.

"Lave that plug alone!" hastily roared the choleric old chap.

It required a quick eye and steady hand on the part of our coxswain to avoid a bumping match, in which case we should most inevitably have come off second-best; but he handled the cutter beautifully, although more than once she was very nearly thrown broadside-on to the sea, which I thoroughly expected was going to make a clear breach over all, and send us to Davy Jones at once. O'Kasey volunteered to board the transport, if the boat's head were brought right underneath the fallen spar, so that he could scramble up by the tangled maze of rigging which remained. I agreed to follow him. He kicked off his shoes; I tried to do the same with mine; but they were originally a tight fit, and from being successively soaked, scorched, and wetted again, stuck to my feet as though they had been nailed on, and, something like the negro's pig, the more I pulled the more they wouldn't come. "I'll cut' em for you," said O'Kasey, and suiting the action to the word he succeeded in divesting me of these dangerous appendages, at the expense of having the point of the knife run about half an inch into my great toe. It was no time to stand upon trifles, however.

"'HOULD THE BABBY, THIN!'"

"There you are, boys—jump while you may, and catch like cats," was the exhortation we received from Driver.

O'Kasey shut his eyes, and, stepping to the gunwale, bounded lightly off like a Dublin harlequin; but I kept mine wide open, and, singling out a rope, made a desperate spring upwards. One convulsive clutch, a strenuous exertion of my arms, and I was astride the spar and on the transport's deck in the course of half a minute.

A great oversight had been undoubtedly committed by us all, in not ascertaining as to where there existed the greatest probability of finding the child, before we left the ship. Luckily, we espied it under the lee of one of the carronades, where it had been left and forgotten in the hurry of the moment, wrapped in a blanket, unhurt by the fall of the mast, and soundly sleeping amid the roaring of a gale which blew loud enough to wake the dead.

"Can you swim?" said O'Kasey to me.

"Yes."

"Arrah, hould the babby, thin!"

"Can you?"

"Divvle a sthroke!" replied he, and running out to the mast-head he fearlessly flung himself overboard, trusting to the men in the cutter to pick him up.

I looked round for a grating to lash the child to, in case of anything happening to myself, but none was to be found; and as I was nearly scorched to death with the flames, and suffocated with the smoke, I lost no time in following the young Irishman's example; and, providentially, we were all three hooked out and hauled into the cutter without any material damage.

How we ever got near the Indiaman again, God knows. Even as it was, we fetched a good half-cable's length astern of her. The other ships were still farther to windward, so she was our only chance, and a very poor one, too—at least, I thought so.

The men were terribly winded; the boat was half-full of water, which, of course, made it so much the heavier to pull. It was perfectly impossible to bale any of it out, for the biggin was anywhere but where it ought to have been; and as to hats—it was a matter of thankfulness that the hair itself was not blown off our heads.

In this dilemma the same bright idea again struck the acute Irishman, and laying his oar across for a moment he addressed himself to Driver with "The plug y'r honour!" But the chief mate was still inexorable; and, instead of making any headway, we could now barely hold our own.

Captain S—— had, however, provided against such an emergency on board the Indiaman. Some coir rope was stopped with a bit of spun-yarn to the life-buoy, having a spare end of from ten to fifteen fathoms long, the rest being coiled clear away on the hen-coops in readiness for veering. The lanyard of the buoy was then cut—sufficent scope of stray line being first paid out to allow it to reach the water and drift away without checking—when it came floating down to us in glorious style. The end of the coir, which was floating on the surface, and waving about like a snake, was easily caught hold of, and a pretty severe turn taken with it round one of the hawsers. A hawser, which was then sent down to us by means of a snatch-block, with a couple of double-headed shots slung to the hook to keep it steady and accelerate its progress in travelling, was also made fast, and the end on board (of which there was barely enough) being brought to the capstan, "Heave ho!" was the word, and away went the cutter, foaming and flashing through the waves.

Had not the boat been well and strongly built, she would have been torn and riven, as O'Kasey expressed it, "into smithereens;" for long before we were under ship's stern, the water was up to the rowlocks, and more than once we were literally dragged right under a sea, but—thanks to the lockers—with no further damage than a few good salt-water duckings; and at last we

had the inexpressible satisfaction of seeing the child run up to the driver-boom end in a basket, and restored alive to the arms of its mother, who was craning over the taffrails in almost frantic ecstasy.

Thank God! The deck of the *Warren Hastings* was soon once more beneath our feet; and wet and exhausted as I was, I neither stayed to hear the fine speech Captain S—— had prepared for us on the occasion, nor the flattering encomiums of the lady passengers — many of whom were up in the cuddy at the time, shedding tears enough to float a jolly-boat; but staggering down to my cabin, after fortifying the inward man, I rubbed the outward dry, and, stripping the sheets off my cot, turned in between the blankets and fell fast asleep, just as the morning-gun of the *A* —— boomed over the water, announcing to the fleet that daylight had already broke.

II.—AN ADVENTURE IN THE "ENDYMION."

On the 13th of October, 1811, we were cruising in the *Endymion*, off the north of Ireland, in a fine clear day succeeding one in which it had almost blown a hurricane. The master had just taken his meridian observation, the officer of the watch had reported the latitude, the captain had ordered it to be made twelve o'clock, and the boatswain, catching a word from the lieutenant, was in the full swing of his "Pipe to dinner!" when the captain called out—

"Stop! stop! I meant to go about first."

"Pipe belay! Mr. King," smartly ejaculated the officer of the watch, addressing the boatswain; which words, being heard over the decks, caused a sudden cessation of the sounds peculiar to that hungry season. The cook stood with a huge six-pound piece of pork uplifted on his tormentors, his mate ceased to bale out the pea-soup, and the whole ship seemed paralysed. The boatswain, having checked himself in the middle of his long-winded dinner-tune, drew a fresh inspiration, and dashed off into the opposite sharp, abrupt, cutting sound of the "Pipe belay!" the essence of which peculiar note is that its sounds should be understood and acted on with the utmost degree of promptitude.

There was now a dead pause of perfect silence all over the ship, in expectation of what was to come next. All eyes were turned to the chief.

"No; never mind, we'll wait," cried the good-natured captain, unwilling to interfere with the comforts of the men; "let them go to dinner; we shall tack at one o'clock, it will do just as well."

The boatswain, at a nod from the lieutenant of the watch, at once re-commenced his merry "Pipe to dinner" notes; upon which a loud, joyous laugh rang from one end of the ship to the other. This hearty burst was not in the slightest degree disrespectful; on the contrary, it sounded like a grateful expression of glee at the prospect of the appoaching good things which, by this time, were finding their speedy course down the hatchways.

Nothing was now heard but the cheerful chuckle of a well-fed company, the clatter of plates and knives, and the chit-chat of light hearts under the influence of temperate excitement.

When one o'clock came, the hands were called "About ship!" But as the helm was in the very act of going down, the look-out-man at the fore-topmast head called out—

"I see something a little on the lee-bow, sir!"

"Something! What do you mean by 'something'?" cried the first lieutenant, making a motion to the quarter-master at the con to right the helm again.

"I don't know what it is, sir," cried the man; "it is black, however."

"Black! Is it like a whale?" asked the officer, playing a little with his duty.

"Yes, sir," cried the the look-out-man, unconscious that Shakespeare had been before him, "very like a whale!"

The captain and the officer exchanged glances at the poor fellow aloft having fallen into the trap laid for him, and the temptation must have been great to have inquired whether it were not "like a weasel;" but this might have been stretching the jest too far; so the lieutenant merely called to the signal midshipman, and desired him to skull up to the mast-head with his glass, to see what he made of the look-out-man's whale.

"It looks like a small rock," cried young "Skylark" as soon as he reached the top-gallant-yard and had taken the glass from his shoulders, across which he had slung it with a three-yarn fox.

"Stuff and nonsense!" replied the officers, "there are no rocks hereabouts; we can but just see the top of Muckish, behind Tory Island. Take another spy at your object, youngster; the mast-head-man and you will make it out to be something by-and-by, between you, I dare say."

"It's a boat, sir!" roared out the boy. "It's a boat adrift, two or three points on the lee-bow."

"Oh-ho!" said the officer, "that may be, sir," turning with an interrogative air to the captain, who gave orders to keep the frigate away a little that this strange-looking affair might be investigated. Meanwhile, as the ship was not to be tacked, the watch was called, and one half only of the people remained on deck. The rest strolled, sleepy, below; or disposed themselves in the sun on the lee gangway, mending their clothes, or telling long yarns.

A couple of fathoms of the fore and main sheets, and a slight touch of the weather topsail and topgallant braces, with a check on the bow-lines, made the swift-footed *Endymion* spring forward, like a greyhound slipped from the leash. In a short time we made out that the object we were in chase of was, in fact, a boat. On approaching a little nearer, some heads of people became visible, and then several figures stood up, waving their hats to us. We brought to, just to windward of them, and sent a boat to see what was the matter.

It turned out as we supposed; they had belonged to a ship which had foundered in the recent gale. Although their vessel had become water-logged,

"SEVERAL FIGURES STOOD UP." (p. 136.)

they had contrived to hoist their long-boat out, and to stow in her twenty-one persons, some of them seamen and some passengers ; of these, two were women, and three children. Their vessel, it appeared, had sprung a leak in middle of the gale, and, in spite of all their pumping, the water gained so fast upon them that they took to baling as a more effectual method After a time, when this resource failed, the men, totally worn out and quite dispirited, gave it up as a bad job, abandoned their pumps, and actually lay down to sleep. In the morning the gale broke ; but the ship had filled in the meantime, and was falling fast over her broadside. With some some difficulty they disentangled the long-boat from the wreck, and thought themselves fortunate in being able to catch hold of a couple of small oars, with a studding-sail-boom for a mast, on which they hoisted a fragment of their main-hatchway tarpaulin for a sail. One ham and three gallons of water were all the provisions they were able to secure ; and in this fashion they were set adrift on the wide sea The master of the ship, with two gentlemen who were passengers, preferred to stick by the vessel while there was any part of her above water. This, at least, was the story told us by the people we picked up

The wind had been fair for the shore when the long-boat left the wreck, and though their ragged sail scarcely drove them along, their oars were only just sufficient to keep the boat's head the right way. Of course they made but slow progress ; so that when they rose on the top of a swell, which was still very long and high in consequence of the gale, they could only just discover the distant land, Muckish, a remarkable flat-topped mountain on the north-west coast of Ireland, not very far from the promontory called the Bloody Foreland.

There appeared to have been little discipline among this forlorn crew, even when the breeze was in their favour ; but when the wind chopped round, and blew off shore, they gave themselves up to despair, laid in their oars, let the sail flap to pieces, gobbled up all their provisions, and drank out their whole stock of water. Meanwhile the boat, which had been partially stove, in the confusion of clearing the ship, began to fill with water ; and, as they all admitted afterwards, if it had not been for the courage and patience of the women under this sharp trial, they must have gone to the bottom.

As it was both cold and rainy, the poor children, who were too young to understand the nature of their situation, or the inutility of complaining, incessantly cried out for water, and begged that more clothes might be wrapped round them. Even after they came to us the little things were still crying, "Oh ! do give us some water"—words which long sounded in our ears. None of these women were by any means strong — on the contrary, one of them seemed to be very delicate ; yet they managed to rouse the men to a sense of their duty by a mixture of reproaches and entreaties, combined with the example of that singular fortitude which often gives more than masculine vigour to female minds in seasons of danger. How long this might have lasted

I cannot say; but probably the strength of the men, however stimulated, must have given way before night, especially as the wind freshened, and the boat was driving further to sea. Had it not been for the accident of the officer of the forenoon watch on board the *Endymion* being unaware of the captain's intention to tack before dinner, these poor people, most probably, would all have perished.

The women, dripping wet, and scarcely capable of moving hand or foot, were lifted up the side, in a state almost of stupor; for they were confused by the hurry of the scene, and their fortitude had given way the moment all high motive to exertion was over. One of them, on reaching the quarter-deck, slipped through our hands, and falling on her knees, wept violently as she returned thanks for such a wonderful deliverance; but her thoughts were bewildered, and, fancying that her child was lost, she struck her hands together, and leaping again on her feet, screamed out, "Oh! where's my bairn —my wee bairn?"

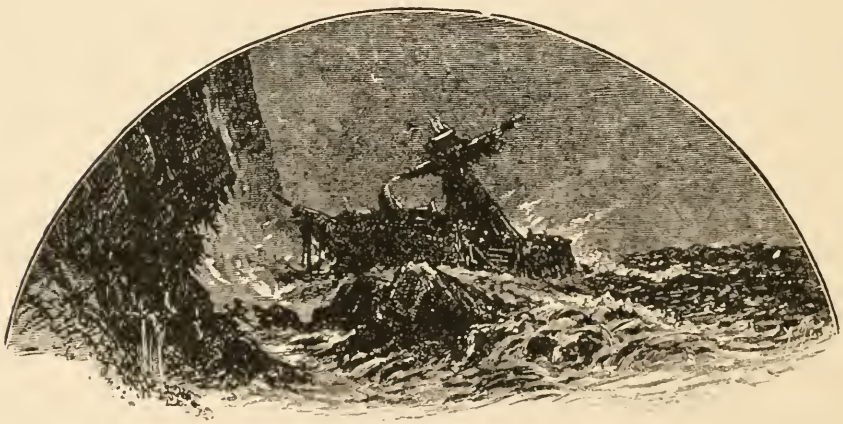
At this instant a hugh quarter-master, whose real name or nickname (I forget which) was Billy Magnus, and who was reported to have no fewer than five wives, and goodness knows how many children, appeared over the gangway hammocks, holding the missing urchin in his immense paw, where it squealed and twisted itself about, like Gulliver between the finger and thumb of the Brobdignag farmer. The mother had just strength enough left to snatch her offspring from Billy, when she sank down flat on the deck, completely exhausted.

By means of a fine blazing fire, and plenty of hot tea, toast, and eggs, it was easy to remedy one class of these poor people's wants; but how to rig them out in dry clothes was a puzzle, till the captain bethought him of a resource which answered very well. He sent to several of the officers for their dressing-gowns; and these, together with supplies from his own wardrobe, made capital gowns and petticoats—at least, till the more fitting drapery of the ladies was dried. The children were tumbled into bed in the same compartment, close to the fire; and it would have done any one's heart good to have witnessed the style in which the provisions vanished from the board, while the women wept, prayed, and laughed, by turns.

The rugged seamen, when taken out of the boat, showed none of these symptoms of emotion, but running instinctively to the scuttle-butt, asked eagerly for a drop of water. As the most expeditious method of feeding and dressing them, they were distributed among the different messes, one to each, as far as they went. Thus they were all soon provided with dry clothing, and with as much to eat as they could stow away; for the doctor, when consulted, said they had not fasted so long as to make it dangerous to give them as much food as they were disposed to swallow. With the exception of the ham devoured in the boat, and which, after all, was but a mouthful apiece, they had tasted nothing for more than thirty hours; so that, I suppose, better justice was never

done to His Majesty's beef, pork, bread, and other good things, with which our follows insisted on stuffing the new-comers, till they fairly cried out for mercy and begged to be allowed a little sleep.

Possibly some of as were more disposed to sympathise with the distress of these people when adrift in their open boat on the wide sea, from having ourselves, about a month before, been pretty much in the same predicament. It always adds, as any one knows, greatly to our consideration for the difficulties and dangers of others, to have recently felt some touch of similar distress in our own persons. This maxim, though it is familiar enough, makes so little impression on our ordinary thoughts, that when circumstances occur to fix our attention closely upon it we are apt to arrive as suddenly at the perception of its truth as if it were a new discovery.



"'ARE ANY OF YOU MARRIED MEN?'"

THE PIRATE'S APPRENTICE.

The Narrative of Philip Ashton.

ON Friday, the 15th of June, 1722, after being out some time in a schooner with four men and a boy, off Cape Sable, I stood in for Port Rosa, designing to lie there all Sunday. Having arrived about four in the afternoon, we saw, among other vessels which had reached the port before us, a brigantine, supposed to be inward bound from the West Indies. We had not remained more than three or four hours at anchor when a boat from the brigantine came alongside, with four hands, who leaped on deck, and suddenly drawing out pistols and brandishing cutlasses, demanded the surrender both of ourselves and our vessel. All remonstrance was vain; nor, indeed, had we known who they were before boarding us, could we have made any effectual resistance, being only five men and a boy, and were thus under the necessity of submitting at discretion. We were not single in misfortune, as thirteen or fourteen fishing vessels were in like manner surprised the same evening.

When carried on board the brigantine, I found myself in the hands of Ned Low, an infamous pirate, whose vessel had two great guns, four swivels, and about forty-two men. I was strongly urged to sign the articles of agreement among the pirates, and to join their number, which I steadily refused, and

suffered much bad usage in consequence. At length we were conducted along with five of the prisoners to the quarter-deck; and Low, coming up to us with pistol in his hands, louldly demanded, "Are any of you married men?" This unexpected question, added to the sight of the pistols, struck us all speechless. We were alarmed least there was some secret meaning in his words, and that he would proceed to extremities; therefore none could reply.

In a violent passion he cocked a pistol, and clapping it to my head, cried out, "You dog! why don't you answer?" swearing vehemently at the same time that he would shoot me through the head. I was sufficiently terrified by his threats and fierceness; but rather than lose my life in so trlfling a matter I ventured to pronounce, as loud as I durst speak, that I was not married. Hereupon he seemed to be somewhat pacified, and turned away. It appeared that Low was resolved to take no married men whatever, which often seemed surprising to me, until I had been a considerable time with him. But his own wife had died lately, before he became a pirate, and he had a young child at Boston, for whom he entertained such tenderness that at every lucid interval from drinking and revelling, on mentioning it I have seen him sit down and weep plentifully. Thus I concluded that his reason for taking only single men was probably that they might have no ties such as wives and children to divert them from his service and render them desirous of returning home.

The pirates, finding force of no avail in compelling us to join them, began to use persuasion instead. They tried to flatter me into compliance by setting before me the share I should have in their spoils, and the riches which I should become master of; and all the time eagerly importuned me to drink along with them. But I still continued to resist their proposals; whereupon Low, with equal fury as before, threatened to shoot me through the head; and though I earnestly entreated my release, he and his people wrote my name and those of my companions in their books.

On the 19th of June the pirates changed the *Privateer*, as they called their vessel, and went into a new schooner belonging to Marblehead, which they had captured. They then put all the prisoners whom they designed sending home on board of the brigantine, and sent her to Boston. This induced me to make another unsuccessful attempt for liberty; but though I fell on my knees before Low he refused to let me go.

Thus I saw the brigantine depart with all the captives, excepting myself and seven more. A short time before she departed I had nearly effected my escape; for a dog belonging to Low being accidentally left on shore, he ordered some hands in a boat to bring it off. Thereupon two young men, captives, both belonging to Marblehead, readily leaped into the boat; and I, considering that if once I could get on shore, means might be found of effecting my escape, endeavored to go along with them. But the quarter-master, called Russel, catching hold of my shoulder, drew me back.

As the young men did not return, he thought I was privy to the plot; and

with the most outrageous oaths snapped his pistol at me on my denying all knowledge of it. The pistol missing fire, however, only served to enrage him the more. He snapped it three times again and as often it missed fire; on which he held it overboard, and then it went off. Russel on this drew his cutlass, and was about to attack me with the utmost fury, when I leaped down into the hold and saved myself.

Off St. Michel's the pirates took a large Portuguese pink, laden with wheat, coming out of the road; and finding her a good sailer, and that she carried fourteen guns, transferred their company into her. It afterwards became necessary to carreen her, whence they made three islands, called the Triangles, lying about forty leagues to the eastward of Surinam. In heaving down the pink, Low had ordered so many men to the shrouds and yards that the ports, by her heeling, got under water, and, the sea rushing in, she over-set.

Low, with the doctor, was in the cabin at the time, and as soon as he observed the water gushing in, he leaped out of one of the stern ports, while the doctor attempted to follow him; but the violence of the sea repulsed the latter, and he was forced back into the cabin. Low, however, contrived to thrust his arm into the port, and, dragging him out, saved his life. Meanwhile the vessel completely over-set; her keel turned out of the water, and as the hull filled, she sank in the depth of about six fathoms. The yard-arms striking the ground, forced the masts somewhat above the water.

As the ship over-set, the people got from the shrouds and yards upon the hull; and as the hull went down, they again resorted to the rigging, rising a little out of the sea. Being an indifferent swimmer, I was reduced to great extremity, for along with other light lads I had been sent up to the maintop-gallant yard; and the people of a boat who were now occupied in preserving the men, refusing to take me in, I was compelled to attempt reaching the buoy. This I luckily accomplished, and, as it was large, secured myself there until the boat aproached.

I once more requested the people to take me in, but they still refused, as the boat was full. I was uncertain whether they designed leaving me to perish in this situation; however, the boat, being deeply laden, made way very slowly, and one of my own comrades, captured at the same time with myself, calling to me to forsake the buoy and swim towards her, I assented, and reaching the boat, was drawn on board by him. Two men, John Bell and Zana Gourdon, were lost in the pink. Though the schooner in company was very near at hand, her people were employed mending their sails under an awning, and knew nothing of the accident until the boat full of men got alongside.

The pirates having thus lost their principal vessel, and the greatest part of their provisions and water, were reduced to great extremities for want of the latter. They were unable to get a supply at the Triangles; nor, on account of calms and currents, could they make the Island of Tobago. Thus they were forced to stand for Grenada, which they reached after being on short allowance

for sixteen days together. Grenada was a French settlement ; and Low on arriving, after having sent all his men below, except a sufficient number to manœuvre the vessel, said he was from Barbadoes, that he had lost the water on board, and was obliged to put in there for a supply.

The people entertained no suspicion of his being a pirate ; but afterwards supposing him a smuggler, thought it a good opportunity to make a prize of his vessel. Next day, therefore, they equipped a large sloop of seventy tons and four guns, with about thirty hands, as sufficient for the capture, and came alongside, while Low was quite unsuspicious of their design. But this being evidently betrayed by their number and actions, he quickly called ninety men on deck, and, having eight guns mounted, made an easy prey of the French sloop.

Provided with these two vessels, the pirates cruised about in the West Indies, taking seven or eight prizes, and at length arrived at the island of Santa Cruz, where they captured two more. After lying there for some days we sailed for the Spanish American settlements. The pirates descried two large ships about half-way between Carthagena and Portobello, which proved to be the *Mermaid*, an English man-of-war, and a Guineaman. We approached in chase, but, discovering the man-of-war's great range of teeth, immediately put about, and made the best of our way off.

The man-of-war then began the pursuit ; and I confess that my terrors were now equal to any that I had previously suffered ; for I concluded that we should certainly be taken and that I should no less certainly be hanged for company's sake — so true are the words of Solomon, "a companion of fools shall be destroyed." But the two pirate vessels, finding themselves outsailed, separated ; and Farrington Spriggs, who commanded the schooner in which I was, stood in for the shore. The *Mermaid*, observing Low's sloop to be the larger of the two crowded all sail, and continued gaining still more — indeed, until her shot flew over the vessel ; but one of the sloop's crew showed Low a shoal which he could pass, and in the pursuit the man-of-war grounded. Thus the pirates escaped hanging on this occasion. Spriggs and one of his chosen companions, dreading the consequences of being captured and brought to justice, laid their pistols beside them in the interval, and pledging a mutual oath in a bumper of liquor, swore, if they saw no possibility of escape, to set foot to foot and blow out each other's brains. But standing towards the shore they made Pickeroon Bay and escaped the danger.

Next we repaired to a small island called Utilla, about seven or eight leagues to leeward of the island of Roatan, in the Bay of Honduras, where the bottom of the schooner was cleaned. There were now twenty-two persons on board, and eight of us engaged in a plot to overpower our masters and make our escape. Spriggs proposed sailing for New England in quest of provisions, and to increase his company ; and we intended, on approaching the coast, when the rest had indulged freely in liquor and fallen sound asleep, to secure them under the hatches and then deliver ourselves up to Government.

Although our plot was carried on with all possible privacy, Spriggs had somehow or other got intelligence of it, and having fallen in with Low on the voyage, went on board his ship to make a furious declaration against us. But Low made little account of his information, otherwise it might have been fatal to most of our number. Spriggs, however, returned raging to the schooner, exclaiming that four of us should go forward to be shot; and to me in particular he said, "You dog, Ashton, you deserve to be hanged up to the yard-arm for designing to cut us off." I replied that I had no intention of injuring any man on board, but I should be glad if they would allow me to go away quietly. At length this flame was quenched, and through the goodness of God I escaped destruction.

Roatan Harbor, like all about the Bay of Honduras, is full of small islands, which pass under the general name of "Keys;" and having got in there, Low, with some of his chief men, landed on a small island which they called "Port Royal Key." There they erected huts, and continued carousing, drinking, and firing, while the different vessels of which they now had possession were repairing.

On Saturday, the 9th of March, 1723, the cooper and six hands were going ashore in the long-boat for water; and on their coming alongside of the schooner, I requested to be of the party. The cooper hesitated. I urged that I had never hitherto been ashore, and thought it hard to be so closely confined when every one besides had the liberty of landing when there was occasion. Low had before told me that I should go home when he did, and swore that I should never previously set my foot on land. But now I considered, if I could possibly once get on *terra firma*, though in ever so bad circumstances, I should count it a happy deliverance, and resolved never to embark again.

The cooper at length took me into the long-boat. Low and his chief people were on a different island from Roatan, where the watering-place lay. My only clothing was an Osnaburg frock and trousers, a milled cap, but neither shirt, shoes, stockings, nor anything else.

When we first landed, I was very active in assisting to get the casks out of the boat, and in rolling them to the watering-place. Then, taking a hearty draught of water, I strolled along the beach, picking up stones and shells. On reaching the distance of musket-shot from the party, I began to withdraw towards the skirts of the woods. In answer to a question by the cooper as to whither I was going, I replied, "For cocoa-nuts," as some cocoa-trees were just before me; but as soon as I was out of sight of my companions I took to my heels, running as fast as the thickness of the bushes and my naked feet would admit.

Notwithstanding I had got considerable way into the woods, I was still so near as to hear the voices of the party if they spoke loudly, and I therefore hid in a thicket where I knew they could not find me. After my comrades had filled their casks, and were about to depart, the cooper called out to me to accompany them; however, I lay snug in the thicket, and gave him no answer,

though his words were plain enough. At length, after hallooing, I could hear them say to one another, "The dog is lost in the woods and cannot find the way out again." Then they hallooed once more, and cried, "He has run away and won't come to us;" and the cooper observed that had he known my intention, he would not have brought me ashore.

Satisfied of their inability to find me among the trees and bushes, the cooper at last, to show his kindness, exclaimed, "If you do not come away presently I shall go off and leave you alone." Nothing, however, could induce me to discover myself; and my comrades, seeing it vain to wait any longer, put off without me.

Thus I was left on a desolated island, destitute of all help, and remote from the track of navigators; but compared with the state and society I had quitted, I considered the wilderness hospitable, and the solitude interesting.

When I thought the whole were gone, I emerged from my thicket and came down to a small run of water, about a mile from the place where our casks were filled, and there sat down to observe the proceedings of the pirates. To my great joy, in five days their vessels sailed, and I saw the schooner part from them to shape a different course. I then began to reflect on myself and my present condition. I was on an island which I had no means of leaving; I knew of no human being within many miles; my clothing was scanty, and it was impossible to procure a supply; I was altogether destitute of provisions, nor could I tell how my life was to be supported. This melancholy prospect drew a copious flood of tears from my eyes; but as it had pleased God to grant my wishes in being liberated from those whose occupation was the devising mischief against their neighbors, I resolved to account every hardship light. Yet Low would never suffer his men to work on the Sabbath, which was more devoted to play; and I have even seen some of them sit down to to read in a good book.

In order to ascertain how I was to live in time to come, I began to range over the island, which proved ten or eleven leagues long. But I soon found that my only companions would be the beasts of the earth and the fowls of the air; for there were no indications of any habitations on the island, though every now and then I found some shreds of earthenware scattered in a lime-walk, said by some to be the remains of Indians formerly dwelling here.

The island was well watered, full of high hills and deep valleys. Numerous fruit-trees, such as figs, vines, and cocoanut, are found in the latter; and I found a kind larger than an orange, oval-shaped, of a brownish color without and red within. Though many of these had fallen under the trees, I could not venture to take them until I saw the hogs feeding with safety, and then I found them very delicious fruit.

Stores of provisions abounded here, though I could avail myself of nothing but the fruit; for I had no knife or iron implement, either to cut up a tortoise on turning it, or as weapons wherewith to kill animals. Nor had I

any means of making a fire to cook my capture, even if I were successful. Sometimes I entertained thoughts of digging pits and covering them over with small branches of trees, for the purpose of taking hogs and deer ; but I wanted a shovel and every substitute for the purpose, and I was soon convinced that my hands were insufficient to make a cavity deep enough to retain what should fall into it. Thus I was forced to rest satisfied with fruit, which was to be esteemed very good provision for any one in my condition.

"I FOUND NEARLY A HUNDRED AND FIFTY TORTOISE'S EGGS."

In process of time, while poking among the sand with a stick in quest of tortoise's eggs — which I had heard were laid in the sand — part of one came up adhering to it ; and on removing the sand I found nearly a hundred and fifty, which had not lain long enough to spoil. Therefore, taking some, I ate them, and strung others on a strip of palmetto, which, being hung up in the sun, became thick and somewhat hard, so that they were more palatable. After all, they were not very savory food ; yet, having nothing but what fell from the trees, I remained contented. Tortoises lay their eggs in the sand in holes about a foot or a foot and a half deep, and smooth the surface over them, so that there is no discovering where they lie. According to the best of my observation, the young are hatched in eighteen or twenty days, and then immediately take to the water.

Many serpents are on this and the adjacent islands ; one, about twelve or fourteen feet long, is as large as a man's waist, but not poisonous. When lying at length, they look like old trunks of trees covered with short moss, though they usually assume a circular position. The first time I ever saw one of these serpents, I had approached very near before discovering it to be a living creature ; it opened its mouth wide enough to have received a hat, and breathed on me. A small black fly creates such annoyance that, even if a person possessed ever so many comforts, his life would be oppressive to him, unless for the possibility of retiring to some small Key destitute of wood and bushes, where multitudes are dispersed by the wind.

To this place, then, was I confined during nine months without seeing a human being. One day after another was lingered out, I know not how, void of occupation or amusement except collecting food, rambling from hill to hill, and gazing on sky and water. Although my mind was occupied by many regrets, I had the reflection that I was lawfully employed when taken, so that I had no hand in bringing misery on myself. I was also comforted to think that I had the approbation and consent of my parents in going to sea ; and I trusted that it would please God, in His own time and manner, to provide for my return to my father's house. Therefore I resolved to submit patiently to my misfortune.

It was my daily practice to ramble from one part of the island to another, though I had a more special home near the waterside. Here I built a hut, to defend me against the sun by day, and heavy dews by night. Taking some of the best branches that I could find fallen from the trees, I contrived to fix them against a low hanging bough, by fastening them together with split palmetto-leaves ; next I covered the whole with some of the largest and most suitable leaves that I could get. Many of these huts were constructed by me, generally near the beach, with the open part fronting the sea, to have the better look-out and the advantage of the sea-breeze, which both the heat and the vermin required. But the insects were so troublesome that I thought of endeavoring to get over to some of the adjacent Keys, in hopes of enjoying rest. However, I was, as already said, a very indifferent swimmer ; I had no canoe, nor any means of making one. At length, having got a piece of bamboo, I ventured, after frequent trials with it under my breast and arms, to put off for a small Key about a gunshot distant, which I reached in safety.

My new place of refuge was only about three or four hundred feet in circuit, lying very low and clear of wood and brush ; from exposure to the wind it was quite free of vermin, and I seemed to have got into a new world, where I lived infinitely more at ease. Hither I retired, therefore, when the heat of the day rendered the insects most obnoxious. Yet I was obliged to be much on Roatan, to procure food and water ; and at night, on account of my hut. When swimming backward and forward between the two islands, I used to bind my frock and trousers about my head ; and if I could have carried over wood and leaves whereof to make a hut, I should have passed more time on the smaller one.

Yet these excursions were not unattended with danger Once, I remember, when I was passing from the larger island, the bamboo, before I was aware, slipped from under me, and the tide or current set down so strong that it was with great difficulty I could reach the shore. At another time I was swimming over to the small island when a shovel-nosed shark struck me in the thigh just as my foot could reach the bottom, and grounded itself, from the shallowness of the water (as I suppose), so that its mouth could not get round toward me. The blow I felt some hours after making the shore. By repeated practice I at length became a pretty dexterous swimmer, and amused myself by passing from one island to another among the Keys.

I suffered very much from being barefoot, so many deep wounds being made in my feet from traversing the woods, where the ground was covered with sticks and stones, and on the hot beach, over sharp broken shells, that I was scarce able to walk at all. Often when treading with all possible caution, a stone or shell on the beach, or a pointed stick in the woods, would penetrate the old wound, and the extreme anguish would strike me down, as suddenly as if I had been shot. Then I would remain for hours together, with tears gushing from my eyes from the acuteness of the pain. I could travel no more than absolute necessity compelled me in quest of subsistence ; and I have sat, my back leaning against a tree, looking out for a vessel during a complete day.

Once, while I sat faint from such injuries, as well as smarting under the pain of them, a wild boar rushed towards me. I knew not what to do, for I had not strength to resist his attack ; therefore, as he drew nearer, I caught the bough of a tree, and half suspended myself by means of it. The boar tore away part of my ragged trousers with his tusks, and then left me. This, I think, was the only time that I was attacked by any wild beast ; and I considered myself to have had a very great deliverance.

As my weakness continued to increase, I often fell to the ground insensible, and then, as also when I laid myself to sleep, I thought I should never wake again or rise in life. Under this affliction, I first lost count of the days of the week ; I could not distinguish Sunday, and as my illness became more aggravated I became ignorant of the month also. All this time I had no healing balsam for my feet, nor any cordial to revive my drooping spirits. My utmost efforts could only now and then procure some figs and grapes Neither had I fire ; for though I had heard of a way to procure it by rubbing two sticks together, my attempts in this respect, continued until I was tired, proved abortive. The rains having come on, attended with chill winds, I suffered exceedingly. While passing nine months in this lonely, melancholy and irksome condition, my thoughts would sometimes wander to my parents, and I reflected that, notwithstanding it would be consolatory to myself if they knew where I was, it might be distressing to them. The nearer my prospect of death, which I often expected, the greater my penitence became.

Some time in November, 1723, I descried a small canoe approaching with

a single man ; but the sight excited little emotion. I kept my seat on the beach, thinking I could not expect a friend, and knowing that I had no enemy to fear, nor was I capable of resisting one.

As the man approached, he betrayed many signs of surprise. He called me to him, and I told him he might safely venture ashore, for I was alone and almost expiring. Coming close up, he knew not what to make of me ; my garb and countenance seemed so singular that he looked wild with astonishment. He started back a little, and surveyed me more thoroughly, but, recovering himself again, came forward, and, taking me by the hand, expressed his satisfaction at seeing me.

This stranger proved to be a native of North Britain ; he was well advanced in years, of a grave and venerable aspect, and of a reserved temper. His name I never knew ; he did not disclose it, and I had not inquired during the period of our acquaintance. But he informed me he had lived twenty-two years with the Spaniards, who now threatened to burn him, though I know not for what crime ; therefore he had fled hither as a sanctuary, bringing his dog, gun, and ammunition, as also a small quantity of pork, along with him. He designed spending the remainder of his days on the island, where he could support himself by hunting. I experienced much kindness from the stranger ; he was always ready to perform any civil offices, and assist me in whatever he could, though he spoke little. He also gave me a share of his pork.

On the third day after his arrival, he said he would make an excursion in his canoe among the neighboring islands, for the purpose of killing wild hogs and deer, and wished me to accompany him. Though my spirits were somewhat recruited by his society, the benefit of the fire which I now enjoyed, and dressed provisions, my weakness and the soreness of my feet prevented me ; therefore he set out alone, saying he would retnrn in a few hours. The sky was serene, and there was no prospect of any danger during a short excursion, seeing he had come nearly twelve leagues in safety in his canoe ; but when he had been absent about an hour, a violent gust of wind and rain arose, in which he probably perished, as I never heard of him more. Thus after having the pleasure of a companion almost three days, I was reduced to my former lonely state as unexpectedly as I had been relieved from it.

Yet through God's goodness I was myself preserved, from having been unable to accompany him, and I was left in better circumstances than those in which he had found me ; for now I had about five pounds of pork, a knife, a bottle of gunpowder, tobacco-tongs and flint, by which means my life could be rendered more comfortable. I was enabled to have fire, extremely requisite at this time, being the rainy months of winter ; I could cut up a tortoise, and have a delicate broiled meal. Thus by the help of the fire and the dressed provisions, through the blessing of God I began to recover strength, though the soreness of my feet remained. But I had, besides, the advantage of being able

ATTACKED BY THE WILD BOAR. (p. 149.)

now and then to catch a dish of cray-fish, which when roasted proved good eating. To accomplish this I made up a small bundle of old broken sticks, resembling pitch-pine or candle-wood, and having lighted one end, waded, with it in my hand, up to my waist in water. The cray-fish, attracted by the light, would crawl to my feet, and lie directly under it, when, by means of a forked stick, I could toss them ashore.

Between two and three months after the time of losing my companion, I found a small canoe while ranging along the shore. The sight of it revived my regret for his loss, for I judged that it had been his canoe, and from being washed up here, a certain proof of his having been lost in the tempest; but on examining it more narrowly I satisfied myself that it was one which I had never seen before.

Master of this little vessel, I began to think myself admiral of the neighbouring seas, as well as sole possessor and chief commander of the islands. Profiting by its use, I could transport myself to the places of retreat more conveniently than by my former expedient of swimming. In process of time I projected an excursion to some of the larger and more distant islands, partly to learn how they were stored or inhabited, and partly for sake of amusement.

Laying in a stock of figs and grapes, therefore, as also some tortoise to eat, and carrying my implements for fire, I put off to steer for the island of Bonacco, which is about four or five leagues long, and situated five or six from Roatan. In the course of the voyage, observing a sloop at the east end of the island, I made the best of my way to the west, designing to travel down by land, both because a point of rocks ran far into the sea, beyond which I did not care to venture in the canoe, as was necessary if I wished to come ahead of the sloop, and because I wished to ascertain something concerning her people before I was discovered. Even in my worst circumstances I never could brook the thought of returning on board of any piratical vessel, and resolved rather to live and die in my present situation.

Hauling up the canoe, and making it fast as well as I was able, I set out on the journey. My feet were yet in such a state that two days and the best parts of two nights were occupied in it. Sometimes the woods and bushes were so thick that it was necessary to crawl half a mile together on my hands and knees, which rendered my progress very slow. When within a mile or two of the place where I supposed the sloop might lie, I made for the water-side, and approached the sea gradually, that I might not too soon disclose myself to view; however, on reaching the beach, there was no appearance of the sloop, whence I judged that she had sailed during the time spent by me in travelling.

Being much fatigued with the journey, I rested myself against the stump of a tree, with my face towards the sea, where sleep overpowered me; but I had not slumbered long before I was suddenly awakened by the noise of firing.

Starting up in affright I saw nine "periaguas," or large canoes, full of men, firing upon me from the sea, whence I soon turned about, and ran among

the bushes as fast as my sore feet would allow, while the men, who were Spaniards, cried after me, "O Englishman, we will give you good quarter."

However, my astonishment was so great, and I was so suddenly roused from sleep, that I had no self-command to listen to their offers of quarter, which, it may be, at another time in my cooler moments I might have done. Thus I made into the woods, and the strangers continued firing after me, to the number

"I SAW NINE CANOES."

of one hundred and fifty bullets at least, many of which cut small twigs off the bushes close by my side.

Having gained an extensive thicket beyond reach of the shot, I lay close several hours, until, observing by the sound of their oars that the Spaniards were departing, I crept out. I saw the sloop under English colors sailing away with the canoes in tow, which induced me to suppose she was an English vessel which had been at the Bay of Honduras, and taken there by the Spaniards.

Next day I returned to the tree where I had been so nearly surprised, and was astonished to find six or seven shot in the trunk, within a foot or less of my head. Yet through the wonderful goodness of God, though having been as a mark to shoot at, I was preserved.

After this I travelled to recover my canoe at the western end of the island, which I reached in three days, but suffering severely from the soreness of my feet and the scantiness of provision. This island is not so plentifully stored as Roatan, so that during the five or six days of my residence I had difficulty in procuring subsistence, and the insects were, besides, infinitely more numerous and harassing than at my old habitation. These circumstances deterred me from further exploring the island, and having reached the canoe very tired and exhausted I put off for Roatan, which was a royal palace to me compared with Bonacco, and arrived at night in safety. Here I lived, if it may be called living, alone for about seven months after losing my North British companion. My time was spent in the usual manner, ranging among the islands.

Some time in June, 1724, while on the same Key whither I often retreated to be free from the annoyance of insects, I saw two canoes making for the harbor. Approaching nearer, they observed the smoke of a fire which I had kindled, and at a loss to know what it meant, they hesitated to advance.

What I had experienced at Bonacco was still fresh in my memory, and loth to run the risk of such another firing I withdrew to my canoe, lying behind the Key, not above a hundred yards distant, and immediately rowed over to Roatan. There I had places of safety against an enemy, and sufficient accomodation for any ordinary number of friends. The people in the canoes observed me cross the sea to Roatan, the passage exceeding a gunshot over, and being as much afraid as I was of Spaniards, approached very cautiously towards the shore

I then came down to the beach, showing myself openly, for their conduct led me to think that they could not be pirates, and I resolved, before being exposed to the danger of their shot, to inquire who they were. If they proved such as I did not like, I could easily retire.

But before I spoke they, as full of apprehension as I could be, lay on their oars and demanded who I was and whence I came; to which I replied that I was "an Englishman and had run away from pirates" On this they drew somewhat nearer, inquiring who was there besides myself. I assured them in return that I was alone. Next, according to my original purpose, having put similar questions to them, I heard that they had come from the Bay of Honduras. Their words encouraged me to bid them row ashore, which they did accordingly, though at some distance, and one man landed, whom I advanced to meet.

But he started back at the sight of a poor, ragged, wild, forlorn, miserable object so near him. Collecting himself, however, he took me by the hand, and we began embracing one another—he from surprise and wonder, and I from a sort of ecstasy of joy. When this was over, he took me in his arms, and carried me down to the canoes, where all his comrades were struck with astonishment at my appearance; but they gladly received me, and I experienced great tenderness from them.

I gave the strangers a brief account of my escape from Low, and my lonely residence for sixteen months, all excepting three days, the hardships I had suffered, and the dangers to which I had been exposed. They stood amazed at the recital. They wondered I was alive, and expressed much satisfaction at being able to relieve me. Observing me very weak and depressed, they gave me about a spoonful of rum to recruit my fainting spirits ; but even this small quantity, from my long disuse of strong liquors, threw me into a violent agitation, and produced a kind of stupor, which at last ended in privation of sense. Some of the party, perceiving a state of insensibility come on, would have administered more rum, which those better skilled among them prevented, and after lying a short time in a fit, I revived.

Then I ascertained that the strangers were eighteen in number, the chief of them, named John Hope, an old man, called Father Hope by his companions, and John Ford, and all belonging to the Bay of Honduras. The cause of their coming hither was an alarm at a threatened attack by the Spaniards from the sea, while the Indians should make a descent by land and cut off the bay ; thus they had fled for safety. On a former occasion the two persons above named had for the like reason taken shelter among these islands, and lived four years at a time on a small one named Barbarat, about two leagues from Roatan. There they had two plantations (as they called them) ; and now they brought two barrels of flour, with other provisions, fire-arms, dogs for hunting, and nets for tortoises, and also an Indian woman to dress their provisions.

Their principal residence was a small Key, about a quarter of a mile round, lying near to Barbarat, and named by them the "Castle of Comfort," chiefly because it was low and clear of wood and bushes, so that the free circulation of the wind could drive away the pestiferous mosquitoes and other insects. Hence they sent to the surrounding islands for food, water, and materials to build two houses, such as they were, for shelter.

I had now the prospect of a much more agreeable life than what I had spent during the sixteen months past ; for, besides having company, I was treated by the strangers, after their way, with a great deal of civility. They clothed me, and gave me a large wrapping-gown as a defence against the nightly dews until their houses were covered ; and there was plenty of provisions. Yet, after all, they were bad society ; and as to their common conversation, there was little difference between them and pirates. However, it did not appear that they were engaged in any such evil design as rendered it unlawful to join them, or be found in their company. In process of time, and with the assistance afforded by my companions, I gathered so much strength as sometimes to be able to hunt along with them. The islands abounded with wild hogs, deer, and tortoise ; and different ones were visited in quest of game. This was brought home, where, instead of being immediately consumed, it was hung up to dry in the smoke, so as to be a ready supply at all times. I now considered myself beyond the reach of danger from an enemy, for, independent

of supposing that nothing could bring any one here, I was surrounded by a number of men with arms constantly in their hands ; yet at the very time that I thought myself most secure, I was very nearly again falling into the hands of pirates.

Six or seven months after the strangers joined me, three of them, along with myself took a four-oared canoe for the purpose of hunting and killing tortoise on Bonacco During our absence the rest repaired their canoes, and prepared to go over to the Bay of Honduras, to examine how matters stood there, and bring off their remaining effects in case it were dangerous to return ; but before they had departed we were on our voyage homewards, having a full load of pork and tortoise, as our object was successfully accomplished.

While entering the mouth of the harbor in a moonlight evening, we saw a great flash, and heard a report, much louder than that of a musket, proceed from a large periagua which we observed near the "Castle of Comfort."

This put us in extreme consternation, and we knew not what to consider ; but in a minute or two we heard a volley from eighteen or twenty small arms discharged towards the shore, and also some returned from it. Satisfied that an enemy, either Spaniards or pirates, was attacking our people, and being intercepted from them by periaguas lying between us and the shore, we thought the safest plan was trying to escape. Therefore taking down our little mast and sail, that they might not betray us, we rowed out of the harbor as fast as possible, towards an island about a mile and a half distant, trusting to retreat undiscovered. But the enemy having either seen us before the sail was lowered, or hearing the noise of the oars, follow with all speed in an eight-or ten-oared periagua. Observing her approach, and fast gaining on us, we rowed with all our might to make the nearest shore. However, she was at length enabled to discharge a swivel, the shot from which passed over our canoe ; nevertheless, we contrived to reach the shore before being completely within the range of small arms which our pursuers discharged on us while landing.

They were now near enough to cry aloud that they were pirates, and not Spaniards, and that we need not dread them, as we should get good quarter, thence supposing that we should be the easier induced to surrender. Yet nothing could have been said to discourage me more from putting myself in their power. I had the utmost dread of a pirate, and my original aversion was now enhanced by the apprehension of being sacrificed for my former desertion. Thus concluding to keep as clear of them as I could, and the Honduras Bay men having no great inclination to do otherwise, we made the best of our way to the woods.

Our pursuers carried off the canoe and all its contents, resolving, if we would not go to them, to deprive us as far as possible of all means of subsisting where we were. But it gave me, who had known both want and solitude, little concern, now that I had company, and we had arms among us to procure provisions, and also fire wherewith to dress it.

Our assailants were some men belonging to Spriggs, my former commander, who had thrown off his allegiance to Low, and set up for himself at the head of a gang of pirates, with a good ship of twenty-four guns and a sloop of twelve, both at present lying in Roatan Harbor. He had put in for fresh water, and to refit, at the place where I first escaped, and, having discovered my companions at the small island of their retreat, sent a periagua full of men to take them. Accordingly they landed and took all prisoners, even to a child and the Indian woman. They killed a man after landing, and throwing him into one of the canoes containing tar, set it on fire and burnt his body in it. Then they carried the people on board of their vessels, where they were barbarously treated. One of them turned pirate, however, and told the others that John Hope had hid many things in the woods ; therefore they beat him most unmercifully to make him disclose his treasure, which they carried off with them.

After the pirates had kept these people five days on board of their vessels, they gave them a flat of five or six tons to carry them to the Bay of Honduras, but no kind of provision for the voyage ; and further, before dismissal, compelled them to swear that they would not come near me and my party, who had escaped to another island. While the vessels rode in the harbor, we kept a good look-out, but were exposed to some difficulties from not daring to kindle a fire to dress our victuals, lest our residence should be betrayed. Thus we lived for five days on raw provisions. As soon as they sailed, however, Hope, little regarding the oath extorted from him, came and informed us what had passed ; and I could not, for my part, be sufficiently grateful to Providence for escaping the hands of the pirates, who would have put me to a cruel death.

Hope and all his people, except John Symonds, now resolved to make their way to the Bay. Symonds, who had a negro, wished to remain some time, for the purpose of trading with the Jamaica men on the main. But thinking my best chance of getting to New England was from the Bay of Honduras, I requested Hope to take me with him. The old man, though he would have gladly done so, advanced many objections, such as the insufficiency of the flat to carry so many men seventy leagues ; that they had no provisions for the passage, which might be tedious, and the flat was, besides, ill-calculated to stand the sea ; as also that it was uncertain how matters might turn out at the Bay. Thus he thought it better for me to remain, yet rather than that I should be in solitude he would take me in. Symonds, on the other hand, urged me to stay and bear him company, and gave several reasons why I should more likely obtain a passage from the Jamaica men to New England than by the Bay of Honduras.

As this seemed a fairer prospect of reaching my home, which I was extremely anxious to do, I assented, and having thanked Hope and his companions for their civilities I took leave of them and they departed. Symonds was provided with a cannon, firearms, and two dogs in addition to his negro, by

which means he felt confident of being able to provide all that was necessary for our subsistence. We spent two or three months after the usual manner, ranging from island to island, but the prevalence of the winter rains precluded us from obtaining more game than we required.

When the season for Jamaica traders approached, Symonds proposed repairing to some other islands to obtain a quantity of tortoise-shell, which he could

ISLANDS IN THE BAY OF HONDURAS.

exchange for clothes and shoes, and being successful in this respect we next proceeded to Bonacco, which lies nearer the main, that we might thence take a favorable opportunity to run over. Having been a short time at Bonacco, a furious tempest arose and continued for three days, when we saw several vessels standing in for the harbor.

The largest of them anchored at a great distance, but a brigantine came over the shoals opposite to the watering-place, and sent her boat ashore with casks. Recognising three people who were in the boat by their dress and appearance for Englishmen, I concluded they were friends, and showed myself openly on the beach before them.

They ceased rowing immediately on observing me, and after answering their inquires of who I was, I put the same question, saying they might come ashore with safety. They did so, and a happy meeting it was for me. I now found that the vessels were a fleet under convoy of the *Diamond* man-of-war, bound for Jamaica; but many ships had parted company in the storm.

The *Diamond* had sent in the brigantine to get water here, as the sickness of her crew had occasioned a great consumption of that necessary article.

Symonds, who had kept at a distance, lest the three men might hesitate to come ashore, at length approached to participate in my joy, though at the same time testifying considerable reluctance at the prospect of my leaving him The brigantine was commanded by Captain Dove, with whom I was acquainted, and she belonged to Salem, within three miles of my father's house. Captain Dove not only treated me with great civility, and engaged to give me a passage home, but took me into pay, having lost a seaman, whose place he wanted me to supply. Next day, the *Diamond* having sent her longboat ashore with casks for water, they were filled; and after taking leave of Symonds, who shed tears at parting, I was carried on board the brigantine.

We sailed, along with the *Diamond*, which was bound for Jamaica, in the latter end of March, 1725, and kept company until the 1st of April. By the providence of Heaven we passed safely through the Gulf of Florida, and reached Salem Harbor on the 1st of May, two years ten months and fifteen days after I was first taken by the pirates, and two years and nearly two months after I made my escape from them on Roatan Island. That same evening I went to my father's house, where I was received as one risen from the dead.

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